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Engr. to.

Josephine Buonaparte

The Revolutionary Empress.

Published by John Murray, Fleet Street, October 10th 1808.

THE

FEMALE REVOLUTIONARY PLUTARCH,

CONTAINING

BIOGRAPHICAL, HISTORICAL,

AND

REVOLUTIONARY SKETCHES, CHARACTERS,

AND

ANECDOTES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

THE REVOLUTIONARY PLUTARCH AND MEMOIRS OF TALLEYRAND.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN MURRAY, 32 FLEET STREET.

1806.

By T. Gillet, Salisbury Square.

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THESE VOLUMES

ARE INSCRIBED

TO THE REVERED MEMORY

OF

MARIE ANTOINETTE JOSEPHE JEANNE,

ARCHDUCHESS OF AUSTRIA,

QUEEN OF FRANCE AND NAVARRE;

DAUGHTER, SISTER, AND AUNT

OF

EMPERORS AND KINGS;

A

LAMENTED VICTIM

OF THE INHOSPITABLE RAGE

AND

FEROCIOUS CHARACTER

OF

REVOLUTIONARY FRENCHMEN.

LEGITIMATE SOVEREIGNS,

AND

LOYAL SUBJECTS,

HER

MURDER

IS STILL UNREVENGED!!!

Dunning
Fletcher C
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6-11-42 C S

Madame

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THE

THE

FEMALE

REVOLUTIONARY PLUTARCH.

JOSEPHINE BUONAPARTE,

EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH.

Ah! si l'on connoissait le néant des grandeurs.
Leurs tristes vanités, leurs fantômes trompeurs,
Qu'on en détesteroit le brillant esclavage!!!

JOSEPHINE Tascher de la Pagerie is not the first person of her sex in France, whom, from a subject, fortune has elevated to be the consort of a sovereign. King Casimir of Poland, and Louis XIV. of France, were both married to French gentlewomen, who had, however, the modesty and prudence not to expose to derision, danger, or contempt, that grandeur which had descended from its native dignity to gratify an unbecoming and impolitic passion. And, indeed, had Madame

de Maintenon been so ambitious as to desire the publicity of those sacred ties which united her lawfully to Louis XIV., notwithstanding the unlimited power of this king, which the French people had so long and so quietly obeyed and respected, it is very probable that a civil war would have been the consequence. Any prince of the blood, who had then appealed to the honour of his countrymen for avenging the outrage offered himself, his ancestors, and the throne, by such an act, would have been sure of numerous adherents, not only among the nobility but among the inferior classes. Frenchmen, in the end of the seventeenth century, were not so depraved and unprincipled as their descendants have shewn themselves in the beginning of the nineteenth. Men who can submit to salute a guilty Corsican adventurer their emperor, and to remain his slaves, could reasonably have no objection to bow as subjects to his worthy partner, a Creole empress, though she had previously been by turns the harlot of courtiers and of regicides, prostituting herself in the boudoirs of Versailles, or rioting in vice and debauchery in the dens of a committee of public safety, or in the antichambers of an executive directory.

In

In another work* has already been related the particulars of the parentage, education, marriage, gallantry, infidelity, adultery, gambling, and extravagance of the heroine of this sketch; that the island of Martinico gave her birth; that she was sent to France for improvement; married there her countryman Viscount de Beauharnois; after whose execution by his fellow rebels in 1794, she accepted of the disgusting embraces of the regicide Barras, who in 1796 rewarded the crimes of his accomplice, Napoleon Buonaparte, with her *pure* hand, and *unpolluted* heart. It has been stated, that she brought her second husband as a portion the command over the army of Italy; that during his absence in that country and in Egypt, she continued her usual career of intrigue, from habit with Barras, from inclination with some, from interest with others, and from libertinism with all; with the men whom she enticed from lust, as well as with those who, from passion, curiosity, or fashion, paid for her favours. It has also been mentioned

* See a Sketch of the Life of Madame Napoleon Buonaparte, in the second volume of the Revolutionary Plutarch. Third edition.

what pains the first consul took after his usurpation of the throne of the Bourbons to correct her revolutionary *morals*, to instruct her how to play decently the parts of a sovereign princess, to change the low, vulgar, ignoble, and degrading manners, sentiments, and customs, the effects of her republican marriage, and to persuade her to see in him not the needy sansculotte, but a superb and powerful emperor in petto. Little or nothing remains, therefore, to be said either of Mademoiselle de la Pagerie, of the Viscountess de Beauharnois, of the mistress of Barras, or of the complaisant wife of the terrorist general, and tyrant first consul. The Empress of the French alone is here the order of the day.

The same senatus consultus which, on the 16th of May, 1804, decreed Napoleon Buonaparte the title of an Emperor of the French, covered the frailties of Josephine Tascher de la Pagerie with an imperial mantle. The first person who complimented her as such, publicly and officially, was the ci-devant second consul and regicide, Cambaceres, just transformed by Napoleon the First into a *serene* highness, and since decorated by Frederic III. with the

order

order of the Prussian Black Eagle.* "It was," says a French publication,† "an edifying spectacle to all lovers of equality, to see and hear, on Whit-sunday, May 20th, 1804, Cambaceres, who had assisted in sending his king to the scaffold, and for ten years afterwards, three or four times in every month, sworn hatred to royalty, address the wife of a ci-devant true sansculotte, as an empress, as an imperial majesty; and to observe with what revolutionary bashfulness, and *artless* coquetry, the new sovereign listened to these new expressions of her new subject. No farce was ever better acted even on the Boulevards than this drama was performed in the palace of the Thuilleries, though the actor had forgotten his numerous oaths, and the actress the *sincere* and serious admonitions of her first and guillotined husband, who, chained in a prison, praised liberty, and, with an axe on his neck, extolled

* Dark as the deeds of French regicides are, the author humbly proposes for the meditation of the *disinterested* and *loyal* counsellors of his Prussian majesty, whether they would not have been more properly decorated with the RED than with the black eagle.

† See *Les Nouvelles à la Main*. *Fructidor*, year XII, No. III. page 6 et seq.

equality.

equality. Cambaceres was followed by the *republicans* of the senate, of the ministry, of the legislative body, of the tribunate, of the council of state, of the army and navy, all striving to evince their zeal in swearing allegiance at the feet of a princess, *the model of her sex, whose many admirable virtues deserved a sceptre long before destiny did justice in presenting it.* At this ingenious flattery, the empress's *natural* bashfulness and *unaffected* sensibility nearly overcame her delicate feelings. She assumed one of those piercing and electrifying looks, which made those who had just professed themselves the most faithful subjects of the empress the most submissive slaves of Josephine. Oh, Barras! thousand times happy Barras! go, and hang thyself! What would not every senator, minister, counsellor of state, legislator, tribune, general, and admiral, present, have given for a single *tête-à-ête*, for one of the many *tête-à-têtes* of which you, wretch, did not know the value! Again, unfortunate exile, hang thyself!"

"When the bustle was over in the drawing-room, her majesty entered into her *petit salon*, accompanied by her imperial husband, whom, by ardently pressing to her *ci-devant* bosom, she

she almost petrified with her caresses, and terrified with her embraces. This ecstacy, notwithstanding the silver helmet which his majesty prudently wears concealed between his waistcoat and shirt, and the explanatory imperial robes that decorated her person, made him tremble as if pursued by another Charlotte Corday. No doubt he remembered that Barras was now his sworn enemy, and that his Josephine had more than once been the tender friend of Barras. The terror was, however, as unreasonable as the suspicion was unfounded. Her majesty was intoxicated; not with wine or liqueurs, but with joy, satisfaction, gratitude, vanity, and pride. For her Napoleon she would that instant willingly have sacrificed every Barras in the world. Her regret or passions were then not sensual. The voice of reason had silenced the demands of her senses. Every body may rest assured, that during this whole day Barras never once occurred to her. As to her thoughts or dreams in the night, they are her secrets, and will, it is supposed, remain so. She is doomed to endure with patience in bed by her side the insignificance of a shade, or the impotence of a phantom, recollecting

collecting at the same time to whom she is indebted for her grandeur, and that in the imperial palace, among the high and low valets, as well as among the stout grenadiers, she may at leisure find more than one Barras to console her. The Thuilleries does not contain a single man, in or out of livery, not excepting even his majesty's favourite mamelukes, whom she may not command, and be obeyed." In such a manner did Josephine pass her first days as an empress. The incorrigible mistrust and innate fear of her husband embittered the sweets of the rank which policy had induced him to bestow on her. She felt that, although an empress, she had still a master.

Shortly after his elevation at Paris, Buonaparte determined to join the camps on the coast. His object was not to invade Great Britain, but to accustom his officers and soldiers to the new changes, and to be hailed as a sovereign by troops who but lately saw in him, though supreme chief of the state, nothing but a fellow citizen. This absence from *his* capital would also give him and his wife an opportunity to organize the new offices of their household, and foreign princes time to consider about

about, or to make out new credentials for their representatives in France. He at first intended to have Josephine for his travelling companion; but upon her intreaties, and with the advice of Talleyrand, the *medical* section of his council of state, presided by his physician Corvisart, was convoked, when it was determined that the use of the waters at Aix-la-Chapelle would probably be of eminent service to the constitution of the empress. To their benign influence it was stated, that Charlemagne, who had no children by his first wife, had afterwards a very numerous offspring by his wives, as well as concubines. To this opinion Buonaparte assented, notwithstanding the protest of Cardinal Caprara, who ascribed to miracles solely the fruitfulness of Charlemagne's bed. He had no objection, however, to the empress's visit to Aix-la-Chapelle; but he desired her to have more confidence in the prayers of the faithful than faith in the notions of the faculty. Upon which, Buonaparte ordered, that, during his wife's stay at Aix-la-Chapelle, an extra mass should be said every day in all the churches at Paris, to implore the miraculous assistance of the holy Virgin, for the accomplishment of his and *his*

subjects wishes, which so completely reconciled the Roman prelate, that in a fit of enthusiastic fervour he predicted, *that the imperial throne should at all times be occupied by an heir in a direct line.** Had Louis XVIII. any children, this oracle would probably not have been very acceptable to a diffident usurper, who might have chastised the well-meaning and innocent prophet as an insidious and artful conspirator.

The public functionaries upon the road from Paris to Aix-la-Chapelle began, as might have been expected, a laudable emulation who should be foremost to prostrate themselves before their new sovereign. The generals, prefects, and mayors, consulted the dictionary of harangues and "the art of addressing princes;" and the bishops, rectors, and curates, rummaged "the legends of saints," the "chronicle of martyrs," and "the register of miracles."

* *Bulletin Imperial de la Cour de Thuilleries. Imprimée dans la Lune, sans la permission de sa Majesté Imperiale,* an xiii. one volume of 444 pages. Pag. 6. The research of the police has made it scarce and valuable. It is paid for at Paris one hundred livres or four guineas. It has already sent many persons to the Temple and more to Cayenne.

Never

Never at any period was more cringing exhibited, more absurdities expressed, or more ridiculous declamation thrown away. Never before was such meanness better appreciated and more despised. A letter from the gay and good-humoured empress to her accomplished and charming daughter, Hortense Eugénie, commonly called Fanny de Beauharnois, the wife of Louis Buonaparte, explains this assertion better than can be done by an indifferent pen.

Aix-la-Chapelle, Friday.

"Here I have been, my dearest child, ever since last Wednesday, weary of assiduities, harassed by visits, disgusted by flattery, by the duplicity of men, and by the hypocrisy of women. For seven long days, and seven, nay, seventeen times in the day, I have been compelled to keep a good countenance while hearing falsehoods addressed to me as truth, impieties pronounced as compliments, and improprieties declaimed as the elegance of rank and refinement of wit. During the whole journey I got into a perspiration when I saw a village; I trembled in approaching a bourg; and I was in a fever on entering a town or city. I open to you my secret thoughts without dis-

guise.

guise. At the introduction of every deputation, I really was in an agony for fear of not being able to conceal the feeling of my mind. My heart was always full: at one time ready to burst by concealing the laughter which my contempt inspired, at another almost choaked to stop the tears pity provoked to flow, in contemplating perversity. Oh! if my husband felt what I do, if he perceived the wickedness of sycophants, the selfishness of his friends, and the corruption of his courtiers, how much would he despise the whole crew! how much beneath him would he not find it to occupy all his thoughts for their welfare, to lose his rest to procure them quiet, and to expose himself to hourly risks for the happiness and comfort of a worthless, unprincipled, and degraded people, who worship him to-day to idolatry, but who to-morrow would be ready to hoot, insult, and murder him *en masse*, if the factious, envious, or treacherous, were to succeed in erecting a gibbet for him. I hear you say, that as affairs are now advanced the Emperor has no choice left but between a throne and a grave. True, my child; but in the mean time, the slaves confined in our gallies are often less tormented by the weight of their iron fetters,

than

than great folks, who, in troublesome and unsettled times, residing in imperial palaces, are harassed by the hatred of those golden chains which they are forced to wear as ornaments.

"I have read but little, and meditated less on what I have read; but the book of common sense tells me every day, that my Napoleon rules the most ungrateful, immoral, and fickle nation in the universe, and that his dangers increase in proportion as he advances towards the pinnacle of supremacy. He has done too much already. Another glorious peace with England, and nothing more remains to be done; and we have all seen, that in this country the instant a sovereign ceases to be admired he is hated, and runs the hazard of ceasing to reign.

"The Prince of B——, who has arrived here from Dusseldorff, is chiefly the cause of these gloomy, or, as you will perhaps have it, anti-philosophical, ideas. No sooner had he been presented to me, than he demanded a private audience. If the shades of his ancestors had listened to his conversation, how would they have blushed at the ignominy of their descendant! He desired no less of me than to employ my interest with my husband

to

to effect another revolution in the heart of Germany; and, like another Orleans, to exterminate the elder branch of his family, in hopes of succeeding to, or seizing, their authority. His offers were brilliant indeed, if any thing could be brilliant to me, who am tired even to satiety of brilliancy itself. Upon my firm declaration, that by a promise to the Emperor I was bound not to interfere with political transactions or intrigues, I got rid of him, but the impression his overtures made remain behind.

"Twice already have I bathed; but to tell you the truth, neither the opinions of physicians nor the prayers of priests inspire me with the confidence of being able to give an heir to the French empire. The cause you know. I was born a dozen years too early; but your dear boy, our little Napoleon, makes me perfectly resigned to what I cannot change.

"In the forenoon a courier brought me a letter from the coast. The emperor is highly satisfied with the reception given him by his brave troops, and I rejoice at it with all my soul. I cannot, however, help remembering, that these brave troops are the same Frenchmen, who, after obeying and adoring them, have seen with indifference, Louis XVI. murdered,

dered, Robespierre guillotined, Barras exiled, Pichegru strangled, and Moreau dishonoured. He does not expect to join me so soon as he first intended. He is provoked to the highest degree at the audacity and insolence of the English cruizers, and he is determined to make them repent of it before he leaves Boulogne. May heaven preserve him! otherwise, I am certain to find the road of my return to Paris planted with thorns, though during my late passage it was strewed with roses.

"The *inseparable* consoles me every night with his *conversation* for a couple of hours; but he begins to acknowledge himself an invalid, and that an *honourable* retreat in the senate will soon be necessary. Among your young and gallant conscripts at Compeigne, take care not to lay aside discretion and prudence. I know your husband's character, I know the character of his family; and the revengeful spirit of his countrymen. If he once suspect you, you are undone: you will not only be deprived of his love and esteem, but of the regard and affection my Napoleon has for you. But the emperor's Argus tells me that it is time to go to bed. Am I not very complaisant to steal from my sleep two hours to chatter

(jaser)

(jaser) with you. Embrace your husband and child." *

The authenticity of this and some following letters the French publisher guarantees, having found them in the portfolio which was lost by Princess Louis Buonaparte in her removal from the camp of Compeigne to Paris last autumn. † The contents undoubtedly do credit to the judgment, to the *honour*, and to the heart of the empress, though at the expence of the morals and character of the nation which her husband sways with such an oppressive and unlimited power. It also removes a part of the veil which covers without concealing the disgraceful behaviour and selfish views of so many German princes. In the end, confidence and coquetry report the perpetration of adultery with the same indifference as if relating the particulars of a route. The mother and the daughter seem to be tolerably unreserved, and in the perfect secret of each other's intrigues. From Madame Louis's affection and generosity towards her mamma, it is supposed that at least, from charity, she has taken

* See *Bulletin Imperial*, &c. p. 16 et seq.

† See *idem*, the preface, p. iv.

the

the hint, and spared some of her young conscripts to relieve the invalid. In what light Louis Buonaparte, who at that time commanded the camp at Compeigne, and who is not very tolerant or enduring, has, since the printing of these letters, considered this maternal effusion of tenderness, is not known. The scandalous chronicle states, however, that as a true philosopher, instead of reprobating his mother-in-law, or repudiating his wife, he consoled himself in the arms of Madame de C. the beautiful wife of his ugly aid-de-camp, colonel de C.*

From the following letter it is evident, that the stay at Aix-la-Chapelle did no more exalt the spirits than the use of the waters improved the health of the revolutionary empress.

Aix-la-Chapelle, Sunday.

"I write to you, my beloved Fanny, indisposed by drinking the waters, so benign to others, and enervated by bathing, which has so often given the vigour of youth to old age, restored strength to the feeble, blessed with

* *Les Nouvelles à la Main*, Ventose, year 13, p. 2, No. III.

con-

consolation the unfortunate, with content the depressed, and with hope even the wretched.

"I see round me so many unthinking beings, who judge the situation of mankind from external appearances only, who confound happiness with greatness, and internal comfort with external splendour: how wretchedly mistaken they are! The natural weakness, and the human frailties, from which the highest is no more excepted than the lowest, are all censured in those placed above them, while their virtuous inclinations, their generous sentiments, their liberal actions, and honourable acts, which even confounded in the crowd, would command distinction from equals, are left always unperceived, unnoticed, or if remarked, only supposed an ordinary duty, expected from a superior by his inferiors.

"My presence here has attracted not only a number of Frenchmen, but foreigners of all nations in amity with France. They are all busy and attentive to pay me their homage, and, like the statue of the virgin in the cathedral, I am for hours, nay, every hour in the day, forced to stand upon my pedestal, and receive with a good grace the worship of the wicked and the good; of the wise and the foolish;

ish; of the man who, from his birth, I know must despise me; of the woman who, from her pretensions to beauty, envies me; of the enlightened, who knows his own worth; and of the ignorant, who despises the worth of others, having none himself. The Virgin in the heavens, or at least her statue in the church, is, however, much better off than the empress upon earth. At night, her temple is shut against all intruders. But when all the tiresome, dull, and disagreeable ceremonies of the day are over, I—poor I—am, at the expence of my sleep, obliged to hear read to me all the letters or petitions with which persons of rank, pretended *savans*, needy artists, the adventurer, the miserable, the profligate, the ambitious, the vain, the covetous, the sick, and the schemer, so profusely choose to plague me. Poor Deschamps! (her secretary) I really pity him, who, on my part, answers this mass of nonsense, of frivolity, pride, imposture, want, and lamentation. Oh, how I regret my former humble, but quiet retreat in the *Rue des Victoires*, when, undisturbed and uninterrupted, my ever regretted de Beauharnois and I were meditating at leisure on the time that was necessary for business, we could spare to pleasure, or was requisite

quisite to revive the corporeal as well as intel-facultics. *Ils sont passé ces jours de fête, ils ne reviendront plus.*

"Since my last to you, four couriers have brought me four letters, of four lines each, from my husband. He is discontented on account of the delays his plans against England are subject to; and therefore, in his ill-humour, blames me for being too condescending, and not of a mind and manner exalted enough for the situation in which he has placed me. My demands to know in what I have erred, he passes over in silence, but continues to harshly reprobate faults with which I am unacquainted, and to hold out threats of which he must be well aware that I dread the effect. Good God! how different was your good—too good father! May heaven give me strength to submit to my destiny! *I have perhaps already lived too long!*

"I am glad to hear of the advanced state of your pregnancy, and that your husband has found some diversion in the attractions of the coquetry of Madame ——. Show yourself prudently jealous, but not irremediably hurt. Indifference on your part, in present circumstances, would be as impolitic as an explanation

tion

tion would be foolish, and an explosion dangerous. Be rather more reserved in your usual train of pleasure, at least until he is convinced that you are no longer a stranger to his infidelity. Then if he should discover your intrigues, he will have reason to think them rather the vengeance of an outraged wife, than the enjoyments in which a disappointed woman seeks to forget the irresistible temptations, or *cruel cause*, which made her renounce eternal honour for a momentary gratification of her passions. I am always agitated in opening your dear letters, apprehensive that the want of my experience may have led you into difficulties, from which my, and even your, future affection will find it no easy matter to extricate you. I repeat again, be circumspect, but be also vigilant. Collect proofs, and search for evidence, before you receive his, or expose your own act of accusation.

"The day before yesterday a courier from Mr. d'Arberg brought me a letter from the queen of P———. How condescending she is, or rather how agreeable is her duplicity, in writing to a person for whom in her heart she must entertain the most sovereign contempt: and she styles me her DEAR SISTER! me whom she

she well knows that fortunate bayonets, and not birth or merit, have made her equal, if not superior. My husband's and my own secret correspondence with certain princes and princesses, were it made public, would be more serviceable to the plots of demagogues than all the tenets of republicans and sophistry of levellers.

"To please my husband, I have seriously studied the voluminous ceremonials sent me by Champigny,* concerning the etiquette of the court of Vienna, as well as those forwarded to me by La Foret,† concerning that of the court of St. Petersburg. What ridiculous littleness, and what petty trifles am I to learn and to observe! At my time of life to go to school; to submit to be instructed like a miss of twelve, to repeat lessons, and to perform parts repugnant to reason, and a libel on the sense of all those presented to me, cannot be very agreeable. What, however, will I not do to escape the rod of my severe master? Madame Re-

* Champigny was then Buonaparte's ambassador at Vienna, and is now his minister of the interior.

† La Foret was then, and is yet, his ambassador at Berlin.

musat,

musat, as well as Madame d'Arberg,* is content with my progress, and applaud my zeal. As to the regulation of our household, it is more easy to decree or invent places, than to find persons proper to fill them. You know the old nobility shun our court, from which my husband has determined to exclude all upstarts. Of ten ladies of ancient families, to whom I have offered places round me, two only have accepted, six have declined, and two have not even condescended to give me an answer. Although those first two are females whom Louis XVI. banished from the court of Maria Antoinette, on account of the scandal of their lives, I must regard their acceptance as an honour. Take care not to mention to any body the contempt with which I have been treated on this occasion. Should it come to the ears of Napoleon, woe to the families, relatives, and friends, of these refractory persons. They are all ruined by the revolution, and their misery is punishment enough. I embrace you, your husband, and child, affectionately."†

* These two ladies are Madame Buonaparte's maids of honour, and teachers how to act the part of an empress.

† See *Bulletin Imperial*, &c. page 24 et seq.

The

The latter part of this letter requires some explanation. Unprincipled and vicious as many modern Frenchmen have shown themselves, the most respectable of the ancient French nobility, though beggared by a rebellion which has made a Corsican vagabond their sovereign, have, however, always refused, not only with dignity but with obstinady, to wear his livery as placemen and courtiers. A late publication* relates several interesting particulars on this subject. In order to introduce into their new court a princely magnificence, Buonaparte and his wife wanted that which neither influence nor wealth could procure, viz. a numerous retinue of nobility. Whatever Buonaparte may have achieved, and how far he may flatter himself with having succeeded; however assiduous and submissive Madame Buonaparte may have been towards Madame Montessan,† at whose house the most ancient noblesse used to assemble, she could obtain no other favour for

* See Buonaparte and the French People, page 146 et seq. This latter work is translated into English, and published by Tipper and Richards, London.

† Madame de Montessan is supposed to have been married to the father of the late Duke of Orleans. She is now (1805) exiled forty leagues from Paris.

herself

herself and family than admission to some of their small parties, where she had occasionally the honour to be seated between dukes, marquises, counts, and barons, and to hear these fine titles tingling in her ears; but to draw only a *few* members, and even the most *unworthy*, from this holy circle, in order to place them in her own retinue, was utterly impossible.

"Segur, the ex-minister, being newly appointed to a high office in administration,* indulged his youngest son so far as to allow him to accept the place of a vice prefect of the palace. The noble league instantly rose against him in a body, as he was reckoned among high and ancient nobility, on account of one of his ancestors having been a marechal de France. All the citizens with "de" before their surname, who figured at the new court in the

* Madame Buonaparte speaks in another letter more of this Segur. It is to be recollected, that the extract is taken from a work written in the winter 1803, when Buonaparte was only a first consul. Since an emperor, he is become more intolerant and cruel. His tyranny has increased with his rank. All the refractory nobles are exiled or transported.

liveries of prefects, vice prefects, &c. were looked upon by the rigorists as the servile and lesser nobility of former times.

"But fortune will not always smile; her greatest favourites will one time or other meet with some impediment in their way, some obstacle to their desires. He who rode triumphant over Mount St. Gothard, and through the sandy deserts of Syria; he who gives law to most countries of Europe, and disposes of the finest states at pleasure; this mighty chief, at the head of so populous an empire, feels desires that he cannot satisfy. Casting his longing eye around, he fixes it, by chance, upon the saloon of Madame de Montessan. It happened at that moment to be crowded with persons of the first rank. "Those nobles shall be my attendants," he cries, and immediately dispatches his devoted dæmons with invitations, offers, and promises. But promises, offers, and invitations, are ineffectual; the messenger returns disappointed and chagrined; he tells him that all his efforts have been fruitless, that their demands were far beyond what he would accede to.

"The angry, fearful man, is thus compelled

to

to stand alone on the pinnacle of his newly acquired dignity, watching night and day these rebels to his will. Their words, their actions, their looks, are equally objects of his suspicion; not even a gesture is suffered to escape him. Alarmed by continual fears when they assemble in great numbers, he immediately disperses them. If they flee back to the coast, they are driven to the mountains; if they take refuge among the rocks, they are hunted to the sea. His slaves obey the hint, pursue them, and, panting for breath, return to catch the despot's new orders, and find their pale-faced master leaning on his still more pale-faced harlot, both turning their faint and envious looks towards the saloon of Madame de Montessan, the resort of this disobedient and obstinate noblesse. These noble sufferers are the only persons who dare stand in opposition to Buonaparte. They live in their own country as in a strange land; they take no notice of the new court, its festivities, or brilliant assemblies. They adopt none of the new fashions introduced by the new comers. Even those among them who have saved great estates, or still

possess sufficient property to live in a sumptuous style, do not make any public display. Their small social assemblies contain alone what may be called *la bonne compagnie*; and as most of them are men of refined manners, and many of them well informed, and of great fame, several of them, even the most distinguished literari in royal France, they keep within their own circle. All foreigners of education, naturally disgusted with the aukward behaviour and the tasteless luxury of the present court, endeavour to be admitted into their society; an honour by no means easily obtained. Still it must be confessed, that the fine Paris of old, which had so much attraction for every man of taste, talents, and good breeding, can only be met with in these select societies. I will not blame Madame Buonaparte, who lived as maid of honour to the late queen, for sighing after the only respectable company at Paris; but she must renounce the happiness of seeing these persons in her suite at court. Many inducements have certainly been given them, but they all seem to say, restore us the old court with, all its appendages,

ages, that will be well; but we shall never be brought to acknowledge these upstarts for its rightful owners.

"The very cause which renders Madame Buonaparte so desirous to associate with the old noblesse, must induce the latter to keep at a distance. There is nothing of that politeness, ease, vivacity, and grace, which signalised the societies at the royal court. Every body stares with a slavish gaze at Buonaparte, who treats them indiscriminately in a dry, cold, and harsh manner. He sometimes attempts to be polite and witty, but his politeness is a proud condescension, and his wit is satire. There is always something rough or low in his way of expressing himself. He frequently makes use of terms only to be found in the mouth of the upstart soldier, and proscribed by all good company. He is capable of uttering the most abusive language with the greatest indifference. The tone of his voice is deep and hoarse, and what he says is often accompanied with such a disagreeable laugh, that nobody can feel easy with him, even when he intends to say the most agreeable things. The highest officers of state must sometimes hear

hear themselves addressed by epithets which certainly never escaped the lips of a sovereign. If he supposes that he has caught any of his ministers or privy-counsellors in something contradictory, he frequently says, "*Vous etes un homme de mauvaise foi,*" or "*Vous me trompe,*" (You are an impostor, or You deceive me.)*

During the continuance of her stay at Aix-la-Chapelle, the empress's only agreeable amusement until her husband's arrival, was the gambling-table, having by her physician been strictly warned not to indulge her inclination for good eating and drinking. She was not fortunate either at cards or with dice; and the pecuniary allowance of Buonaparte not being over liberal, she was under the necessity of laying under contribution the purses of her friends and courtiers. They were, however, soon drained, and other expedients were resorted to. Several German princes and prin-

* In June 1804, Buonaparte kicked out of his room his then minister Chaptal, for having introduced his mistress as an actress in the French theatre, without previously demanding his sovereign's permission. See Les Nouvelles à la main, Messidor, year xii. No. II. page 9.

cesses

cesses having implored her protection to obtain from her husband a large share of the *plunder* of their country, called *indemnities*, her secretary Deschamps addressed himself to them on the part of his sovereign. Their supply was, as might be expected from the object they had in view, scanty. Some deputies from certain imperial cities, hearing of the empress's dilemma, came voluntarily forward with offers to avoid apprehended forced requisitions. But Talleyrand, regarding the regulation of these kinds of patriotic donations as belonging exclusively to his department, stopped this resource by a letter to Deschamps, in which he threatened to inform the emperor of these exactions, if continued. He advised, at the same time, as a sure means for the empress to recover her losses, *the seizure of all the public and privileged gambling banks;* to take from them the sums lost, and to restore them the remainder. Orders were given in consequence, and the police commissary Deville, under pretence that he had received depositions and denunciations from several quarters, that these banks contained many forged bank-notes and false louis-d'ors, laid hands on their whole stock.

After

After a *very minute* investigation, two millions of livres, in paper and money, the exact sum lost by the empress, were confiscated as fabricated bills, or base coin. The bankers complained to the minister of police, senator Fouche, to whom they paid one hundred thousand livres (4000*l.*) a month for their privilege; but he prudently answered that he should always protect them as fair gamesters, but could do nothing for them when accused of being forgers or coiners. He recommended them to be silent about what had happened, and think themselves fortunate to have escaped so *cheap*, with the sacrifice of an insignificant seizure, instead of being sent to the gallows, as their crimes deserved. For Deville, the empress procured in a short time afterwards the knighthood of the legion of honour.*

The empress has a fault common with all the members of the Buonaparte family: *she never pays her debts.* Instead of satisfying her creditors with the money plundered in the banks, she laid it out in purchasing brilliants or diamond trinkets for herself and her chil-

* Bulletin Imperial, &c. page 30.

dren.

dren. After stripping most of the visitors at Aix-la-Chapelle, of their bracelets, necklaces, and rings, she sent her valet de chambre, Tarüe, to Amsterdam, to spend the remainder of her cash in the jewellers' shops of that city. It is supposed that the *ecrin* or jewel-box of Josephine is of more value than those of all other continental princesses together. It is estimated at two millions and a half sterling, or sixty millions of livres. To review, arrange and admire its contents, is her constant and most delightful occupation every morning, whilst her *friseur* valet de chambre is curling her hair or putting on her wigs, and when her chamber-maids of honour are washing, dressing and painting her.*

When Buonaparte laid hold of the famous and precious crown diamond, called in France "the Regent," and in England, "the Pitt diamond," which now glitters at the hilt of his state-sword, and is hung up with other trophies at his bed-side, his Josephine would not be behindhand. She seized upon the rich and

* Bulletin Imperial, page 81, and Les Nouvelles à la main, Nivose, year xiii. No. IV. page 5 and 6.

magnificent golden toilet of the late unfortunate queen, which had hitherto escaped all the former shameless thieves in authority, the natural, but depraved progeny of the revolution. The empress is, however, growing more ugly since she looked into the mirror of the beautiful and accomplished Maria Antoinette. Can it be the tenderness of her conscience, that has occasioned such a sad alteration? Is it not rather from spite and despair, at seeing her own antiquated features, and remembering those elegant and youthful form and traits of her late royal mistress? This toilet may augment the value of her stolen treasures, but can neither make her wrinkles less numerous, change the colour of her grey hair, whiten her teeth, sweeten her breath, or whitewash her skin more than her morals.*

All the members of the foreign diplomatic corps in France, whose sovereigns had so far forgotten their own dignity and interest, as to acknowledge Buonaparte in the new title he so impudently had assumed, preceded him to Aix la Chapelle, where a kind of mock congress

* Buonaparte and the French People, &c. page 145; and Bulletin Imperial, page 31, in the note.

was

was held by Talleyrand, who, to soften his master's rage at not being able to annihilate the independence of the British empire, published, in a revolutionary manifesto, a political excommunication against the British government. That this act was, however, far from even calming the violent passions of the disappointed usurper, his wife's letter clearly proves.

" Aix-la-Chapelle, Friday.

" From my former letters, my beloved child has seen that my mind neither possessed content, nor enjoyed tranquillity, and that the sufferings of my body equalled the agitation of my soul. But if I was really unhappy then, what shall I call my situation since my husband has joined me? Having been obliged to postpone his vengeance against England, all the wrath of his disappointment is poured out on me. He has never ceased to ill-use, and even to ill-treat me when we are alone; and in public, in the presence of princes and their representatives, from whom he wishes me to command respect, he expresses himself to me harshly, vulgarly, and rudely. I am sure, because

cause I have experienced it, that I inspire the audience with no other sentiments than those of compassion or pity. They do not want much penetration to observe, or sagacity to conclude that the most exalted among them is also the most wretched.

" To quiet his unbecoming fury, Talleyrand has in vain tried to convince him, that the political annihilation of Great Britain may be more easily effected by intrigues and influence in the cabinets of the continent, than by attacks and battles in the plains of the British islands. These, as well as all other efforts of his ministers and favourites to divert his attention and compose his mind, have not been able to produce even a momentary tranquillity. He has lost all relish for the trifling rest he formerly took: he goes, however, to bed at his usual hour, but he hardly slumbers (sleep he has none) for five minutes together; and, good God, what a slumber! all his limbs are trembling as from convulsive-fits; his eyes are rolling, his teeth gnashing, his breast swelling, his pulse beating, and his whole body burning as if consumed by a fever; and when he wakes, he starts suddenly, and often jumps out off his

bed

bed to seize his sword, pistols, and dagger, as if pursued by assassins. Though you may easily guess I am not asleep, or if asleep, disturbed by such violent motions, I dare not, for my life, let him suspect it. The beautiful verse of De Lille often occurs to me;

*Le lit de Cromwell le punit pour son trône.**

And I am convinced that the obscure condition of Richard Cromwell, the philosopher, was millions of times preferable to the illustrious one of Oliver Cromwell, the protector. This state of my husband has greatly impaired my health, and if he is incurable, or does not lose his senses, he will drive me out of mine, or kill me. We intend, however, soon to leave this place, and to continue our journey to Mentz along the delightful banks of the Rhine. He will then have more occupation to attend to, and more diversity of objects to attract his notice. May they palliate if they cannot relieve his terrible complaint!

* *The bed of Cromwell punished him for his throne.* Abbe de Lille alludes to the latter part of the English usurper's reign, when it is known, that, apprehensive of assassins, he every night changed his bed-room.

"As for the officers at our court and round our persons, I have by some pecuniary sacrifices made a very valuable acquisition. Segur * has accepted of the place of grand master of the ceremonies, and has promised to recruit among the nobility persons agreeable to my husband to fill the several other vacancies. I have given him my bond for 600,000 livres, 25,000*l.* which Gauthier (the minister of finances) has promised to take up, and, when a proper opportunity offers, discharge it with the money of the state; which certainly cannot be better employed than to keep up the necessary splendour of the chief of the first empire in the world.

* This Segur was, before the revolution, ambassador in Russia, and after the revolution, in 1791, went in the same capacity to the father of the present king of Prussia, who refused to receive him. He is the author of some well-written memoirs of the reign of Catherine II. and of Frederick William II. His disgraceful and unprincipled conduct and revolutionary zeal have deprived him of both his sons. The younger, whom he had cajoled to become a vice-prefect under Buonaparte, was killed in a duel with his elder brother, who afterwards in despair drowned himself in the Seine. See Les Nouvelles à la Main, Germinal, year xiii. No. I. pages 9 and 10.

"General

" General Mortier has presented me with eight beautiful cream-coloured horses of the King of England's stud in Hanover, as trophies of the success of my husband's armies. I thought it would be an agreeable compliment to him to surprise him with the sight of them. Accordingly I ordered Colonel Fouler, one of my equerries, to bring them before our windows immediately after our breakfast; but how astonished was I when, instead of appreciating my good intent, Napoleon first rebuked me with one of his terrifying frowns, and then, after a moment's silence, said, loud enough to be heard by all persons present: " Madam, you are always stupid or malicious enough to find out some unpleasant subject or other to remind me of the existence of a nation, the ruin of which I have sworn so long ago, but which unforeseen circumstances have hitherto prevented me from accomplishing." A tear I was unable to restrain procured me the order " to retire instantly to my apartments, and to remain there until he permitted me to leave them." I have now been shut up for five hours, and a part of that time I have employed in searching for the sole consolation yet left me

me upon earth, to unbosom myself to my dearest child, the only sincere friend fortune has left me. I hope, however, my imprisonment will soon cease. We have announced, that we will see company to-night, and expect in consequence numerous attendants. His pride and vanity will therefore restore me that liberty of which his cruelty and want of tenderness have deprived me. *

* To indemnify his wife for his brutality, *at least during his absence*, he ordered several feasts, which cost him nothing. They were besides dictated by his policy as much as by his vanity. The following account is given of one of these fetes in the *Nouvelles Politiques*, No. LXX, of Leyden, dated August 31, 1794. The pedantic affectation of Buonaparte to be supposed a second Charlemagne, of whom he has all the vices but none of the virtues, is well known.

AVIS PUBLICS D'AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

" *Du 26 Thermidor (14 Août.)*

" La fête de Charlemagne a été célébrée ici Dimanche, 24 Thermidor, par ordre de l'empereur; & jamais pareille cérémonie n'a été plus imposante & n'a fait une sensation plus profonde. A neuf heures & demie toutes les autorités étoient réunies, en grand costume, à l'eglise cathédrale: S. M. l'Imperatrice sortit de son palais pour s'y rendre, à dix heures précises, environnée de sa cour & de

sa

" I have just received my husband's orders to dine alone in my room, but to dress imme-

sa garde. Elle fut reçuë à la porte de l'eglise sous le dais par tout le clergé, ainsi qu'il est consacré par le cérémonial, & conduite au trône qui avoit été élevé à la droite du choeur. Sa majesté avoit autour d'elle sa dame d'honneur & les dames de son palais; derrière le fauteuil se tenoient debout les grands-officiers de sa maison. La messe fut célébrée pontificalement par M. l'Evêque d'Aix-la-Chapelle, assisté de tout son clergé: M. l'Evêque de Liège étoit présent. M. l'Abbé de Gauzargues, chanoine, eut l'honneur d'adresser à S. M. Impériale un discours, qui obtint l'approbation générale."

EXTRAIT DU DISCOURS DE M. L'ABBE DE GAUZARGUES.

" Madame, Un héros ordonne, qu'on célèbre la mémoire d'un héros. Napoléon rétablit les honneurs de Charles, & c'est sous les voûtes antiques de ce temple érigé au Dieu vivant par ce puissant monarque, sur la tombe qui pendant trois siècles renferma ses cendres, en présence des restes de la dépouille mortelle de ce grand homme, devant votre majesté impériale enfin, que le restaurateur de l'empire d'occident veut que l'on renouvelle les hommages religieux, que cette eglise rendoit chaque année à son illustre fondateur. Depuis dix siècles, madame, Charles-le-Grand a cessé de vivre. Ne semble-t-il pas, que ces lieux soient encore pleins de sa grande ame? Et quand votre auguste epoux préscrivit la solemnité, qui nous rassemble autour de votre trône, n'étoit-il pas lui-même agité par la pensée de son immoratalité?

" Le

diately afterwards for the circle. I embrace you, your husband, and dear baby most affectionately." *

" Le Dieu, qui fonde & détruit les empires, qui distribuë & qui ôte les couronnes, a voulu, qu'a de longs intervalles, des hommes, instrumens de ses impénétrables desseins, apparussent environnés de force & de gloire, comme des météores lumineux, qui, dans la nuit des tems, rallient les peuples égarés, & les reconduisent sur la voye de la félicité publique. Tels furent ses desseins sur Charles & sur Napoléon. Ils se sont accomplis. Le passé se lie au présent. Les souvenirs se pressent, & les héros se confondent.

" Charles, héritier d'un trône mal-affermi, le consolida par la victoire, châtia les rebelles, étendit les limites du royaume, & plaça sur son front la couronne imperiale; il fit plus, il sçut la porter. Napoléon avoit assez fait pour la gloire, mais point assez pour la patrie. Il étoit placé au rang des plus grands guerriers; mais, accablée sous le joug des factions, entrainée à sa ruine par les folies de rhéteurs inexpérimentés, la patrie alloit périr: il accourt, elle est sauvée; & d'une République à la veille de devenir la proye de l'etranger, il fait le plus bel empire du monde. Ses ennemis ont appris s'il sçaura le défendre; & vous, François, qui l'avez proclamé César, vous sçavez que le sceptre n'a point été remis à des mains debiles.

" Charles étoit le premier monarque de la terre, alors que les Anglois n'étoient encore connus que comme un peuple

† See Bulletin Imperial, &c. p. 33 et seq.

This letter confirms the many reports concerning Buonaparte's brutal, indelicate, un-

peuple de pirates barbares; mais son génie prévoyoit déjà les maux, que le caractère ambitieux de ce peuple réservoit au monde. Il résolut de lui mettre un frein. A sa voix, tous les ports se remplissent de vaisseaux, qui restent constamment équipés & armés; son pavillon flotte depuis l'embouchure du Tibre jusqu'à l'Elbe, & Boulogne devient le centre de ses armemens maritimes. Etranges rapports! étonnante similitude! ne diroit-on pas, que je parle de l'histoire de nos jours? N'ai-je point représenté notre empereur, créant, comme par un pouvoir magique, des flottes presque soudaines, fermant à l'ennemi commun les ports Européens, depuis le Tibre jusqu'à la mer Baltique, menaçant sans cesse, par les plus formidables armemens, les côtes des parjures Brétons, &, du haut de son camp de Boulogne, ébranlant leur domination tyrannique. Charles sçavoit, que vaincre n'est pas régner, que sans loix il n'y a point de nation; sans religion point de moeurs; sans les lettres & les arts point de politesse, point de véritable grandeur. Ses capitulaires, monument précieux de ces tems reculés, attestant combien il étoit supérieur à ses contemporains; à sa piété sont duës la restauration des temples & la pompe des cérémonies saintes: enfin, il aima, il cultiva les lettres, il encouragea les arts, & quelques portions de cette Basilique prouvent, que ses efforts ne furent point infructueux. Non moins grand guerrier que Charles, Napoléon n'est pas moins grand législateur. Le Code-Napoléon se place au-dessus des

capitulaires.

gentleman-like, and violent behaviour towards his wife. He is stated more than once, and for the most insignificant mistakes or trifling errors, not only to have rebuked her in gross language, but to have used her with low brutality by beating and kicking her out of his presence, and even sometimes, as a punish-

capitulaires. Par Napoléon a cessé la persécution, qui pesoit sur les ministres du seigneur. Par lui, le sanctuaire a été relevé, & notre réunion dans cette enceinte auguste, la célébration des saints mystères devant la princesse adorée qui partage son trône, attestent, que, comme Charles, Napoléon a mis sa confiance dans le Dieu de armées, & qu'il a senti qu'au *héros* CHRETIEN seul appartenoit la véritable GLOIRE."

" *Du 6 Fructidor (24 Août.)*

" S. M. l'Impératrice devoit quitter hier matin nos murs, & chacun s'affligeoit de voir le terme d'un séjour, marqué par tant de bienfaits, lorsqu'avant-hier, à 9 heures du soir, un courier, dépêché par S. M. l'Empereur, nous a apporté la certitude, que S. M. l'Impératrice attendra ici son auguste epoux. Le préfet de notre département a fait part hier de cette agréable nouvelle aux maires de son ressort, par une lettre-circulaire conçuë en ces termes:

" Messieurs, S. M. l'Empereur va visiter les quatre nouveaux départemens du Rhin, &, sous cinq à six jours, nous aurons le bonheur de le posséder dans les murs de cette

ment, confined her to her room upon bread and water for forty-eight hours. Had it not been for the interference of his daughter-in-law, (the present Madame Louis Buonaparte,) for her mother, it is supposed he would either long ago have divorced, or, *to avoid scandal*, dispatched her with a good dose of poison. *,

cette ville. Cette grande nouvelle est parvenuë hier au soir par un courier extraordinaire, au moment même où le départ, annoncé pour ce matin, de S. M. l'Impératrice, répandoit le *deuil dans tous les coeurs*. L'alégresse des habitans de ce chef-lieu est à son comble; elle se répandra dans toutes les parties du département; & je ne doute point, que les témoignages multipliés de bienveillance, que le chef auguste de l'empire prodigue à ces contrées, n'excitent une reconnoissance sans bornes."

" S. M. l'Impératrice, s'étant renduë, avant-hier au soir, au théâtre, y fut accueillie par des acclamations extraordinaires & les cris longtems prolongés de vive l'empereur. S. A. le Duc Guillaume de Bavière assistoit à cette représentation: l'ingénieux Picard, directeur de la troupe, ne laissa pas échapper cette occasion, & une aimable scène improvisée suivit la piece, intitulée Les Voyageurs ou a beau mentir qui vient de loin."

* See Les Nouvelles à la Main, the different numbers. In that of Messidor, year xi, p. 7, No. III. is stated, that when a war with England was inevitable, Buonaparte flew into such a rage, that he not only beat his wife, but kicked

She has been obliged to change all her former habits of life; to go early to bed, to rise often before daylight, to dine at hours she formerly breakfasted, and to devour rather than to eat, because Buonaparte is always in a hurry to get up from the table. As to his pretended love for her in always sleeping with her, it is nothing else but a well-calculated manœuvre for his personal safety. A thousand little things, tending in appearance only to their comfort, are measures that suspicion, guilt, and fear, have thought necessary and dictated for the preservation of existence. The empress has her instructions, which are carefully attended to every night, and in every house where they chance to sleep. Under pretence of being fond of a good bed, she visits every mattress, has the bed made before her, and, after having convinced herself that no places of concealment for revengeful or wicked persons are in the room, she locks it, puts the key in her

kicked his mother and sisters, who for four days refused to see him. But a present of some millions reconciled the *worthy* members of the Buonaparte family. His mother suffered, however, for several weeks from the kick on her leg.

pocket,

pocket, and when supper is over gives it to her maid in waiting, who opens the door, enters with her, and, after assisting her to undress, retires. Then another domiciliary visit is made, and the mattresses are again turned before the ringing of the bell announces to her husband that he may enter without danger. Not confiding, however, entirely in the assurance of his wife, he begins and goes through a general search before he undresses. As caprice or fear dictates, he varies his place inside or outside of the bed, not only every night, but sometimes three or four times in the night. By the bedside is always suspended his sword, under his pillow lays a dagger, and by the bedside are two double-barrelled and loaded pistols.* In such a state of siege the mighty emperor and empress pass their nights. Is grandeur worth possessing when it can only be acquired and preserved at the expence of happiness? The journal of one week of Buonaparte's life since an emperor would be the most valuable gift loyalty could present to rebellion, and the best lesson lawful princes could publish for the perusal of ambitious, conspiring, and treacherous subjects.

* See Bulletin Imperial, &c. the preface, p. ix.

"Buonaparte," says a work * already quoted, "uses no restraint in addressing his own wife in abusive language. He can publicly speak to her in the severest manner if, by chance, he does not approve of her dress or deportment, as being too free, too improper, or unbecoming. The beautiful Madame Tallien, the intimate friend of Madame Buonaparte, when once, after a somewhat long absence of her husband, she appeared in a visible state of pregnancy in her saloon, which was full of company, was asked by him, quite loud and sternly, how she could dare to appear in that situation before his wife? and he then ordered her instantly to leave the room.

"The present wife of the minister Talleyrand, who is reported not always to have acted the part of a rigid prude, when Madame Grand, was complimented by him, at her first intro-

* See Buonaparte and the French People, &c. p. 153 and 154. This *becoming rigour* does not extend to the morals of his sisters. Madame Le Clerc, in a state of pregnancy, *twelve months* after her husband's death, not only shewed herself at court, but was daily visited by her brother. Les Nouvelles à la Main, Prairial, year xii, No. I. p. 3.

duction

duction into the circle of Madame Buonaparte, in the following manner: "*J'espere que Madame Talleyrand fera oublier Madame Grand.*" The poor woman is said to have answered in the greatest confusion, "that she would always be proud to follow the example of Madame Buonaparte." If Madame Talleyrand had been looked upon as a lady of parts, her answer might have been thought a witty one."

Such anecdotes evince that the age of chivalry is gone for ever, even in France, and that the petty vain usurper is merely a pretender to refinement of manners, as well as to noble achievements; a tyrant in the drawing-room as well as in heading armies or presiding in cabinets. It requires a man of another stamp of character to polish the language of upstarts, and to correct the morals of rebels.

With the ferocity of a tiger and the cunning of a fox Buonaparte unites the ridiculous pride of a capricious and spoiled child. His fury against England, which neither the humiliating fawning of foreign ambassadors, nor the base flattery of his own ministers, could diminish, the Pope, by promising, at the expence of honour, duty, and conscience, to place the

crown of St. Louis upon the head of the assassin of his descendant, immediately calmed. The tears of the empress are dried up, and in present caresses she forgets past sufferings as well as those awaiting her for the future. While the gaudy plaything with which Pius VII. has consented to amuse by decorating the Imperial baby, Napoleon the First, attracts his whole attention, his wife's whole study and occupation are how to profit by this respite, how to enrich herself and her children, and how to procure places and pensions to her relatives, friends, and favourites.

"*Coblentz, Sunday.*

"How fortunate I am to announce to you, my dearly-beloved child, an unexpected and favourable change in my dear Napoleon. A courier from Rome has brought him the certain intelligence of his holiness the Pope having at last consented to undertake a journey to France during the autumn, to perform in person the ceremony of our coronation. This generous condescension on the part of the Roman pontiff has been a balm on the wounded spirits of my husband. He is now what he

was

was to me last May. Though often agitated with real or imaginary apprehensions, and troubled with the weight of affairs of state, he is unusually attentive to me as his wife, and confidential with me as with his sincerest friend. It would have been wrong in me to neglect profiting of this fit of good disposition and good temper to advance the private concerns of myself, family, and friends. Marbois (the minister of the treasury) has already received orders to pay into my hands, from the tribute of Spain, 1,500,000 livres, 64,000l.; to Eugenius (her son) 500,000 livres, 21,000l.; and an equal sum to you. I gave him, before his departure the coast, a list of thirty-two persons allied or dear to me, for whom I demanded places as senators, legislators, tribunes, prefects, &c. I have twice before, since he joined me, attempted to mention this list, but his terrible frowns struck me mute. This morning I was agreeably surprised when he informed me, during our breakfast, that all my recommendations had been attended to, except those of two persons, respecting whom he asked me some questions. Being satisfied as to their attachment to his person, he bade me write, and he signed my

my dear Napoleon? Just as I was finishing my letter he entered my room, asking me to whom I wrote? Upon being informed that it was to my beloved child, he said: "Tell her, that from the day of my coronation I will increase her and her brother's allowance with 600,000 livres annually, and add to yours double that sum in the year. How lovely he is when he chuses! I pressed him most tenderly in my arms, assuring him that every minute of my existence should be employed to meditate his comfort. "From your late patient conduct I do not doubt the sincerity of your promises," said he, giving me one of the sweetest kisses in his life. If you mention to your husband the late presents of Napoleon, bind him to secrecy, that his mother, brothers, and sisters may not hear of it. You know that they have all got enough, but nevertheless they never cease to tease him for more.

"Caffarelli (Buonaparte's aide-de-camp) is ordered to set out immediately for Rome, with a letter from my husband to his holiness the Pope. As I am indebted to this respectable head of our church for all my present happiness, I have, with Napoleon's permission, join-

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ed to his a letter of mine, expressing my lively feelings and sincere gratitude. Before I sealed it I gave it to my husband, who said: "Well done, my dearest Josephine! you are as eloquent as tender." My dearest Josephine! This is the first time during seven months that I have been blessed with such an appellation.

"You can form no idea how Napoleon rejoices at your present advanced state of pregnancy. Should heaven bless you with another boy, I do not know what he will not do for you. * From his conversation, I am certain that either your husband has no suspicions, or that Napoleon has judged them unfounded and silenced them. He has not, even when angry or in ill-humour, thrown out the most distant hint on your account; on the contrary, he always speaks of you with the most tender affection; and I do not hesitate to affirm, that, in case of reciprocal accusation, he would sooner listen to you than to your husband, who must be well aware of the power you possess over him, and that it therefore is his interest

* On the 11th of October (1804) Madame Louis Buonaparte was delivered of another son, called Napoleon-Louis.

to

to preserve peace and good understanding, were he even informed of intrigues, which it will be your own fault if he ever penetrates into. Be, however, always on your guard. In your actual and delicate condition * I know from experience that *you cannot stand in need of many consolers or the assistance of lovers to supply the absence or neglect of your husband.* At present any efforts of yours, from idleness or a heated imagination, to obtain pleasure or forced nature, may be injurious to your own health and destroy the fœtus. A plain diet, simple nourishment, calming and cooling liquors, with moderate but frequent exercise, are more necessary for your welfare than the *tête-à-tête* or embraces of all the most handsome, elegant, and powerful beaux in the universe. For my sake, as well as for your own, spare yourself, and do not indulge a momentary gratification, which may cause eternal regrets or instant death. What would become of me, of your brother, whom you love so affectionately, was any passionate *étourderie*

* Her daughter was in the eighth month of her pregnancy when this maternal advice was bestowed.

or

or foolish caprice to bereave us of our sole support? You know that all the Buonapartes envy and detest us. Depend upon it, that any imprudence of yours at this moment may make you not only a fratricide but a matricide; and instead of living the pride, preserver, and protector of your mother and brother, die their assassin and executioner. Some few weeks more patience, and when once you are safely delivered, depend upon it that you shall again find in me the same *most indulgent* and affectionate mother and friend." *

Never a princess or a favourite mistress of a sovereign existed who was so eager to seize wealth and to obtain every thing as the Empress Josephine. She always accepts, and often extorts, presents or money from all persons who demand her protection, or who owe to her their promotions, places, or pensions. She has her fixed price for each office in the empire, from that of a senator to that of a clerk,

* See Bulletin Imperial, &c. p. 43 et seq. In a note, p. 44, it is said that Madame Louis had written with a pencil on the latter part of this letter, "*An easy counsel from an old woman of* 46 *to a young person of* 21."

from that of a cardinal to that of a curate. The recommendation of a law-suit or the release from a state prison, contracts for the navy or army, or commissions for the colonies, have all their regulated prices in her imperial tariff. If this be contrasted with the unheard-of prodigality by which her husband enriches her children and his own brothers and sisters, it can only be explained either by supposing all the French and Italian members of the family infested with the meanest and most insatiable avarice, or by imagining in them a due sense of their precarious situation, a design to be at all events prepared for the worst, and to possess means to command respect from their affluence, should they survive the destruction of the power of Napoleon, to which alone, and not to their talents, they owe their rank and distinction.

Arrived at Mentz, the empress and her husband found plenty of food for vanity, as well as abundance of prey for cupidity. The oldest legitimate reigning prince from age, and the most respectable by character, the venerable Elector of Baden, the grandfather of the Empress of Russia, of the Queen of Sweden, and of

of the Electress of Bavaria, had, at fourscore, by the unrelenting and barbarous Corsican, been forced to attend there. Instead of obtaining redress in his rights as a sovereign for the outrage committed in his territory by the seizure of the Duke of Enghien, or any relief to his feelings as a man, a friend, and a christian, for the murder of this princely hero, he was under the necessity of dancing attendance at the levees of the assassin, bowing in the drawing-room of his strumpet, and waiting in the anti-chambers of his ministers and satraps, the instruments of his cruelty and the accomplices of his guilt. The elector arch-chancellor, though deserving, on account of his Gallomania, less pity, was subject to the same insulting, and, to his exalted station, unbecoming, humiliations. Besides these, many other inferior German princes and nobles, their wives, their sons, their counsellors, and favourites, *volunteered* their high rank in this race of ignominy and degradation within the ramparts of Mentz. Here, instead of being ashamed of their baseness, they seemed proud of their infamy. The revolutionary empress faithfully

faithfully depicts those *loyal* visitors, those heroes of the genealogies of sixteen centuries.

"*Mentz, Wednesday.*

"The journey from Coblentz, beloved child, though through a wild country, on bad roads, and among a people with whose language I am unacquainted, was, nevertheless, very agreeable. As usual, I was feasted every where, complimented every where, addressed every where, petitioned every where, and prayed for every where. Every where they did the best in their power to please me; and being the object of all their attentions, it would ill become me to blame well meaning ignorance, or to hold good intentions up to ridicule. Happy in knowing my Napoleon content, persons, as well as things, shewed themselves to me in an agreeable form, in an enchanting view. Rags inspired me with no disgust, precipices with no fear, and the darkest forests with no melancholy. All nature seemed to dance round me, and I heartily shared in the general joy.

"I believed that I had seen at Aix-la-Chapelle enough of the pride and meanness, ostentation.

tation and poverty, ambition and imbecility, of some of the great folks from the other side of the Rhine, to judge tolerably of their national character; but the scene presented to me here is not only new and variegated, but surpasses what the most fertile imagination can invent, and the most inventive genius imagine or produce. When I am surrounded by my German visitors here, I think myself, from their dress, gait, and manners, among our fashionable gentry of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, so different are they from the former courtiers at Versailles, and from ours at the Thuilleries.

"No person can be introduced to me or to the emperor without previously having proved to Talleyrand, that from his birth or rank he is worthy of such an honour. This etiquette was necessary, to prevent hundreds of German *savans*-sansculotte and sansculotte-*savans*, thousands of beggarly German patriots, *illuminati*, and other revolutionists, without probity, as well as without capacity, from intruding upon us; and under pretence of having plotted or written for the French revolution, demand rewards, claim pensions, and ask for protection

tion and support in their present plots against their own sovereigns. Five waggon loads of this patriotic or rebellious crew were, by our police commissary, exported early this morning to Cassel.* The *patriotism* of the vile Irish raggamuffins in our pay, has perfectly cured Napoleon of all inclination to encourage patriots of other countries to settle in France. I am therefore sure to converse here only with *gens comme il faut*, who all, however, take care to let me understand that they are so. After two minutes conversation with the young prince of S. he said, "My ancestors have long been attached to France, they even fought under St. Louis in Palestine." The emphasis with which he spoke, convinced me that he only repeated a lesson of his vain mamma; I, therefore, perhaps rather maliciously, determined to humble, not him but his preceptor. "Sir," observed I, "being all descendants from the same parent, Adam, I am inclined to think, that we have all the same number of ancestors, and that few, if any, families exist, that

* Cassel is opposite Mentz, on the German side of the Rhine.

had

had not some of their former members who, from an absurd fanaticism, fought or bled in the pretended sacred wars." He seemed confused, and I have not since heard of the boasting of ancestry, or the exploits of ancestors.

"I wish that I could persuade my Napoleon to show himself above the prejudices in favour of birth, and declare to all these proud and pompous idiots who glory in the merits of others, having none themselves: "I Napoleon the First, Emperor of the French, &c. &c. am the son of an humble sansculotte: you, with your brilliant and ancient parentage, are all at my feet, my petitioners, nay, my valets. It depends upon me to make you sovereigns, or to continue you my slaves; to *indemnify* your cringing with a principality; or to commiserate your poverty, by giving you, from charity, a commission in my corps of guides. I do not ask who were your forefathers, but what are your own achievements to deserve the rank you desire, or the property after which you seem so greedy." Unfortunately, my husband is as proud of HIS *nobility* as any German. A Bavarian *philosopher*, taking advantage of this weak

weak side of his, presented him with a *curious* genealogy, which makes it *clear* as day, that the Buonapartes were seven hundred years ago rich and powerful nobles in Tuscany. My Napoleon rewards like an emperor. Five hundred louis d'ors were given the Bavarian for his discovery. Another German genius has offered me to prove that my family name, de la Pagerie, originates from a favourite page of Charlemagne, a thousand years ago, one of whose descendants was aide-de-camp to Columbus in his discovery of America, and hence our possessions in the West Indies. I declined the honour, and with the loss of ten louis, got rid of a forger, fool, and impostor, and my ancestry remain in *statu quo*. Far be it from me, however, to blame the emperor; he has too great a soul not to despise all artificial grandeur. Policy, in present circumstances, must require that he should condescend to count birth any thing.

"How you would have smiled with contempt or pity, had you witnessed the behaviour at the emperor's review, or in my circle, of these birth-proud gentry! Their rivalry to watch every one of his words, and to catch every

every one of his looks, was truly ridiculous. As at a word of command, or a given signal, they were all ready to faint when he frowned, and to kneel when he smiled. You will conclude from this, that the branches of the adulation family are very extensive, and have taken root on the right as well as on the left side of the Rhine.

"My campaign on the banks of this river has been successful beyond my most sanguine expectation. Not only my coffers are full, but Tarte is on his way to Paris with good bills of exchange, for sums sufficient to make the most precious choices and purchases in the jewellers' shops, both in the Palais Royal, in the Rue St. Honoré, and on the *Quay d'Orfevre*. Thanks to my Napoleon, I have really already gotheaved and houseed here a golden harvest. It has, nevertheless, cost him nothing but promises; which chance, fortune, and time, may carry into effect, or make impracticable to fulfil. But I am not the only one who has profited by his good nature. Talleyrand and his agent, by their political transactions, and Fouche and his agent, by their adroitness at the gambling tables, have not only entirely emptied

emptied the pockets of the poor Germans, but have extorted bills which they will hardly be able to pay, and mortgages which, if paid, will ruin their posterity for ages. I do not approve of such selfish and interested acts, so contrary to the laws of hospitality, and to the *known* French *generosity*.

"Yesterday I passed a very unpleasing quarter of an hour. With an irony of which I well knew the meaning, as well as the danger, my husband said to me, "Count de L——, I dare say, is not a favourite of yours?" I directly assumed those looks of innocence which you have so often admired, answering, "that the count had indeed twice obtained from me private audiences, but his whole conversation turned on one single topic, how, through my recommendation, to gain your kind assistance to be elected a coadjutor to his uncle, the elector arch-chancellor. My dear, retorted he kindly, such a step would alienate from me Austria, with whom, for certain reasons, I must for *a year* or *two*, live upon good terms; but Count de L—— is an insinuating man, and malicious tongues are very busy; I therefore have asked his uncle to send him back to Ratisbon.

tisbon. He fixed his eyes on me to discover if this step vexed me; fortunately, the count had, by a confidential friend, informed me of it; and I therefore said with indifference, "so much the better, I am glad to be delivered from his importunities." You see that the dæmon of jealousy still sometimes torments him; this makes me remember the fable of the dog and the hay-stack. Two persons only knew of my secret interviews with the count: uncertain which of them has betrayed me, I am under the necessity, and shall take the first opportunity, of dismissing them both. I pay my attendants too well, to let want tempt them to sell themselves to my husband, and become his spies on me. Upon the whole, however, the emperor is well satisfied, and of more even temper than he has been for a long time. And can he be otherwise, having the Pope's promise to crown him an emperor of the French, the certainty of being, when he likes, proclaimed a king of Italy, and even an *infallible* prospect of one day uniting with these diadems the imperial crown of Germany?

"You know, my beloved child, that we are such machines, that when the mind is not at ease,

ease, the body always suffers. Restore happiness and tranquillity of soul, corporeal complaints will soon cease. My health is now better than it has been for years; Doctor Napoleon has cured me entirely.

"Your approaching *accouchement* will hasten our return to the capital. I shall present you a collection, rare in its kind, of upwards of five hundred poems, addressed to me by the wits on both sides of the Rhine. Deschamps is arranging them, and adding notes to them. They may serve as models for poetical flatterers of all countries, and of all times. Their extravagance or absurdity, I am convinced, will be an entertainment for you during the time you are obliged to keep your bed. I embrace you all affectionately."*

It must make every impartial observer, as well as every friend of rational freedom, revolt to think that in France, persons on the eminence where Madame Buonaparte is seated, alone seem to discover the littleness of the world below, and the folly or wickedness of those who try, by every art and vileness, to soar

* See Bulletin Imperial, &c. page 52 et seq.

above

above their fellows. The tyrant is less to be blamed for his oppression and despotism, if, from being encompassed by base, selfish, shameless flatterers and hungry slaves; if, by being greeted by an abject rabble, dreaded and belied by all, as far as his eyes can reach, he despises mankind, and judging them after Frenchmen, he thinks them incapable and unworthy of genuine liberty. By such homages, execrably offered him, by mean and contemptible beings on all sides, and not interrupted by one single sound of reproach or just remonstrance, the intoxicated fortune's tool loses himself, and forgets that by terror he has stifled the voice of truth. Was there a man found in his extensive dominions who had spirit and patriotism enough to speak out? It looks, however, as if the moral depravity of Buonaparte's subjects has banished from among them all energy, and excluded from their bosoms all honourable sentiments. Such is, in consequence, their degraded condition, that the most resolute among the brave, and the most artful among the cunning, will now bend their knee to the tyrant, whose fury inflicts an equal punishment on the man who spoke freely, or

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the bravado who drew his dagger on the patriotic writer, or the dastardly conspirator, who with eager and revengeful looks, is more watching for the moment when he can poison or stab the patriot than dispatch the assassin. Nevertheless, if the daring, and hitherto prosperous usurper be not the most crafty among the insidious, the most watchful among the suspicious, and the quickest to punishment among the revengeful, he will not be secure against the embrace of a treacherous Judas, who may give the signal for his destruction. Nay, be he ever so vigilant and observant, still he may, in the pretended embrace, meet his doom. He knows it.—Dreadful existence!

On her return to Paris, the empress was chiefly occupied to arrange her dresses, and to regulate the fêtes for her coronation. Her whole wardrobe was renewed, and after many long consultations with her husband, and with Talleyrand, and Segur, another ceremonial was ordered to be introduced, and another etiquette to be observed at her court, as well as at that of the emperor. It was determined that no person, except Buonaparte, not even her son or daughter, could address her singly with the appellation of "Madame," without adding

adding immediately, " your imperial majesty." No person, except the members of the imperial family, could for the future be admitted at her table, and they only when invited. The distance between her chair and theirs should always be four French feet. They were not to speak but when asked, and their answers were to be short and respectful. Under pain of incurring the empress's displeasure, they were prohibited ever to smile in her presence, and should they forget their duty so much as to laugh, they exposed themselves to be forbid the court, and even to be exiled. They could never sit down in a room with her without first being permitted, or ordered to do so. Even if invited to her private parties, they were to be in full dress. All conversation, or even whispering among themselves, at her court must be laid aside; all their attentions should be to pay their *devoirs* and homage to their sovereign, from whom they were never to withdraw their looks, which were to accompany her in all her turns or movements, *observing always to face her.* The princes and princesses of the blood were commanded, in entering or leaving the empress's apartments, to make three bows or

courtesies

courtesies in no less time than a minute, always stooping as low as if her majesty permitted them to kiss her hand. The senators, and all other public functionaries, together with prefects, colonels, bishops, and judges, with their wives, should make the same number of bows and courtesies, but as low as her majesty's knees, and in no less time than two minutes. All other persons of inferior rank who were admitted at court, should make their bows and courtesies rather lower and in a kneeling position upon one knee, in which position they should remain until her majesty gave them a signal to stand upright. No gentleman of an inferior rank to that of a colonel could kiss her majesty's hand, and no lady of less distinction than the wife of a general of brigade could have that honour. With regard to foreign ambassadors, their ladies, and countrymen of rank, the same etiquette would be observed as at the courts of the empresses of Germany and of Russia.*

As he had promised, Segur recruited persons for the different offices and places at her court.

* See Bulletin Imperial, &c. page 160 and 161.

Being

Being unsuccessful among the French nobility upon the whole, he filled the vacancies with the ladies of some German nobles of the provinces on the French side of the Rhine, and resorted even to women nameless, as well as shameless and disgraceful. By the side of Madame D'Arberg, by birth a German countess, figures therefore Madame Lasnes, who was picked up by her husband in a brothel, and lived with him as a mistress for two years before he was divorced from his former wife to marry her.

The following is the official list of persons of both sexes in the principal places at the empress's court, and of her household:

The first Almoner.

M. Ferdinand de Rohan, late archbishop of Cambray.*

Maid of Honour.

Madame Chastulé la Rochefoucault.

Lady in Waiting.

Madame Lavalette.

* This is the same revolutionary prelate whom the rebels at Liege elected for their prince bishop in 1790.

Ladies of the Palace. (Dames du palais.)

Madame Delucay,
Madame Remusat
Madame Baude de Tallouet,
Madame Lauriston,
Madame Ney,
Madame D'Arberg,
Madame Lasnes,
Madame Duchatel,
Madame Seran,
Madame Colbert,
Madame Savary,
Madame Octave Segur.

First Chamberlain.

The General of Division Nansouty.

Chamberlains.

M. de Beaumont, introductor of ambassadors.
M. Hector Daubuson la Feuillade.

Master of the Horse.

Senator Harville.

Equerries.

Colonel Fouler,
General Bonarde de St. Sulpice.

Secretary.

M. Deschamps.

Council.

The council of state of the empress's household is composed of
The maid of honour,
The lady in waiting,

The

The first chamberlain,
The master of the horse.

The lord chamberlain of the emperor's household, M. Claret de Fleurieux, a counsellor of state, and the empress's secretary Deschamps.*

All these *great* matters, of *great* consequence for a revolutionary court, were hardly adjusted and finally promulgated, when the empress was ordered to accompany her husband in a revolutionary pilgrimage to Fontainebleau, to meet a trembling pontiff, whom the treachery of bribed counsellors had sent to France, there to dishonour his grey hairs, by becoming the sacrilegious tool of un atheistical usurper, the most wicked of men, the most unprincipled of vagabonds, the most audacious of upstarts, and the most atrocious of tyrants.

The manner in which Josephine was selected and *blessed* by his holiness; how she confessed her sins and obtained absolution; how devoutly she kneeled, how piously she prayed;

* See appendix of Bulletin Imperial, &c. pages 9 and 10.

how she reformed her habits, silenced her passions, and quieted her conscience; how she edified by her example, and seduced by her edification, and how her confessor was near becoming her admirer, are all those *sacred* and family secrets, of which the less is said the better. What is known, and can be no injury to her *honour* to make better known; what can neither hurt her *virtuous* character, nor give any scandal to the *morals* of those *virtuous* people she governs, is, that her *virtuous* and *magnanimous* husband, the same day that she returned to Paris, sent one of his military aids-de-camp first to the Temple, and from thence to Cayenne, upon suspicion that he had been an uninvited domestic and conjugal *aide de major.**

Whether this anecdote originates in authenticity, or is invented by envy or malignity, it is an undeniable fact, that near two months elapsed before the *tender-hearted* Napoleon could forgive his no less *tender-hearted* moiety some supposed *mistake*. It may be, that the many anonymous and threatening letters with

* See Les Nouvelles à la Main, Nivose, year xiii. No. II. page 9.

which

which relatives and friends, rivals or enemies amused themselves to torment his revolutionary majesty, kept up his imperial sansculotte-anger, troubled his *innocent* soul, and perturbed his *pure* heart; but even on the glorious 2nd of December, 1804, the day of the solemn mockery of his mock coronation, he was cross, fearful, ill-humoured, and agitated. He looked suspicious and agonizing; treating his dear Josephine as if he intended to vent all his wrath upon her for dreading assassins, for expecting death, or apprehending a gibbet. With looks more than words he worried her, teased her, provoked her, and insulted her, even in the presence of the revolutionary pontiff, his revolutionary cardinals and clergy, and of all the foreign, princely, and noble revolutionary amateurs. During a ceremony of eight hours, poor Josephine was in an uninterrupted fever.* She trembled for fear her imperial husband should be murdered in the church, or that he would murder her at their return to the palace;

* In a note of Bulletin Imperial, &c. page 166, it is stated, "that Josephine's fear spoiled her coronation robes, and that her fever was *smelt* by those officiating at the altar, as well as by those serving round her throne."

that

that she or he would cease to outlive that very day that they were inaugurated to reign; that the celebration of their coronation would be changed into a funeral service; their imperial throne into a funeral pile; and that the pontiff, put into requisition to organize their elevation, would be prevented even from pronouncing their apotheosis.*

This explains why all the principal performers at the cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris, were so little at their ease on that great occasion, and why they committed so many blunders. Even at their return to the Thuilleries, they looked at each other; they gaped; they stared with surprise, with astonishment. Their silent loquacity seemed to pronounce, Am I alive? Art thou alive? Is he alive? Are we alive? Are you alive? Are they alive? After having for ten minutes first passed each other in review, and then nearer reconnoitred each other, they became more confident of present existence, if not tranquil about its future continuance. Their dinner, however, passed over

* See Les Nouvelles à la Main, Nivose, year xii. No. IV. pages 4, 5, and 6.

without

without any appetite; their concert without relish; their illuminations were unnoticed; their fire-works unregarded; their supper untouched; their night restless; troubled with dreams, plagued with remorse, and terrified with visions, which for once made the imperial couple conclude that thrones are more easily seized by guilt and fraud, preserved by force and crime, than occupied with tranquillity and real enjoyment. The most elevated, they were also the most miserable in their empire.*

The next day a council of conscience was held, at which the emperor and the empress, the pope, six cardinals, four archbishops, and three bishops, together with the ministers Talleyrand and Portalis, assisted. This latter acted as secretary. Many cases of conscience and conscientious cases were that day proposed, debated, discussed and settled, during a sitting of six hours. The principal determination was, that another marriage-ceremony was absolutely necessary to make Napoleon and his Josephine lawful husband and wife. It was acknowledged that they, as well as all other inha-

* Bulletin Imperial, &c. pages 172 and 173.

bitants

bitants of France, who had been coupled together according to the revolutionary laws, were not married in this world, though they run the risk of being damned in the next. To avoid, however, numerous law-suits, with fatal and cruel consequences both to parents and children, it was resolved to keep this determination secret. But, according to the Pope's requisition, Portalis was to write confidential letters to all French prelates, that they might send monitories to the clergy of their dioceses, exhorting them to make it a scruple to confess, or at least to absolve those of their parishioners who have been married since 1793, and refuse to re-marry again according to the rites of the Roman catholic church.*

To set an example of submission to the decrees of his holiness, Napoleon Buonaparte and Josephine de la Pagerie, widow of Viscount de Beauharnois, were re-married on the 6th of January, 1805, and Pius VII. gave them the nuptial benediction in his private chapel of the Pavilion of Flora, in the palace of the Thuilleries, twelve years before inhabited by the

* Bulletin Imperial, page 184.

harlot

harlot who was worshipped by the *truly religious* French republicans as a Goddess of Reason. The act of marriage was signed by the pope, by the elector, arch-chancellor of Germany, and by eight cardinals, with the different princes of the Buonaparte *blood*. The former and municipal wedding of the imperial couple, had, on the 8th of March, 1796, been celebrated with different pomp, in the presence of persons of different descriptions. The municipal officer and Septembriser Panis, had joined their immaculate hands, and the butcher Septembriser and regicide Legendre, the Septembriser and regicide Tallien, and the regicide Ex-viscount Barras had signed the municipal registers as witnessess of their union, worth, and affection. From the hall of the municipality, they went to dine in the then directorial palace of the Luxembourg, where Barras presented Buonaparte with his wife's fortune, the commission as commander in chief of the army of Italy. In a week afterwards, Madame Buonaparte was delivered of a still-born child—a dead-born Barras!*

* Bulletin Imperial, page 196, and Le Recueilles d'Anecdotes, page 214. In a note of the Bulletin Imperial, is

Much might be said on these curious occurrences, and many conclusions drawn not honourable to our age, to the parties, and particularly to the nation that has suffered, and still suffers itself to be the play-ball of every villain in power, of his interest, vices, and passions. But discussions of such a nature appertain to historians: they require too wide a space for the biographer.

As soon as Napoleon's and Josephine's new marriage was performed, Joseph and Louis Buonaparte, Bacchiochi, and Murat, and all other relatives of the Buonapartes, were re-married by the Pope. Even Talleyrand was suddenly seized with scruples which his holiness alone could remove, and the ex-bishop was also for a second time married to his chaste spouse. The fashion of re-marrying afterwards spread quickly among the French republican tiger-monkies. It was a golden harvest-time

affirmed that Madame Buonaparte in coming from Aix-la-Chapelle after her second wedding with Napoleon, said to Madame Remusat, "It is with my husbands as with the trinity. The three are but one." The revolutionary emperor's impotency WITH WOMEN is proverbial in France.

for

for the French clergy. Those of all classes of Frenchmen, whom motives of religion did not influence, were, to avoid ridicule or contempt, under the necessity of imitating their neighbours, whom faith sent to the altar. It became in the highest degree unfashionable to live together without a new wedding, and it is well known that fashion sways every thing among the fickle and corrupted French. Within six months, 52,000 couples were re-married at Paris and in the department of the Seine, and a hundred times that number in the different provinces. What a people!*

The feasting and dancing usual on such occasions entered not a little into this matrimonial rage. Nothing was heard of in France, from January to March, 1805, but wedding-dinners and nuptial-balls. It may easily be guessed that Buonaparte did not interrupt the rejoicings of his slaves, as long as they did not attempt to shake off the yoke or complain of the weight of their fetters. No public feast was, however, given at the Thuilleries on this occasion, but Josephine was permitted to invite

* See Bulletin Imperial, &c. page 201.

to

to a private or family ball at Malmaison, his brothers, sisters, and some select favourites. A trifle here caused a coolness between him and his brother Joseph, and his sister the Princess Santa Cruce. He supposed or suspected them of not having admired his adroitness in dancing, and his complacency to dance with persons whom he regarded so much beneath him.* The fact was, however, that Buonaparte having learned to dance at the common wine-houses in Corsica, is a very awkward dancer; and in seeing him jump about, tread upon the feet of his partner, kick one neighbour, tear the dress of another, and put all in confusion, it is more difficult to refrain laughing than to express admiration. At all these balls, where he thus has exhibited himself, the pleasure expected has been changed into disappointment. To many persons, orders of exile, mandats of imprisonment, and condemnations to transportation have shortly followed his cards of invitation. He is a tyrant in the ball-room as well as every where else; and truth is ex-

* See Bulletin Imperial, page 202, and Les Nouvelles à la Main, Ventose,, year xiii. No. IV. page 14.

cluded

cluded, and common sense must be laid aside there, as well as at his military reviews or diplomatic levees. Numbers of anecdotes are related and have been published on this subject, even when he was a first consul.

In the winter of 1803, Madame Buonaparte had a small party at Malmaison, where he ventured to dance with his dear step-daughter, Madame Louis Buonaparte. As usual, his performance was ridiculous, and, as usual, he found an opportunity of shewing his despotic and unfeeling heart. When it came into his head to dance, he took off his sword and offered it to the next by-stander without looking at him. This person happened unfortunately to be a man of birth and an officer of rank, who thought it against the point of honour to accept it, and therefore stepped back to wait till one of the servants might come and take it. Observing this act of becoming dignity, the Corsican usurper looked at the officer sternly, and said in a terrible hoarse kind of voice, *"Mais oui! Je me suis bien trompé."* He then made a sign to General La Grange, on whose readiness he could depend, and gave him the sword, which this cringer snatched with great eagerness.

eagerness. When the too punctilious officer returned home he already found an order, by which he was directed to depart on the next day for St. Domingo. La Grange, on the other hand, was made a grand officer of the legion of honour, and in 1805 obtained the profitable, though not very honourable, place of leader of the gang of freebooters Buonaparte sent to plunder the British West-India islands. The usurper has no favourite near his person, and no man in his service, who, with the livery of bondage, does not also possess the soul of a slave.*

As the revolutionary gentry admitted to these private parties have always been proposed by Madame Buonaparte before approved of by her husband, he often bestowed upon her abuse for what displeased or offended him in their behaviour. To avoid suffering from their disgrace in future, she, with the advice of her privy-counsellor, Madame Remusat, determined, in February, 1805, in sending him the usual list of persons proper for her private society, always to write at bottom: "This

* Bulletin Imperial, pages 144 and 145.

list

list contains names of gentlemen and ladies known to you as well as to myself, and I believe agreeable to us both, and deserving your particular distinction: *but remember, that I recommend nobody.* Approve, therefore, of them or disapprove of them, erase the names of some or of them all, you shall punctually be obeyed. I have no favourites, no companions, as far as I know, who do not merit and have your esteem and confidence." As the Corsican regarded this clause as an indirect reproach, he ordered his wife to give up the adviser to just chastisement, or to retire immediately for thrice twenty-four hours to her private apartments at Malmaison, where he prohibited her from seeing any company whatever. She chose the latter. Her daughter, Madame Louis, going to pay her a visit, and being refused admittance, suspected the cause, and immediately went to St. Cloud, with an intent of becoming a reconciler or mediator; but her generous father-in-law ordered her back to her hotel at Paris without seeing her. She then addressed herself to Cardinal Caprara, who, at times, has much authority over his revolutionary majesty; but even he failed on this occasion. He, however, applied to

the Pope, who with much difficulty succeeded in arranging this great state affair.* This is another evidence of the *generous* heart and *forgiving* temper of Napoleon Buonaparte. To reconcile him to a beloved wife, a favourite daughter and a favourite courtier in vain employed their supplications. His abominable vanity required that a favourite pontiff should again forget his sacred character, and ask as a favour what his predecessors would have scorned to notice, or commanded as a religious duty. Shame to France! and shame to Rome! a cardinal and a pope to be seriously engaged in settling differences between an adventurer and his strumpet about a ball! The age when legitimate sovereignty held the stirrups for the popes in mounting their mules was less disgraceful and depraved than our days, when a pope crowns and consecrates a criminal usurper and blood-thirsty murderer, and afterwards stoops to kneel before this diabolical idol, created by his dangerous pliability and impolitic weakness.

Early in the following month Josephine received notice to prepare herself for another

* See Bulletin Imperial, page 146.

coronation

coronation on the other side of the Alps. In one of the foregoing letters she has mentioned her correspondence with the Queen of P—— during her residence at Aix-la-Chapelle in the summer 1804. But, according to report,* this princess was not the only lawful sovereign with whom her husband forced her to try by letters to establish equality and assume familiarity. The accomplished consort of the noble-minded Alexander, and amiable partner of the throne of the virtuous Francis II. were also insulted with letters and presents, with offers of lace gowns and other elegant productions of the same description, frail as their donor. The presents were, however, declined, as contrary to custom and etiquette; and, as usual with strangers, a secretary answered the letters in a civil but dignified style. According to the same publication,† had the over-

* See Bulletin Imperial, page 204; and Les Nouvelles à la Main, Germinal, year xiii. No. III. pages 7 and 8. In the latter it is said, that the Queen of Sweden returned, with becoming contempt, *unopened*, a letter Madame Buonaparte had the insolence to write to her.

† See Les Nouvelles à la Main, Germinal, year xiii. No. III. pages 9 and 10.

tures

tures for a peace with England been accepted by our government last January (1805), the modest Josephine had a lace gown ready fabricated, and a letter ready written to our beloved queen. This impertinent intrigue not succeeding, and Buonaparte having resolved to degrade the kingly as well as imperial title by impertinently usurping the name of a king of Italy, this lace gown was forwarded to the Queen Dowager of Etruria, with an appropriate letter, pretended to be written by the empress's own hand. The usurper had, ever since the death of her husband, fixed upon this princess for a victim of his ambition. He first destined her to marry his brother Lucien; but he having married, and being disgraced for having married a woman he loved, she was intended for the other hopeful brother of his, Jerome Buonaparte. The republican parents of a female American citizen being, however, tormented with the absurd vanity of making their daughter a revolutionary highness, he was disappointed a second time. Firmly bent (after having robbed them of their throne) upon dishonouring the Bourbon family with his family connections, he put her Etrurian majesty

majesty into requisition for his son-in-law, Eugenius de Beauharnois. In the letter that accompanied the lace gown the Empress Josephine hinted a disinterested wish " to strengthen those political ties which united the Queen Regent of Etruria with France into a family alliance with the house of the sovereign of the French empire." Eugenius de Beauharnois was himself the bearer of this letter. Being properly instructed, he acted his part tolerably well. By bribes he gained several of the favourite courtiers at Florence, and by presents, malice says, that he even came to share the beds of some of the most intimate female attendants of the princess. All these worthies of course planned to give their sovereign a high opinion of their hero, who, when he believed that his friends had sufficiently reconnoitred the ground, began the attack in person. " He was dying of love, but this merely regarded himself, and was only a secondary object. The welfare and grandeur of the sovereign and good people of Etruria were, and would always be, his principal and first consideration, the study of his life." He then delivered another letter of his mother, in which she

she formally demanded the hand of the queen dowager for her son, offering in return, or as an indemnity, not only her husband's guarantee of the independence of the kingdom of Etruria, but his promise to incorporate the island of Elba and the duchies of Parma and Plaisance with that kingdom.

Having long been prepared for such an insult to her family and rank, and being forewarned by her royal relatives, the Kings of Spain and Naples, particularly by the latter, she told Eugenius de Beaubarnois, "that she would shortly return an answer to his mother's letter; frankly informing him that her mind was made up, and that she had fixed rather upon a retreat into a convent for the remainder of her days than to give her young son a father-in-law. Two days afterwards a letter to the Empress Josephine was put into his hands, and he departed for Milan, where Buonaparte and his wife were daily expected.

No sooner had they entered this ancient capital of Lombardy, than they sent General Duroc to Florence, charged to invite the Queen Dowager of Etruria to assist at the approaching coronation ceremony. The excuse

in,

in her letter to the empress for not uniting herself with de Beauharnois had been couched in terms not to hurt the vanity even of the proudest. "The youth of her son, her remaining affection for her former husband, her family name, and the opinions of her royal relatives, were her motives for declining the honour offered. Real illness prevented her from accepting the invitation to Milan."

Thus the usurper and his wife were prevented from seeing a princess of the house of Bourbon for their daughter-in-law, and a queen dowager of royal birth waiting in their anti-chamber and attending their circle or drawing-room. They took, however, a vengeance worthy of their *noble* minds. Ten thousand more French troops were ordered into Etruria, and a loan of 6,000,000 of livres, 250,000l. was required under pain of military execution. Admonitory epistles, with revolutionary threats, were besides forwarded to their Spanish and Neapolitan majesties.

Many persons both in France and Italy, notwithstanding this dignity on one side and anger on the other, are convinced that Buonaparte still conspires to disgrace the Bourbon family

family with his fraternity or parentage. They think that the Prince of Peace, another revolutionary upstart, will in due time either oblige her Etrurian majesty to be less delicate, or, in case of her obstinacy, dishonour and degrade some Spanish infanta by a marriage with Eugenius de Beauharnois, or with some other of the low and guilty relatives of the infamous Buonapartes. *

During Josephine and her husband's journey to and from Italy, the greatest precaution was taken on the road to avoid assassins and to escape the machinations of conspirators. At every station where they changed horses were regular relays of gens-d'armes, of dragoons, of mounted riflemen, or of hussars, who delivered over, in the manner of state prisoners, to the detachments of each other's corps, the imperial couple. Buonaparte did not dance at Milan, but Josephine gambled there, to the great comfort of some female Italian sharpers of fashion. They pillaged her revolutionary majesty of four millions of livres in cash and

† See Les Nouvelles à la Main, Floreal, year xiii. No. IV. page 2 et seq.

six on parole. They will probably be prudent enough not to reclaim the latter. Of the ready money lost, Talleyrand advanced two millions, for which he will obtain some future indemnity on Italy, Germany, Holland, or on the Hanse Towns. The other two millions her majesty had obtained from her Italian subjects as a free gift for her gracious protection, or for her disinterested recommendation to places in the Italian consulta, legislative corps, or legion of honour.*

The theatre at Paris, formerly called Theatre de Louvois, is now baptised the Theatre of the Empress. The director of this theatre, Pieard, was rewarded with a revolutionary knighthood for the compliment, or rather flattery. In imitation of the capital, Lyons, Bourdeaux, Marseilles, Strasbourg, and Brussels, intended to set up their theatres of the empress; but Buonaparte ordered his minister of police, Fouché, to inform the directors in those cities, "that where no theatre of the emperor existed, no theatre of the empress could be estab-

* See Les Nouvelles à la Main, Prairial, year xiii. No. III. p. 3.

lished,

lished, and that they had to be dutiful before they shewed themselves gallant." The usurper is envious and jealous, as well as fearful of his own shade. *

Buonaparte allows his wife, as an empress of the French, twelve millions of livres, and as a queen of Italy, five millions. Her jewels are valued at sixty millions, her plate at ten millions, her furniture, pictures, &c. at Paris and in the country nine millions, her museum at Malmaison four millions, and her wardrobe, lace, &c. six millions. It is to be remembered, that her furniture is changed with the seasons, her jewels and wardrobe according to fashions, which in France vary oftener than the seasons. †

During the monarchy it was considered in France as a mark of gross ill-breeding to inquire after a lady's age (that of the members of the royal family was always known) when she was supposed to be on the wrong side of twenty. The revolution seems not to have changed this custom. In the Imperial Court

* See Les Nouvelles à la Main, Prairial, year xiii. No. III. p. 5.

† See Bulletin Imperial, &c. p. 214.

Calendar

Calendar, Josephine is stated to have been born on the 24th of June, 1768, when in fact the date of her birth is the 24th of June, 1758. This is easily proved: she was married to her first husband in May, 1778, and in March, 1779 she was brought to bed of a daughter, who died in a month. Her son Eugenius was born in August, 1780, and her daughter, Madame Louis Buonaparte, ont he 10th of April, 1783.* This is another official imposition deserving notice as well as reprobation. In France every body knows that it is a falsehood; but was Buonaparte to command it, out of his forty millions of subjects, thirty-nine millions voluntarily would come forward and affirm, nay swear, that it was an undeniable truth. The abject state of the French slaves is only surpassed by the insolence and tyranny of their barbarous master.

* See the Imperial Court Calendar for the year xiii. printed by the imperial printer, Testu. Paris, 1805, page 25; and Les Nouvelles à la Main, Ventose, year xiii. No. I. p. 1.

JOSEPHINE DESSALINES,

THE EMPRESS OF HAYTI.

JOSEPHINE Mincan Madame Dessalines, the empress of Hayti, is a Creole woman, born at Hispaniola, of an African mother, and of an European father, Mincan, the valet of a rich French planter. Destined from her youth to slavery, she was not baptized till after the assumption of her present title. With the imperial rank, she has also assumed the christian name of her sister empress in France, and styles herself Josephine, empress of Hayti. According to the best accounts that American traders and travellers have been able to obtain of her early life, she was at the age of fourteen married to, or rather taken into keeping by a French negro-driver, of the name of Barbuet, who had bought her from her former master for four hundred dollars. During the first insurrections of the negroes at St. Domingo he was

was killed, and she then became the booty and the mistress of the then popular chieftain of the blacks, Biasson, a free negro of some porperty and talents, who afterwards resigned her to Jacques Dessalines, in the same manner, and upon the same *honourable* terms, as Barras in 1796 resigned to Napoleon Buonaparte his mistress, the widow of the guillotined Viscount de Beauharnois.

With the life, achievements, and crimes of the Corsican emperor, most readers are acquainted; but the exploits of his African brother emperor are less known. Some most striking resemblances, however, exist between these two usurpers, which, lest they should escape the notice of more able writers, are inserted here, being besides connected with the life of the imperial heroine of this sketch.

Napoleon the First, and Jaques the First, are neither of them natives of those states which their usurpation renders miserable, and their tyranny oppresses. The one, being born in Corsica, was sent at an early age to France, in order to cultivate his own understanding; and the other, born on the Coast of Guinea, was in his youth transported to St. Domingo, in order

to cultivate the lands of others. The former, when a student at college, poisoned his own mistress; the latter, when a servant on a plantation, murdered his own master. The natural and early propensities of both were equally vicious; their hands were equally stained with blood, and both were criminals before they were men.

By the murder of twelve hundred Toulonese and eight thousand men, women, and children, in the streets of Paris, Buonaparte, as a commander under a Barras, made himself, for the first time, dreadfully notorious. Dessalines became first horribly famous when a commander, under Biasson, he over-ran, like a torrent, the most fertile and populous part of St. Domingo, where death marched in his train, and presented itself under the most terrific forms. The African chieftain, like his Corsican rival, respected neither sex, age, nor rank. Policy, at that period, prevented the latter from using the tortures employed by the former, but he made up in murder what was deficient in cruelty.

Biasson, by appointing Dessalines a commander of a separate corps, which was pillaging

ing the northern part of St. Domingo, laid the first foundation of his present elevation. The appointment of Buonaparte by Barras to the command of an army ravaging the southern part of Europe, was the first step to his present imperial throne. Both owed their advancements to similar causes. The sable African accepted for a partner the cast-off Creole mistress of Biasson, born at Hispaniola: and the tawny Corsican adopted for a wife the cast-off Creole mistress of Barras, born at Martinico. Both their commands were the wages of the prostitution of their wives and their marriage portions; both married strumpets, and both have made their strumpets empresses.

Stimulated by cupidity, Dessalines resolved to secure the future good-will of Biasson by a flagrant act of atrocity. During the absence of his superior, he one day advanced with hasty strides, the torch of war and desolation flaming in his hand, towards a part of the island where insurrection had not yet extended its horrors. He succeeded in taking three hundred prisoners, most of whom were women, children, and old men, whom he conducted in chains to the camp, where he caused them to be

be massacred, and their heads fixed on the spikes surrounding the court of the habitation of Biasson.

Buonaparte, equally incited by avarice and ambition, determined to secure the fruits of his former crimes by bold and daring deeds of barbarity and injustice. When his intrigues had succeeded, and he was certain that Austria would sign the preliminaries of peace at Leoben, he excited some partial insurrections in the Venetian states, in order that he might have an excuse for a general devastation. By forced marches he returned from Corinthia, preceded by military tribunals and military executioners, by revolutionary robbers and revolutionary incendiaries; and in three weeks a republic, which had existed for twelve centuries, was annihilated by his banditti, and the wealth of ages was shared by him and his Gallic accomplices. The number of victims of all ages and both sexes who perished on this occasion amounted to sixteen thousand; but twice that number were reduced to beggary, and their dwellings consumed to ashes. The difference between these two revolutionary emperors was this, that in the campof the African

were

were seen heaped together bloody arms and brilliant ornaments; mathematical instruments and iron pots; vessels of plate and foul linen; china vases and skins of animals; costly diamonds and human skulls, in the hair of which they remained fastened; superb carpets and disgusting rags; while in the camp of the Corsican were collected implements of husbandry and the most valuable antiquities; old wearing apparel and the most beautiful pictures; the most trifling utensils of kitchens and the most precious furniture of state apartments; ragged curtains and incomparable tapestry; metal statues and golden vases; the blood-stained proclamations of the rights of man and the most curious manuscripts; revolutionary codes of liberty and equality and the choicest libraries; living cattle and mutilated human carcases; heads without bodies, and bodies without heads. Here the diamonds were not in the hair of the victims, but decorating the fingers, or increasing in value the *écrins* of the assassins; because plunder, as well as murder, were here organised; while at St. Domingo, among the black barbarians, pillage was but a secondary

secondary object, vengeance being the primary. The Negro chief inflicted death on those he hated, for past wrongs or former offences, without regard to their property. The Corsican chief invented accusations, as a pretence to procure plunder; riches were the only offence of those who fell under the mandates of his proscriptions. He massacred to conceal or extenuate rapine, and pillaged to make assassination necessary. His lust of wealth was as great as his thirst of blood.

With troops disciplined by Pichegru, and with succours furnished him by Moreau, Buonaparte was enabled to enter the plains of Italy, to cope with Austrian veterans, to extend the misery of the French revolution to countries preserved from its curse, and to claim the honour of victories for which he was indebted alone to the talents and generosity of rivals, and to the inferior number of his enemies. With the divisions enlisted by Biasson, and organised by Touissant Louverture, Dessalines was first placed in a situation to spread terror over the Spanish part of the island of St. Domingo, and to gain popularity among the negroes

negroes by money bestowed on him by superiors whom he hated, because he was under obligations to them.

In *gratitude* for the services rendered him by Pichegru and Moreau, Napoleon the First caused the one to be strangled in his goals, and the other he disgraced and condemned to exile. Jacques the First, in return for the assistance of Biasson, and for the support of Touissant Louverture, delivered the latter up to Le Clerc, to be poisoned by Buonaparte in his dungeons in France, and sent the other degraded into exile to a plantation, where he died of a broken heart. Both are indebted for their present power to persons whom, from envy, jealousy, and malice, they have ungratefully maltreated, or from depravity and cruelty treacherously destroyed. Of these two great criminals, Dessalines is however the less ambitious, the less barbarous, and the less guilty.

Josephine, the empress of Hayti, has her imperial household, her grand master of ceremonies, her almoner, her master of the horse, her chamberlains, her equerries, her secretary, her ladies in waiting, her maids of honour, and her pages, as well as Josephine the empress of

the French. Her imperial consort has, however, not yet organised an imperial court calendar, where the names of these illustrious persons, their colours, and countries, are inserted. An American gentleman, who has been presented to her majesty, and of course seen her in all her glory, surrounded by all the grand officers and great people of state, relates, in the New York papers, that the strictest etiquette is observed, and that, in imitation of the imperial court of France, the imperial court of Hayti has determined not to promote to office any persons who cannot prove themselves of high birth and of the first education. No gentleman is attached to the household of the emperor Jacques who cannot write, nor any lady to the household of his empress who cannot read. Of her majesty's twelve maids of honour, two are whites, two creoles, four mulattoes, and four negresses. The white maids of honour are daughters of a French nobleman formerly proprietor of large plantations, who, to save his life, emigrated, and died in exile at Jamaica, after Buonaparte and his worthy brother-in-law, Le Clerc, had continued his name upon the list of emigrants, to show some excuse

cuse for appropriating his possessions to themselves. For their condescension in accepting of places as maids of honour to his dear Josephine, Dessalines has restored to them the wreck of the fortune of their parents. They are of a branch of the Montmorency family, and of course of more distinguished ancestry than any of the maids of honour of Josephine Buonaparte. The Creole ladies are the offspring of an Italian, who called himself, and was believed to be a prince, and of a Spanish countess descended from ancestors who have been settled in the West Indies for two centuries. The mulatto ladies are grand-daughters of a daughter of a Spanish grandee of the first class, and great grand-daughters of a German baron, a chief of buccaneers. The four black ladies in waiting have produced evidence of their being either daughters, grand-daughters, or great-grand-daughters, of African kings. Their proofs on their mother's side have, by a resolution of the emperor's council of state, been dispensed with.

The empress of Hayti has at present no comedians or theatre of her own, but she entertains

tains troops of playing monkies, dancing dogs, talking parrots, and singing birds, taught, boarded, and educated, by a subject of Buonaparte, a certain Monsieur La Fleur, who is the director-general of her majesty's conservatory of music, and member of her husband's legion of honour. She has her prefects of palace, her aids-de-camp, her corps of guides, her grenadiers, her flying artillery, her select gens-d'armes, her corps of veterans, and even her corps of Mamelukes. These Mamelukes are no other than fifty Frenchmen, formerly Madame Buonaparte's life guardsmen, whom the jealousy of her husband imduced him to send with the army under Le Clerc to St. Domingo, where they were made prisoners by Dessalines; and by submitting to a certain operation, preserved their lives at the expence of their manhood. They are commanded by an Italian castrato from Milan, of the name of Feltieri, a grand officer of the legion of honour. The emperor confides more in the fidelity of these mutilated Frenchmen, who have all taken the oath of eternal hatred to Buonaparte, than in that of the members of any other corps of the imperial

imperial guards, not excepting even the grenadiers of the crown, though they are all members of his legion of honour.

The emperor Jacques, uncertain of the abode and circumstances of his own relatives, probably dispersed or wandering about the immense wilds of the African continent, as kings heading tribes, or as slaves working mines, has, by the advice of his senators and counsellors of state, resolved to confer princely rank on the children and relatives of his beloved consort. Accordingly, a senatus consultus has proclaimed her elder brother, Hector Mincan, *ci-devant* an old cloathsman at Port-au-Prince, an imperial highness, and grand elector of the empire. And her second brother, Achilles Mincan, *ci-devant* a barber at Cape François, an imperial highness, and a constable of the empire.* Her mother, a *ci-devant* washerwoman at Hispaniola, with the title of an imperial

* All the imperial members of the family of the Empress of Hayti have assumed their present terrible names since their elevation; not being christians, they had a right so to do, having no names before. Many expected that Dessalines would change his name Jacques into Napoleon, but he very properly reserved that name for his most cruel blood-hound.

highness,

highness, has obtained an imperial establishment; and her sister, a *ci-devant* mistress to a drummer in the militia of St. Nicolas Mole, is made an imperial highness; and the drummer Pecot, now her husband, a serene highness, a fieldmarshal, and grand officer of the legion of honour. Her grand master of the ceremonies, Alexander Joupon, a distant relation, *ci-devant* a teacher of parrots to speak and bears to dance, is also a serene highness, and arch-chancellor of the empire: and his brother, Turenne Joupon, a *ci-devant* hog-gelder, a serene highness, and arch-treasurer. Her uncle, Pius Pierri, a *ci-devant* grave-digger at Hispaniola, is nominated an imperial highness, archbishop of the Cape, and a cardinal legate to the Emperor of Hayti, from the Pope of Rome, although his holiness and the sacred college have disowned him, (no doubt by the intrigues of Buonaparte's uncle, Cardinal Fesch), both as a prelate, a cardinal, a plenipotentiary, and even as a christian. Every imperial and serene highness at Hayti, as well as in France, is a natural grand officer of the legion of honour.*

* Dessalines, as well as Buonaparte, has now organised an imperial constitution. The African *friend of liberty*

When Napoleon Buonaparte undertook to make himself a king, and his wife a queen of

liberty is now made as great a despot in the West Indies as his Corsican brother *regenerator* is in France. Their *modesty* is equally great; and for the happiness of mankind, it is to be wished, that their usurped power may be equally durable, and that the same tomb may swallow up both a Napoleon and a Jacques the First before the end of the first lustre of their reigns!

CONSTITUTION OF HAYTI.

We, H. Christophe, Clerveux, Vernet, Gabrart, Petion, Geffrard, Toussaint Brave, Raphael, Romain, Lalondrie, Capoix, Magny, Daut, Conge, Magloire, Ambroise, Yoyou, Jean Louis Francois, Gerin, Moreau, Fervu, Bavelais, Martial Besse;

As well in our own name as those of the people of Hayti, who have legally constituted us faithful organs and interpreters of their will, in presence of the Supreme Being, before whom all mankind are equal, and who has distributed so many species of creatures on the surface of the earth, for the purpose of manifesting his glory and his power by the diversity of his work: in the presence of all nature, by whom we have been so unjustly and so long a time considered as outcast children:

Do declare, that the tenor of the present constitution is the free, spontaneous, and invariable expression of our hearts, and the general will of our constituents; and we submit it to the sanction of H. M. the emperor, Jacques Dessalines,

Lombardy and Italy, Jacques Dessalines threatened to crown himself a king, and his wife a

Dessalines, our deliverer, to receive its speedy and entire execution.

PRELIMINARY DECLARATION.

ART. 1. The people inhabiting the Island formerly called St. Domingo, hereby agree to form themselves into a free state, sovereign and independent of any other power in the universe, under the name of Empire of Hayti.

2. Slavery is for ever abolished.

3. The citizens of Hayti are brothers at home; equality in the eye of the law is incontestibly acknowledged; and there cannot exist any titles, advantages, or privileges, other than those necessarily resulting from the consideration and reward of services rendered to liberty and independence.

4. The law is the same to all, whether it punishes or whether it protects.

5. The law has no retro-active effect.

6. Property is sacred, its violation shall be severely prosecuted.

7. The quality of citizen of Hayti is lost by emigration and naturalization in foreign countries, and by condemnation to corporeal or disgraceful punishments. The first case carries with it the punishment of death and confiscation of property.

8. The quality of citizens is suspended, in consequence of bankruptcies and failures.

9. No person is worthy of being a Haytian who is not a good

queen of Cuba and the West Indies. To eclipse, however, the lustre of his Corsican

a good father, a good son, a good husband, and especially a good soldier.

19. Fathers and mothers are not permitted to disinherit their children.

11. Every citizen must profess a mechanic art.

12. No white man, of whatsoever nation he may be, shall put his foot on this territory with the title of master or proprietor, neither shall he in future acquire any property therein.

13. The preceding article cannot in the smallest degree affect white women who have been naturalized Haytians by government, nor does it extend to children already born or that may be born of the said women. The Germans and Polanders naturalized by government are also comprised in the dispositions of the present article.

14. All acception of colour among the children of one and the same family, of whom the chief magistrate is the father, being necessary to cease, the Haytians shall henceforward be known only by the generic appellation of *blacks*.

OF THE EMPIRE.

15. The empire of Hayti is one and indivisible. Its territory is distributed into six military divisions.

16. Each military division shall be commanded by a general of division.

17. These generals of divisions shall be independent of one another, and shall correspond directly with the emperor,

rival, the African ordered the crown of Cuba to be made not of iron, as the crown of Lom-

peror, or with the general in chief appointed by his majesty.

18. The following islands are integral parts of the empire, viz. Samana, La Tortue, La Gonaive, Les Cayemites, La Saone, L'Isle-a-Vache, and other adjacent islands.

OF THE GOVERNMENT.

19. The government of Hayti is entrusted to a first magistrate, who assumes the title of emperor and commander in chief of the army.

20. The people acknowledged for emperor, and commander in chief of the army, Jacques Dessalines, the avenger and deliverer of his fellow-citizens. The title of majesty is conferred upon him as well as upon his august spouse the empress.

21. The persons of their majesties are sacred and inviolable.

22. The state will appropriate a fixed annual allowance to her majesty the empress, which she will continue to enjoy even after the decease of the emperor, as princess dowager.

23. The crown is elective, not hereditary.

24. There shall be assigned by the state an annual income to the children acknowledged by his majesty the emperor.

25. The male children acknowledged by the emperor shall be obliged, in the same manner as other citizens, to

pass

bardy, but of the brass melted from the cannons of honour, presented by Buonaparte to

pass successively from grade to grade, with this only difference, that their entrance into service shall begin at the fourth demi-brigrade from the period of their birth.

26. The emperor designates, in the manner he may judge expedient, the person who is to be his successor either before or after his death.

27. A suitable provision shall be made by the state to that successor from the moment of his accession to the throne.

28. The emperor and his successors shall in no case, and under no pretext whatsoever, have the right of attaching to their persons any particular or privileged body, whether as guards of honour or under any other denomination.

29. Every successor deviating from the preceding article, or from the principles consecrated in the present constitution, shall be considered and declared in a state of warfare against the society.

In such a case, the counsellors of state will assemble, in order to pronounce his removal, and to choose one among themselves who shall be thought most worthy of replacing him; and if it should happen that the successor oppose the execution of this measuse authorised by law, the generals counsellors of state shall appeal to the people and the army, who will immediately give their whole strength and assistance to maintain liberty.

30. The emperor makes, seals, and promulgates the laws

Le Clerc in 1801, after his appointment as viceroy of St. Domingo: these trophies are con-

laws, appoints and revokes at will the ministers, the general in chief of the army, the counsellors of state, the generals and other agents of the empire, the sea-officers, the members of the local administrations, the commissaries of government near the tribunals, the judges, and other public functionaries.

31. The emperor directs the receipts and expenditures of the state, surveys the mint, of which he alone orders the emission, and fixes the weight and the model.

32. To him alone is reserved the power of making peace or war, to maintain political intercourse, and to form treaties.

33. He provides for the interior safety and for the defence of the state, and distributes at pleasure the sea and land forces.

34. In case of conspiracies manifesting themselves against the safety of the state, against the constitution, or against his person, the emperor shall cause the authors or accomplices to be arrested and tried before a special council.

35. His majesty has alone the right to absolve a criminal, or to commute his punishment.

36. The emperor shall never form any enterprize with the view of making conquests, nor disturb the peace and the interior administration of foreign colonies.

37. Every public act shall be made in these terms:

"The Emperor I. of Hayti, commander in chief of the

vincing proofs of the usurper's judgment, and his brother-in-law's capacity.

the army, by the grace of God and the constitutional law of the state."

OF THE COUNCIL OF STATE.

38. The generals of division and brigade are of right members of the council of state, and they compose it.

OF THE MINISTERS.

39. There shall be in the empire two ministers and a secretary of state. The minister of finances having the department of the interior, and the minister of war having the marine department.

40—44. [Interior regulations respecting the ministry.]

OF THE TRIBUNALS.

45. No one can interfere with the right which every individual has of being judged amicably by arbitrators of his own choosing, whose decision shall be acknowledged legal.

46. There shall be a justice of the peace in each commune. Any suit amounting to more than one hundred dollars shall not come within his cognizance. And when the parties cannot conciliate themselves at his tribunal, they may appeal to the tribunals of their respective districts.

47. There shall be six tribunals in the cities hereafter denominated; viz. at St. Marc, at the Cape, at Port-au-Prince, Aux-Cayes, Lanse-au-Veaux, and Port-de-Paix. The emperor determines their organization, their number,

The foreign diplomatic corps in the empire of Hayti, though more numerous, more honest,

ber, their competence, and the territory forming the district of each. These tribunals take cognizance of all affairs purely civil.

48. Military crimes are submitted to special councils and to particular forms of judgment.

49. Particular laws shall be made for the national transactions, and respecting the civil officers of the state.

OF WORSHIP.

The law admits of no predominant religion.

The freedom of worship is tolerated.

The state does not provide for the maintenance of any religious institution nor of any minister.

GENERAL DISPOSITIONS.

The crimes of high treason, the dilapidations of the ministers and generals, shall be judged by a special council called and provided by the emperor.

The house of every citizen is an inviolable asylum.

All property which formerly belonged to any white Frenchman is incontestably, and of right, confiscated to the use of the state.

Every Haytian, who, having purchased property from a white Frenchman, may have paid part of the purchase-money stipulated for in the act of sale, shall be responsible to the domains of the state for the remainder of the sum due.

Marriage is an act purely civil, and authorised by the government.

The

more industrious, and more spirited than the foreign diplomatic corps in France, is less

The law authorises divorces in all cases which shall have been previously provided for and determined.

There shall be national festivals for celebrating independence, the birth-day of the emperor and his august spouse, that of agriculture, and of the constitution.

At the first firing of the alarm gun, the citizens will disappear, and the nation rise.

We, the undersigned, place under the safeguard of the magistrates, fathers and mothers of families, the citizens, and the army, the explicit and solemn covenant of the sacred rights of man and the duties of the citizen.

We recommend it to our successors, and present it to the friends of liberty, to philanthropists of all countries, as a signal pledge of the Divine bounty, who, in the course of his immortal decrees, has given us an opportunity of breaking our fetters, and of constituting ourselves a people, free, civilized, and independent.

(Signed) H. CHRISTOPHE, &c. (as before).

Having seen the present constitution,

We, Jacques Dessalines, Emperor I. of Hayti, and commander in chief of the army, by the grace of God, and the constitutional law of the state,

Accept it wholly, and sanction it, that it may receive, with the least possible delay, its full and entire execution throughout the whole of our empire. And we swear to maintain

splendid, representing no sovereigns of nations, but their trading principals, respectable chiefs, not of states but of counting-houses. But if their official titles are less sonorous and less brilliant, their individual characters are more independent. Whenever the emperor Jacques, or his agents, either neglect to honour their engagements, or by some cunning tricks attempt to deny their validity, they enter and publish immediate protests; while the foreign diplomatic brotherhood in France congratulate Napoleon the First, and his placemen on their adroitness in committing frauds from which their masters suffer, and boast of the dictates of men whom they know to be political swindlers, as if they were acts emanating from the closets of liberal and conscientious statesmen.

maintain it, and to cause it to be observed in its integrity to the last breath of our life.

At the imperial palace of Dessalines, the 20th May, 1805, second year of the independence of Hayti, and of our reign the first. By the Emperor,

DESSALINES,

JUSTE CHANLATTE, Sec. Gen.

When

When Dessalines and his Josephine undertake any journey or expedition towards some remote parts of the island of St. Domingo, the foreign agents are not dragged like slaves in their suit, that the imperial couple may shine by the crowd and merits of others; while the members of the foreign diplomatic corps in France are always under the troublesome and humiliating necessity of augmenting the train of Buonaparte, compelled to wait on him, whether he goes to the coast to review his troops, to the Rhine to review his German princes, or to Italy to review his slaves on the other side of the Alps. Such insults are not offered to *privileged* persons in the empire of Hayti. Dessalines is well aware that they would not submit to or endure it. In justice it should also be stated, that the Emperor of Hayti has yet no temple for the purification of the representatives of independent sovereigns. This is the only revolutionary invention of republican France, and her revolutionary rulers, which he has not chosen to imitate.

The empress of Hayti labours under the same unfortunate privation with the Empress of the French: she has no offspring by her present imperial consort. Like her sister-em-

press, she had, however, two children by her first husband. Less happy than the Josephine of Europe, the Josephine of America is in total ignorance what has become of her progeny, whether alive or dead, whether degraded by servitude, or starving by poverty. Notwithstanding the activity and skill of her own and her husband's emissaries, they have not been able to discover their abode and situation. Rewards continue, therefore, to be offered by advertisements repeatedly inserted not only in the official Moniteur of Hayti, but in the American papers, and in several journals of the West India islands, for restoring an imperial prince and an imperial princess to their lovely mother, a mourning empress. No person who has a mulatto man for his servant and slave, or a mulatto girl for his maid or mistress, can be certain that this obscure individual may not be the lost child of a revolutionary empress, to whom rank, riches, and perhaps a throne will one day belong.

With Napoleon Buonaparte and his white slaves, Jacques Dessalines and his black subjects twice a year swear that they will wage eternal war. But as soon as the conquest of the

the Spanish part of St. Domingo is achieved, a general pacification concluded with all other sovereigns, and the Emperor of Hayti is firmly seated upon his throne, acknowledged and respected by all other states, he has in his wisdom, and with the advice of his senate and council of state, determined to send an extraordinary and edifying embassy to Pius VII. at Rome, inviting his holiness to undertake a voyage to the empire of Hayti, there to perform one of those illustrious solemnities that have not occurred in the Christian world for nine centuries. In France the pontiff only crowned and married Buonaparte and his wife; but in Hayti he is asked not merely to celebrate a coronation and nuptials, but to administer to the Emperor Jacques and his Empress Josephine, the sacrament of baptism. This voyage, therefore, would flatter both his earthly ambition of emperor-making, and his heavenly zeal to augment the number of the faithful. And as crossing the Atlantic is less hazardous, or at least less troublesome than crossing the Alps, it is supposed that his holiness can have no more objection to consecrate a black emperor than a yellow one, a creole empress of

Hayti, than a creole empress of the French. Policy, besides, requires that the sacred college and its chief should not exasperate Jacques the First by a refusal, and thus deprive the Romish church of a whole empire. It is well known that the mufti of Constantinople has landed in St. Domingo several zealous members of the Mussulman propaganda, who only wait for a favourable opportunity to convert the emperor, the empress, the imperial court, and the empire to the tenets of the Koran.

The empress every summer frequents some of the watering-places. Instead of shutting herself up in a close bathing machine, she uses a twelve-oared cutter, rowed by the gentlemen of her household; there, she and her maids of honour, when at a certain distance from shore, strip themselves, throw themselves into the sea and swim until they are tired. Last December, when at Gonaives, she had a very narrow escape. She had not been in the water five minutes before a shark made its appearance and was ready to swallow her as its prey, when one of her chamberlains had the presence of mind to throw overboard to the hungry fish one of his sovereign's pages. While the voracious

cious animal was occupied in devouring this young gentleman, her majesty gained time to jump back into the cutter. The emperor immediately made the chamberlain a grand officer of the legion of honour, and gave a place in the Prytane to the brother of the page. Among the ignorant negroes it was reported, and generally believed, that some of Buonaparte's infernal agents had bribed this shark to be a regicide, and that this was only a link in the chain of conspirators in the pay of the Corsican. Addresses were presented from all parts and from all classes of their majesties subjects, congratulating them on the escape, and vowing eternal vengeance against their cowardly and ungenerous foe. Though it was hinted to the foreign agents, that the emperor and empress expected also from them addresses of congratulation on account of the discovery of this terrible plot, they declined to prostitute their characters, rank, and common sense, under pretence that they must have orders from their superiors. Their diplomatic brothers in France would not have been so scrupulous. Although Jacques and Josephine were rather offended at what they called want of gallantry, they took

no

no other revenge than to treat them with a few glasses of punch and a few dishes of coffee less when, for the following fortnight, they appeared at court.

The fêtes, balls, and parties of pleasure of the revolutionary sovereigns of Hayti, differ widely from those of the revolutionary sovereigns of France. An American gentleman, a guest at several official festivals given at court, as well as by courtiers and public functionaries, has published an account of some of them, both curious, interesting, and amusing. It is true he visited St. Domingo in 1804, several months before Dessalines had ascended his imperial throne: the etiquette may probably be changed since that time at Cape as well as at Paris.

"A grand entertainment," says the American traveller, "was given by Madame Dessalines on Sunday, the 12th of February, 1804. The day before, invitations, printed on fine paper with gilt borders, were distributed, of which the following is a translation:

'*The Cape, February 11th*, 1804.

'Madame Dessalines invites Monsieur ——

to

to a dinner and ball, given by her to-morrow, precisely at seven o'clock in the evening. She hopes that he will do her the sweet and agreeable favour of being of the party.'

"It was also given out at the same time, that in consequence of this entertainment, the performers at the national theatre, which here as in France, is always open on a Sunday, would commence earlier than usual, that the guests might have an opportunity of assembling there, for the purpose of proceeding in a body to the house of the festivity. The theatre opened at half past five, and was attended by a very large and respectable audience, including the greater part of the quality of Hayti. At the conclusion, we moved on in a vast crowd, and at eight o'clock found ourselves before the gate of the government-house. It is a grand and spacious building, situate a short distance from the street, having gravel-walks and green lawns in-door of it. The avenue from the gates to the front of the house was brilliantly illuminated with about one thousand lamps. We passed through the entry of the house into a large saloon erected purposely for the occasion. It was about ten yards broad and one hundred

yards

yards long, covered and entirely lined with canvas. It was elegantly ornamented in the inside with flowers, branches of trees, and small lamps of coloured glass hung round the room; four large chandeliers were suspended over the table: there were twelve great looking-glasses, and a marble statue at each end of the room in a recess. The table contained all the meats, fruits and vegetables, poultry, pastry, confectionary, and liquors that could possibly be procured. Among these were beef, mutton, turkeys, ducks, fowls, oranges, pine-apples, alligator pears, apples, pies, puddings, jellies, sweetmeats, cakes; with claret, Madeira, and Champaigne in abundance.

"There were two hundred and fifty guests at the table, besides many more who were obliged to stand. They consisted of General Christophe at the centre, Madame Dessalines on his right hand, and his wife on the left. Six or eight other black generals, as many colonels, and others of high rank, besides all the other principal officers of the government and army then at Cape. The captain, and all the officers of a British man of war; about thirty Americans; a great number of the white French inhabitants

habitants of respectability, and an enormous crowd of mulatto and black wenches. The table was surrounded by soldiers to keep off the rabble, who had rushed forward in shoals to witness this elegant spectacle. A grand band of music played the whole time we were eating. This dinner came nearer to the idea one would form of a feast of the gods of fabulous history, than any thing I have ever seen or heard of; and I am confident that nothing in America could equal it in splendour, variety, and luxury.

"General Christophe was dressed in a scarlet coat, embroidered with gold lace, with two large gold epaulets; a great cocked hat, with gold lace; boots, with gold borders and tassels; an embroidered waistcoat and pantaloons of nankeen, beautifully worked in front. All the officers were dressed in proportion; some very little inferior to their general. Madame Dessalines wore a plain dress; her hair was ornamented with artifical flowers, beads, and combs; her arms with gold bracelets; her ears with superb rings and bobs, and her finger with a ring, containing a small gold watch, set in diamonds, valued at several thousand dollars.

The other ladies of distinction were also encumbered with trinkets and beads, but none of them so extravagantly as the governor's lady.

"At the conclusion of the feast, several toasts were given by Christophe, and drank with loud expressions of applause. Among these were, *the General of Hayti* (who was not present); *his Britannic Majesty*, and *the President of the United States*. The first was applauded by the negroes; the second by the British officers, and the third by the Americans. After this the company retired to various parts of the house and gardens, to keep out of the way until the tables should be removed and preparations made for the dance. When this was arranged, the music struck up, and the whole room was in motion. As I declined dancing, I had time to look about. Their chief dances were cotillons. Most of them danced well, and some elegantly. In one place might be seen a genteel handsome Frenchman dancing with an ugly, vulgar, black partner; and in another, a delicate young lady, fair as a lily, going right and left with a negro of prodigious size, who looked as frightful as Satan himself. I confess I often pitied the poor creatures, who were obliged

obliged to submit to such a degradation; but when I afterwards considered that they would perhaps be massacred by the hands of the same partners, my blood boiled with indignation against them, and with abhorrence of Buonaparte, who has set them an example of so many cruelties, and by his severity provoked the ungovernable vengeance of an uncivilized people.

"About one o'clock in the morning I was tired and intended to go home, but was surprised to find that the gates were fastened by order, and the soldiers forbidden to suffer any one to depart. In this dilemma I found but one remedy, and without being very ceremonious, *I quietly lay down upon a bench in the ball-room and took a nap.* I awoke a little after day-light, and found them still dancing. But all around me, *on the floor and benches,* were seen sleeping beauties of all colours but white, who, it seems, had been seized with the same infection as myself. At *sun-rise* we fell to *eating* again: *a supper* was served up, being the remains of our dinner, with some onion soup, on which we regaled for a few minutes, then paid our *devoirs* to our hostess and retired."

The

The American was afterwards invited to several other parties and feasts, but they were not so brilliant as the entertainment given by Madame Dessalines. General Christophe gave a dinner; the Commissary-general Felix Ferrier, a supper; and a rich Frenchman, a public breakfast; all in compliment to this lady. The Frenchman's residence, to which the whole imperial family went, was one mile from the town. Madame Dessalines rode in an old-fashioned low chariot, with three horses abreast, escorted by a detachment of her guides and Mamelukes. Others went in gigs, chairs, and on horseback. As the grandees did not find it convenient to come before three o'clock in the afternoon, the party did not sit down to breakfast before that hour. What much surprised the American visitor, was to see Madame Rimet, the wife of the commander at the Cape, a white Frenchwoman, appear on this occasion in a complete suit of man's clothes, and other ladies of fashion ride on horseback in the position of men. Had the American been in France, these occurrences would have been no novelties to him. In the spring of 1795, the author of this sketch often saw Madame Josephine

sephine de Beauharnois, and her friend Madame Tallien, in the public walks at Paris, dressed in men's cloaths; and at a dinner given by Barras, at La Bagatelle, in the Bois-de-Boulogne, these and thirty-two other ladies were accoutred in the same manner.

Before Madame Dessalines left the Cape the merchants of that place, on the 15th of the following February, gave a grand dinner at the theatre. The table had one hundred and sixty covers, and two hundred and forty dishes. Under each plate was placed a printed paper, containing the following words: *Gaudet cives! gaudet, in medio virtus,* with another inscription in French still more flattering to the empress. Their author was a Frenchman, of the name of Servin. When dinner was over, verses in honour and praise of the same lady were distributed to all persons present, written by another Frenchman, Sans de Vertemont, who had stationed himself behind her chair. Upon silence being ordered, he read his production aloud, and was much applauded. He did not exactly tell Madame Dessalines what the execrable Ex-Bishop of Autun, Talleyrand, told Buonaparte, that she or her husband was the

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PROVIDENCE of the West-Indies; but he said, that "she was the *image* of the Omnipotent, who had bestowed on her the first rank as a reward for her *incomparable* virtues." Madame Dessalines, unaccustomed to such base flattery, supposing every word true and sincere, was highly gratified, but Christophe was not to be fooled. After having heard the verses, he assumed an arch smile, as much as to tell the poet that all his cringing would not save his head. A balloon, fireworks, and rockets, were afterwards displayed, and the dancing was only suspended by an *unfortunate* accident. The bench upon which Madame Dessalines and Madame Christophe, with other great ladies, were sitting, gave way, and laid their ladyships sprawling on the floor. The music instantly ceased, and the whole company was in confusion. *Is she hurt?* a thousand voices exclaimed; every countenance appeared dejected; some French ladies were fainting, and some Frenchmen crying, from apprehension lest some accident might have befallen the model of her sex in the empire of Hayti, when *a loud horse laugh* from Madame Dessalines concluded the farce and terminated their suspense.

What

What a despicable set are revolutionary Frenchmen! Every tyrant in authority, ever so base or ever so wicked, may be sure of finding in them slaves, nay, worshippers. It is the same to them who is their idol, a Robespierre, a Marat, a Buonaparte, or a Dessalines. Provided their interest dictates it, they will fawn and flatter, and prostitute, not their characters (they have none), but those offerings to crime in power, due exclusively to honour and virtue even when proscribed.

The empress is humane, good-natured, and unaffected. She has saved a number of white people from being murdered by the blacks, and she has procured many others their property, and means to escape with it to France or America, with the same indifference as if she had only done an ordinary action. She never sells her protection, and never gambles, or loses in gambling any salary of corruption. Her husband never suspected her fidelity nor dreaded her treachery. She is deservedly esteemed by him as a trusty friend and a faithful wife, and beloved by his subjects as a good and kind sovereign. What in her court and conduct seems to Europeans absurd or ridiculous

culous should be ascribed to the custom of the country, and the manners of the people whom her husband rules. Her errors are those of her contemporaries, her good and respectable qualities belong to herself alone. She is a real luminary among barbarians.

Josephine, the Empress of Hayti, is about thirty-six years of age, rather thick and clumsy, but better-looking than Josephine, the Empress of the French, who is besides eleven years older.*

* The author has, in composing this sketch, consulted Bulletin Imperial, &c. Appendix, from p. 19 to p. 25; different Journals of Frankfort; and American papers from Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, Charlestown, and New-York. Most of the anecdotes have been collected from them. The relation of Madame Dessalines' entertainment and ball is copied almost verbatim from an account of the present state of St. Domingo, published in Poulson's Philadelphia Daily Advertiser, an entertaining and well-conducted paper.

MADAME RECAMIER.

Le paradis est fait pour un cœur tendre,
Et les damnés sont ceux qui n'aiment rien.

VOLTAIRE.

AMONG the fashionable beauties, for whom riches and accomplishments have gained popularity and admiration, Madame Recamier may with justice claim a distinguished place. With a handsome person and engaging manners, with a harmless but studied coquetry, often mistaken for simplicity, with polite and obliging, but also becoming language, no wonder if her admirers are as numerous as her visitors, and if many should consider acquired philosophy as natural vanity, and confound a real condescension with a supposed egotism.

It was in 1798 that Madame Recamier first began to attract the notice of the crowd, the praises of beaux, the pursuits of amateurs, and the envy of her own sex. It was then that

that the poets first sung her virtues, lovers extolled her charms, and their mistresses depreciated a shape they did not possess, a form they hated because not their own, and saw in an irresistibly agreeable *je ne sçai quoi*, nothing but affectation. In every circle the women asked, "Who is she? Who were her parents?" and the men, "Where did the old banker pick up such a treasure?"

The mystery that enveloped her early days made the researches of the curious and inquisitive still more active, and the perseverance of malice and jealousy still more unrelenting. Invention, ingenuity, and scandal were constantly upon the alert, disseminating absurdities or falsehood, for want of candour, truth, and facts. All they really discovered was what every body knew, that Madame Recamier was the young and amiable wife of an old and wealthy husband, and that her conduct was as irreproachable as her excellence was universally acknowledged.

It is asserted,* that her triumphal appear-

* The former part of this sketch is chiefly taken from Le Voyageur Suisse, page 341 et seq. as the latter is from Kotzebue's Journey to Paris.

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ance deprived Madame Buonaparte and Madame Tallien of many nights rest, of many days appetite, and employed their gallants for months in inquiries which were impertinent, and therefore justly proved abortive. Unable to find out any slur on her maiden character, or any thing to depreciate her family connections, they *kindly* revenged themselves by whispering defects where every thing was perfect, and hinted at concealed blemishes and deformities where every thing seemed to indicate that Madame Recamier would have done as much honour to an Adam as his Eve in Paradise before the fall, as she did to an old banker in all places of public resort in the gay and corrupted Paris.

"Do you not know and perceive," said Madame Buonaparte, "that she assumes the air and gait of youth, though she is far from being so young as her suitors pretend?"—"And her looks," answered Madame Tallien, "though modesty itself, proclaim some *arrières pensées*, the secret of which her poor husband, to his regret, will time enough penetrate and detect. Are not her shoulders very large, her head too long, and her neck too short?

short? Who does not remark that her lips are too thin, her teeth uneven, her fingers too small, and her feet too broad? Does not she walk as if she was running errands? and does she not still look like a mantua-maker? And her hair, what a colour! neither fair nor dark; neither white nor brown. Her eyelids are surely painted, and the colour of her cheeks artificial; and when she speaks, what a disagreeable accent, what antiquated words, and what common and ridiculous expressions! From her jargon it is impossible to say whether she was born in Flanders or Provence, in Alsace or in Gascony; whether she was born and brought up in a night-cellar or in a garret. Does any body know whether before her marriage she had learned to read and write? As to some smattering of music, drawing, needlework, and embroidery, with the treasures of a Crœsus at her disposal, they are easily acquired. They say that the creature dances well; so does every opera-girl, nay, every chamber-maid; it therefore proves nothing for, but much against a genteel education."

Thus charitably did Madame Buonaparte and Madame Tallien arraign a lady they regarded

as

as an intruder in the fashionable world, where they had so long swayed undisturbed, except by their reciprocal rivalry. Had Madame Recamier possessed that ambition and vanity which ill-nature so illiberally bestowed on her, the palm of fashion, of *haut ton*, as well as of beauty, would have been voted her by every connoisseur. She however always seemed rather to avoid than to court publicity; and it has not been her fault, if curiosity, impertinence, or rudeness, have teased and tormented her in her walks, and changed innocent enjoyments into unmerited mortification.

Madame Recamier's birth, education, and parentage, are still involved in obscurity. The only thing pretended to be known for certain is,* that she is the daughter of a mother the divorced wife of a hatter, who was accused, previously to her divorce, of having lived in adultery with the banker Recamier, who supported her house and family while her husband was drinking or gambling. It is also said, that Madame Recamier is really the natural child of her spouse, and that he had no other

* See Le Voyageur Suisse, page 351.

means

means of securing to her his fortune but by a marriage. It is affirmed, that he has never treated or considered her but as his daughter, and that her mother, who resides with her, is still the mistress of her husband.

All these *les on dit* deserve not much confidence, because they do not carry with them any probability of truth. Who could prevent the banker, who is the maker of his own fortune, from giving or bequeathing to a child any sum or any property he thinks proper? It cannot be believed, immoral as republican Frenchmen are, that the complaisance of a husband, much less of a father, would go so far as to prostitute, or witness the prostitution of a person so justly and deservedly dear to him. Madame Recamier has once miscarried, and was in 1804 brought to bed of a child yet alive. It is impossible that a man of Mr. Recamier's sense and sentiments could endure adultery, debauchery, and intrigues, under his own eyes, in his own house. This infamous rumour is therefore, with many others, to be classed with the aspersions of disappointed seducers or enraged rivals; of the beau who has met with a rebuff, or of the deserted belle, who vents her vengeance

vengeance in impotent fabrications and malignant slander.

There is not a banker in France, and even in Europe, where a traveller, introduced only by a common letter of recommendation, meets with more disinterested civility, and experiences more generous hospitality, than in the house of Messrs. Recamier at Paris. The writer of this sketch can speak from experience upon this subject, having travelled all over Europe, and no where did he find a more obliging host, or a more naturally, though charmingly attentive hostess. He can therefore affirm, that the following portrait of Madame Recamier, delineated by a masterly hand, though highly coloured, is not exaggerated.*

"To find," says Kotzebue, "a brood of caterpillars on a tender, modest flower, is mortifying; to kill the vermin by fumigation is, perhaps, an efficacious remedy, but it sometimes injures the flower itself. So it is with the fair fame of a female, the most delicate of all flowers. It is more easy for that fair one to be happy of whom nobody speaks, than for her

* See Kotzebue's Travels to Paris, vol. i, page 207 et seq. to the end of the volume.

who

who is too much the topic of conversation; and even the most honest endeavours to defend her reputation, often serve only to spread calumny the wider. For these reasons I have been hesitating whether I should notice and refute the scandal which several German journalists have dared to utter against the good and amiable Madame Recamier. And if I, with the conviction that envy is always more prompt to credit a tale of scandal than a favourable truth, if I undertake her vindication, I am more powerfully impelled by my revolted feelings, than the hope of amending stubborn calumniators, who scorn to be corrected.

"I have just called Madame Recamier good and amiable. Most readers would probably have expected that I should rather have called her handsome. Why, yes, she is handsome, very handsome indeed, and he who has seen her but little, will first praise her on this score; but as deformity vanishes before loveliness, so does beauty before virtue. We forget the appearance of the beautiful rose, as well as of the brown fragrant hesperidan rocket, in the relish of their delightful perfumes.

"Upon my arrival at Paris, I was myself prepossessed

prepossessed against Madame Recamier; I thought I should find her a vain coquet, enveloped in clouds of incense, hardened by wealth, seeing and loving nothing in the world but herself; receiving homage as a duty with chilling pride; and to make a distinguished figure, throwing aside every thing decorous and becoming. Indeed, I don't know how many unfavourable things I was induced to conceive of her, owing to the calumnies contained in the public papers: I was therefore curious to see, without wishing to become acquainted with her. It was at the opera that my curiosity was first gratified. "There sits Madame Recamier," said a neighbour, and I very naturally turned my head suddenly towards her box, which he pointed out. My eyes sought her in the front row, more brilliant in diamonds than in beauty, but there she was not to be found. Withdrawing from the public gaze, like a violet in the grass, this lovely female sat with her hair unadorned, in the plainest white dress, and the graces of modesty clung to her as to their sister. She seemed to blush at being so beauteous. This first appearance made a very favourable impression on me, and

I was now glad to be introduced at her house. Even there, though in the midst of brilliant company, I found her the plainest of them all. "You understand your advantage," says Franciscа in Lessing's play of Minavon Barnhelm, "if you be handsome, you are handsomest even without being finely dressed." Madame Recamier may certainly know how to avail herself of this advantage; but who would construe this into coquetry? I, who know woman pretty well, could wish with all my heart that this kind of coquetry were general. I never saw any thing whiter, finer, or more highly becoming than the dress which, like a delicate cloud, usually encompasses Madame Recamier. There can be no way of dressing the hair more unassuming yet more graceful, than in the numerous chesnut brown locks, which often, even without looking in the glass, she artlessly unites under her comb. For many weeks I saw her almost every day, but never decked with brilliants. You do not miss their lustre in her person, nor would they be perceptible if she wore them. Sweetness, loveliness, modesty, these are the three graces that surround her toilet. Sweetness is infinitely superior to beauty.

beauty. I know but one woman beside her on whose form this celestial sweetness has been so profusely poured. Awful respect forbids me to name her.

"Madame Recamier is a friendly, attentive hostess, who knows how to please all her guests. In her house prevails an entire freedom from restraint; it is gladly and frequently visited by the principal officers of state, by poets, philosophers, literati, and artists. The lovely hostess, who has for several years acted a brilliant part in the fashionable world, was at first rather at a loss with respect to persons whom she considered as possessed of merit. Those who know mankind will likewise observe in the minor features of her character, that no partiality for external accomplishments can with her place what is truly valuable in the back ground; she even seems anxious to conceal the former as soon as she perceives the existence of the latter.

"If I had nothing more to say of Madame Recamier, this alone would be a great deal; but how trifling are all those accomplishments when compared with the goodness of her excellent heart. Amidst the vortex of Parisian

dissipation, she rigidly observes the duties of a wife towards an honest husband, who is old enough to be her father. Even the most venomous tooth of calumny has not yet dared to assail her on this score. She has never been a mother (in 1803), but tends with maternal fondness the children of a female relation, who love her with filial affection. She is warm, and perhaps even a little enthusiastic in her friendship, but on that account not the less constant, as her oldest friends have assured me. She is as prompt and ready to make great sacrifices to her friends, as she is reluctant to offer them trifling ones. While the happiness of a friend is not in question, but only his wishes and pleasures, she sometimes seems to neglect him without scruple, in order to entertain the company; but this is almost always done without premeditation. It is a fault partly congenial to the female character in general, and almost inseparable from a certain importance in a city like Paris.

"Madame Recamier is religious without wishing to appear so. If she did not so often attend divine service, her beneficent actions alone would make you conclude that she is pious.

pious. She marks every day with fresh deeds of charity. I am well aware that a charitable gift, even of considerable value, is not to be deemed particularly meritorious on the part of the wealthy, but that the manner in which this gift is bestowed constitutes its merit; and in this very point I have found Madame Recamier inexpressibly amiable and noble-minded. That she should only have wished to make a vain parade of her beneficence in my presence, as many would sometimes suggest, is impossible, from the very circumstance of my having had free access to her house every hour in the day, and having often been a very unexpected witness of her actions.

"Never shall I forget the morning when I found her quite alone with a deaf and dumb little girl, whom she had picked up in some petty village while taking an airing in her carriage. This child was for some time educated at her own expence; by her intercession she afterwards procured her a place in the excellent institution of the noble Sicard. The little creature had just then been sent to her, newly clothed, that she herself might introduce her to Sicard. She ordered a breakfast, which happened

happened to be served on a marble table in the splendid drawing room, not far from a looking glass, in which the girl could see her whole figure, probably for the first time. The moving delight felt by her charming benefactress at the joyful surprise of this infant, the tearful smile with which she removed the child's hair from her face, and from time to time imprinted a kiss on her forehead, the maternal good-nature with which she encouraged her to eat, while she filled her pockets with the remainder of the sweetmeats; the inarticulate thanks which the child uttered in a most singular, yet most charming manner, by a kind of outcry; in all this there could surely be no art; and scenes like these I have witnessed *more than once*.

"Those who envy this lovely woman, despairing of success in their attacks upon her *modesty* and *virtue*, endeavour by a shrug of the shoulders to undervalue her understanding. Indeed, if she alone be to be called intelligent who manages philosophy as readily as a pin, who talks of the arts in flowery language, who without reflection pronounces her opinion upon all the modern productions of literature; who

who abuses men of merit and espouses parties, then Madame Recamier is not an intelligent lady. She is none of those fair ones who court publicity, who distribute colours among different corps of volunteers, under which they themselves cannot fight. But if sound reason; if an understanding untainted with prejudice; if pure sensibility for all that is noble and beautiful, wheresoever, or from whomsoever it originates; if a ready acquiescence in the sublime truths of nature, and in the charming illustrations of art; if all this give a lady a title to a good understanding, then Madame Recamier is an intelligent lady; and heaven grant that, for the happiness of all husbands, and for the advantage of female loveliness in general, ladies never were endowed with a brighter understanding. If I may be allowed to form a competent judgment on female understanding, this judgment deserves so much the more to be depended on as, in the present instance, exclusively of my daily friendly intercourse, another opportunity of trial presented itself to me, in which neither women nor men can conceal the poverty of their understanding. I have been in the same carriage with Madame Recamier

camier between four and five hours, to take an airing, without any other company than her little charges, who did not much facilitate conversation. There is no medium that leads more securely to the knowledge of a person, and his intellectual powers (presuming that he does not sleep), than such an unavoidable conversation in a carriage. In that situation, the *understanding* must display itself, and particularly if the travellers entertain friendly sentiments for each other; their confidential relation in the narrow vehicle likewise opens the heart to confidence; and, in one word, I should like to see that lady without understanding, who, after sitting for four hours facing me, should be able to impose upon me in that respect.

"The last insignificant reproach which envy urges against my friend, is deduced from her love of splendour. That no such thing appears in her own person has been already mentioned; that her staircases resemble a garden of natural flowers shews a delicate taste; that her apartments have silk drapery, bronze ornaments, chimney-pieces of white marble, large pier-glasses, &c. Why, in heaven's name, does not

not this become a rich man? Real splendour, (as far as its denomination is very relative), I found no where in her house, but rather splendid elegance; and even this only in a few apartments. An anti-chamber, two drawing-rooms, a bed-chamber, a study, a dining-saloon; that is all; and a lady of fashion elsewhere would scarcely be satisfied with it were her wealth as considerable.

"Another little trait deserves to be here mentioned, which proves how little Madame Recamier seeks to dazzle by splendour. In the abovementioned excursion, we went off from her door in a very plain, but at the same time very commodious carriage, drawn by two horses. It was not till we came to the barriers of Paris that we found an elegant phaeton with good post-horses. When I expressed my surprise, she told me she did not like to ride through the town in such an equipage, as it made the people stare so. If this be vanity, it is at least of a very modest kind. After summing up all the features, here faithfully sketched and copied from nature, who is there that does not fairly own, "This picture is charming?"

"But what do the German journalists say of her? They say that while Madame Recamier was in England, her husband at Paris had hinted one day that he had no intelligence from his spouse; upon which a wit sarcastically asked him, "Whether he did not read the newspapers?" Granting this anecdote to be true, how can Madame Recamier help it, if the English journalists catch at every trifle to fill up their columns? Is she the only one that is so treated? Do but read the Morning Chronicle, there you will often find a description of the dress which this or that lady wore at such or such a levee, or birth-day drawing-room.

"The German writers pretend, likewise, that Madame Recamier having given a ball one evening, retired to bed at twelve o'clock, and received all her guests at her bed-side. Some part of this anecdote is true. The fascinating hostess was seized by a sudden and serious indisposition at that ball; but too good-natured to interrupt the general hilarity, she secretly withdrew to her bed-chamber, and retired to rest. Some of her more intimate female acquaintances waited on her there; and from an occurrence

occurrence so simple and natural has been forged a tale of calumny.

"The same journalists maintain, finally, that the comedian Picard wrote a piece, in which this beauteous and excellent lady was satirized, and that her husband purchased the manuscript of the author for a valuable consideration in money. Honest Picard himself has authorised me to contradict this slander. He never had an idea of writing any thing against Madame Recamier: the only truth in the story is, that some sallies in a performance of his, having been construed into an allusion to that lady, merely to avoid similar apostrophes, that honest man, without any other motive, or base subornation, withdrew his performance altogether.

"A caricature of her was published at Paris (I have this from her own mouth); she, without suspecting the circumstance, entered a printseller's shop, where the distorted satire was offered her for sale without her being known. She was struck, but examined it with much composure.' "Probably," she asked the printseller, "this is some person of ill fame?" "Nay, God forbid," hastily replied the vender of pictures,

pictures, "it is a lady of the most spotless reputation." He then continued to load Madame Recamier with praises, and impartial as they were, they easily consoled her for the bitterness of the libel she held in her hand. I could relate a great deal more respecting her; many little traits which are only discriminated by a practical observer, and which often enable him to cast sudden and penetrating looks into the heart. But there are many things which it would be improper in me to mention, because no friend has a right to expose to the public, as it were for shew, the domestic secrets of a family. What I have said is sufficient, I trust, to shame the newspaper writers, and to destroy every prejudice which might be entertained against Madame Recamier.

"Oh that she may yet long enjoy that happiness for which she is indebted far more to her heart, to her virtues, to her modesty, than to her wealth and personal fascinations!"

Thus far Kotzebue. If his portrait is rather highly coloured, another painter distorts the traits of his model so as to make it hideous. The popular beauty is often, at least in France, exposed to share the same fate as the popular patriot.

patriot. While his partisans extol him as a hero, his rivals and foes censure him as an ambitious hypocrite, or denounce him as an unprincipled traitor.

A Swiss author,* whose hatred against the foreign tyrants of his country often misleads him to exaggerate the vices and wickedness of revolutionary Frenchmen, and to observe in persons of both sexes nothing but the accomplices or slaves of that Corsican adventurer, who has organized wretchedness and bondage where happiness and liberty had flourished for ages, gives the following short notice of Madame Recamier.

" I have now been in company with the famous Madame Recamier, at the house of my countryman Rougemont. I conversed with her half an hour, and found that she had just sense enough to conceal her ignorance; ambition enough to shine, and vanity and firmness enough to pierce the crowd and to be talked of, if not with applause, at least with noise. Unnoticed, she would die broken-hearted within three months, or perish within

* See Le Voyageur Suisse, pages 423 et 424.

three

three weeks of mortification. Let the public only converse of her; to be the object of their scandal, calumny, and even abuse, would be preferred by her to not being spoken of at all. She certainly is a very handsome woman, exceedingly insinuating. Her refinement of coquetry is carried to such a degree, that it easily imposes on the wise as well as on the fool, on the man of the world as well as on the recluse. Though her genius is dull, contradictory as it seems, her penetration is quick. Woe to you should she discover your foible: you are undone. You must be cooled by the ice of age, or have received an unfeeling heart from the hand of nature, not to fall in love with her; but a love without hope will be your lot. Her coquetry is so inviting, so enticing, but at the same time so artful, so studied, so insensible, that she would with indifference, with pleasure, see you reduced to despair, and with pride and satisfaction hear that for her sake you had resorted to the pistol, dagger, rope, or poison, to put an end to your pains; not from a bad heart, but because such an act would bring her and her attractions on the fashionable stage as an object of admiration,

ration, blame, envy, or jealousy. You have no doubt read of her ostentatious devotion and charity. She goes to church as to the theatre, to be stared at, and she relieves distress as she buys a ticket to the theatre, always among crowds. She surrounds herself from calculation and vanity with artists and wits, with poets and men of letters. She patronizes some, which costs her nothing; flatters others, (who lavishly return the compliment) which costs her less; gives a crown to one, a louis-d'or to another, a coat to a third, and dinners to all. All this is not very expensive; but remark, these artists, these wits, these poets, and these men of letters, *draw* her as a Venus, *proclaim* her a Minerva, *publish* her charms, *sing* her genius, and *praise* her liberality. Their necessities, gratitude, and talents bestow on the wife of an obscure plodding citizen that popularity, that publicity belonging exclusively to rank and eminence, to the consorts of princes, or to the favourites of the muses.

"You will undoubtedly object, that half an hour's conversation cannot enable even the ablest and most piercing eye to discover, nor a first-rate genius to appreciate, the real traits of

of any person. True. But our friend L—— has known and frequented her house for years, and my superficial observations are made substantial and solid by his profound reflections, and cool and impartial judgment. He does not deny that Madame Recamier as a wife is unimpeached and faithful; but, adds he: "*Elle n'a ni tempérament ni sentiment.*" "Upon the whole," says he, "her birth was mysterious, her education mysterious, her marriage mysterious, her conduct mysterious, her morals mysterious, her virtues mysterious, and her vices mysterious: she was born the child of mystery, is the wife of mystery, and will die the woman of mystery."

To these opposite characters the author will add what has been communicated to him by a friend on whose veracity he can depend. He had known Madame Recamier since May, 1798, when a letter of recommendation *only*, from a banker of Hamburgh introduced him to her acquaintance. Little more than two years afterwards he was released from the Temple, where he had been confined, and where at his release the republican commissary of police *forgot* to restore him his cloaths, linen,

linen, and money. Musing on his fate in a walk on the Boulevards, an elegant equipage, to which he had paid no attention, suddenly stopped. Hearing his name, he looked round, and saw Madame Recamier *alone* taking an airing in her carriage, who invited him, with her usual unaffected civility, to accompany her. She had been informed of his misfortunes, and concluded, no doubt from his dress, that he was not very comfortably situated. She inquired his address, informing him that his friend at Hamburgh had sent him, during his confinement, a letter of credit on the house of her husband, who had long been in search of him. Without suspecting any thing, he went home with her, and she brought her husband, who confirmed what his wife had said; and added, that the credit was for six thousand livres, 250l. which if not sufficient for his present wants, he might draw upon him for a further sum. He took only fifty louis d'ors, wrote to his friend at Hamburgh, who in three weeks informed him that it must be a mistake of M. Recamier, as he had sent no such letter of credit.

"This act of disinterested generosity needs neither

neither explanation nor amplification. It speaks for itself. It was the delicate compassion of Madame Recamier *alone* that suggested to her this kind and pardonable deception. He was shortly afterwards in a situation to repay this debt of honour; but he must in justice also declare that always, both before, during, and after that period, this truly amiable lady has behaved to him with the same polite attention as if he had been possessed of his former fortune." *

In his own opinion the author is convinced, from what he has observed during a long acquaintance with Madame Recamier, that her goodness of heart is as pure and unassumed as her piety is sincere and her honour unpolluted. She is as naturally indulgent and compassionate to others as strictly severe with herself. She undoubtedly is an amiable and modest woman, and a tender, faithful and affectionate wife. Her frailties are few and harmless, but her virtues numerous, honourable and useful.

* This anecdote is inserted in the very words of the author's friend.

Such

Such the author knows to be her liberality and candour, that she would rather have forgiven him misrepresentations than if he had omitted the aspersions of her enemies and rivals, and introduced only the commendations of her friends and admirers.

It is not her fault if gaping and rude crowds tease and incommode her in her walks at Amsterdam and London as well as at Paris. But what may be excusable as curiosity in the Dutch and English, must be condemned as impertinence in Parisians and Frenchmen. "Madame Recamier," says Kotzebue,* "once going to Frascati, where she dearly paid for the pleasure of being handsome, must really have excited pity, had you seen her swimming in the crowd, tossed to and fro, and vainly endeavouring to make good her retreat. People got upon the chairs to look at her; every neck was stretched out, the hindmost pushed the foremost, and in all likelihood the object of this oppressive admiration would have been

* See Kotzebue's Travels to Paris, Vol. III. pages 187 and 188.

suffocated

suffocated at last, had not her agility and dexterity afforded her an opportunity in a few minutes to escape." Can any body imagine that even the vainest and most unfeeling coquet could find any pleasure in being thus tormented and exposed?

Madame Recamier is now (1805) in her twenty-sixth year, and her husband in his sixty-third. Though she, according to the duty of her sex, never generally meddled with political or revolutionary transactions, she nevertheless highly interested herself in the fate of General Moreau. Mr. Recamier, or perhaps her own discretion and prudence, prevented her, however, from shewing her real sentiments of the oppression and barbarities of the Corsican assassin against this general, as well as against the Duke of Enghein and General Pichegru. Her husband, therefore, is continued in his place of a director of the bank of France; and his nephew, the young A. Recamier, has been appointed an auditor or a kind of under-secretary of the council of state.

The very able and fashionable artist, Gerard,

rard, though he commonly devotes his talents to historical subjects alone, has lately finished a whole-length picture of Madame Recamier, as Venus, reposing beneath a thin veil; a performance considered at Paris as a chef-d'œuvre.

THE

THE COUNTESS DE VILLENEUVE DE LA FORET,

THE LUNATIC WIDOW.

THE Countess de Villeneuve de la Forêt is the widow of a nobleman, who, when travelling in France in 1793, was, upon *suspicion* of an intent to emigrate, dragged from the side of his wife in their carriage, and nailed, or rather crucified, on the wall of a barn in a village near Colleure. This act of barbarity was committed in the middle of the day, and a company of citizen-soldiers and soldier-citizens amused themselves during eight hours to fire at him as at a target, before death made him insensible of their atrocities.

These republican ruffians, consisting of eighty volunteers, were headed by the present grand officer of Buonaparte's legion of honour and governor at Lyons, General Duhem, who regulated the order of his men's firing. The Count's

Count's legs, thighs, stomach, feet, neck, and right side of his breast, were the parts at which they might take their aim. To make his agonies so much the more lingering, ten men only were permitted to fire during each hour, and at a distance of eighty steps. When they observed that the nobleman had expired, his corpse was cut down, and a large fire kindled in the market-place, upon which it was roasted. When ready to be served up, all the young women of the place were put into requisition to assist at a fraternal banquet; and, horrid to relate, they were all, under pain of death, obliged by Duhem, *who did the honours of the table,* to give their opinion of the flavour of the flesh of a roasted aristocrat! When this *patriotic* feast was over, a fraternal dance began, and four of the twenty-two women, who from terror fell into fits, were only prevented from becoming the victims of another republican auto-da-fé by the liberality of some of their relations or friends, who entertained those French anthropophagi with several dozens of wine, which by inebriety relented their cruelty.*

* See Annales du Terrorisme, page 349.

As

As soon as she saw her husband seized and ill-treated, the Countess fainted away, but was, by the presence of mind and fidelity of her maid, carried into a neighbouring cottage, without obstruction from the banditti, who were busy in plundering the carriage. As soon as she had recovered her senses, a faithful guide was hired, who by bye-roads, after many dangers and fatigues, brought her at last safe back to Dijon, where she possessed a house.

Within a month after her return she was, with her maid, arrested, as suspected, and shut up in a convent, transformed by the republicans into a gaol. During her confinement she was attacked by a brain fever, and continued deprived of her reason, or insensible, for ten months. By this disease her life was preserved, because the Committee of Public Safety had sent orders to transport her with other suspected persons to the Conciergerie prison at Paris, where the guillotine was waiting for her. When the members of the revolutionary committee at Dijon came to execute this order, they found her raving, and therefore judged it impossible to remove her.

After the death of Robespierre, the national seal

seal was taken off, and her maid was permitted to bring the countess back to her house; where, after some months convalescence, she recovered her senses sufficiently to be intrusted with the administration of her property that yet remained unsold. During her imprisonment, and after the murder of her husband, both their names had been put upon the list of emigrants; and seven-eighths of their possessions had, after being confiscated in the name of the nation, been disposed of at public auctions as national estates. This is one of the many examples of revolutionary justice. Numbers of families and of persons, during 1793 and 1794, who had never left France or been abroad in their lives, were classed among emigrants, or ruined and proscribed as such, while they were detained in the republican prisons as suspected, with the revolutionary axe daily suspended over their heads.

The countess was in 1801 as collected as at any period of her life. She transacted business, corresponded with her friends, and conversed in company both reasonably and agreeably, "except when any question was discussed concerning the revolution and its horrors,

which she considered merely as a dreadful dream of her own." She believed Louis XVI. still reigning with glory upon the throne of his ancestors; her own husband sent on a confidential mission by this prince; and six of her relatives, who have perished during the revolution, concealing themselves only to tease her. Buonaparte was, according to her opinion, an imaginary being, and all the changes she observed around her were supposed by her to be inventions or undertakings merely to delude her. When she heard any body complain of the losses experienced by the revolution, which was frequently the case, she would exclaim: 'Good God! how many persons my dream has made insane! how much do I repent of ever having related it.'

A niece, who is her heiress, resided with her, attended and watched her. This young lady, by the advice of her friends, had refused to take out an act of lunacy against her aunt, for fear that some *national guardians* would lay hold of the remainder of their property; and as the countess is sensible and reasonable in all other points but in speaking of the revolution, and as her anti-revolutionary mania is very harmless,

harmless, it would have been cruel to trouble her.

In the spring of 1801 the countess very unexpectedly determined to visit the former court at Versailles, and made her arrangements accordingly. She bespoke a new carriage, ordered new liveries for her servants, and new court-dresses for herself and for her niece, who in vain endeavoured to dissuade her from this journey. After many consultations with her friends an expedient was adopted, which accomplished all their wishes. A returned emigrant dressed himself in the uniform of one of the king's former *gardes du corps*, with a white cockade fastended to his hat. Thus accoutred, he was introduced to the countess the evening before the day fixed for her departure. He informed her that he came on the part of the king, Louis XVI. who forbid her leaving Dijon without his majesty's orders. The sight of him, and particularly of his white cockade, seemed highly to delight her. She asked him to sit down, declaring, at the same time, her readiness to obey the orders of her sovereign, concerning whom she inquired with all the

anxiety of a loyal subject, fearful of having incurred his displeasure. Being assured that the order of the king was not an act of disgrace for her, but of tenderness for her welfare, commanded besides by political circumstances, until her husband had fulfilled his mission; she inquired whether he dared charge himself with a letter for her friend Count de Montmorin, the minister of the foreign department. Being answered in the affirmative, she sat down and wrote the following lines:

"*Dijon, April* 23, 1801.

"It is not, my dear Count, that my friendship for you has decreased, but for fear of intruding upon your more precious time, that so long time has elapsed since you heard from me. I intended paying you a visit in person, but am prevented by the king's command to remain where I am until my husband's return. As he must correspond with you, tell him how cruel it is not to send me a single line during so many years, when he must be well acquainted with my discretion. How happy would it have made me to salute the royal family after all

all what the mad people encompassing me have been raving about them! Is not *Madame Royale* soon to be married? and is no princess yet chosen as a consort for the Dauphin, who will soon be of the same age as his royal parent when he married our amiable Queen? Have you heard at court of a man called Buonaparte, and what he is, or what he has done to turn the brains of so many persons in this town? I am frequently inclined to think that, if he really exists, he must be a conjuror. Embrace your worthy countess," &c. &c.

The nobleman to whom this letter was addressed had been massacred on the 2d of September 1792, and his lady was guillotined in May 1794. Of the royal personages mentioned, the king and queen had perished on the scaffold, and the dauphin had been poisoned in the Temple. Madame Royal was indeed alive, but she lived in exile, and had been married since 1799. What a fortunate folly!

After this visit of a pretended *garde du corps* of her imaginary king, the Countess used to exclaim more frequently: " Oh! how many persons

persons my dream has made insane! how I repent of ever having related it."*

* Most of the particulars of this sketch are translated from the work, Anecdotes des Femmes Marquantes, vol. ii. p. 179, 180, and 191.

MADAME

MADAME DE STAEL VON HOLSTEIN.

Dans leurs propres filets bientot enveloppés,
Le monde avec plaisir voit les dupeurs dupés.

IN the year 1782 Gustavus III. appointed his page, a young nobleman, Baron Eric-Magnus Stael von Holstein, a *chevalier d'embassade*, or a gentleman of the embassy to the court of Versailles, where his Swedish majesty was then represented by the late able and loyal Count de Creutz.

Baron de Stael, on his arrival at Paris, had just entered his twenty-first year; and was one of the most handsome young men of Sweden, a country fertile in Alcibiadeses as well as Alexanders. Mr. Necker, though then retired from the direction of the French finances, continued however to receive in his house, among other company, the members of the foreign diplomatic corps. Under this title, or rather as a

sçavan,

sçavan, the Swedish ambassador, Count de Creutz, was very intimate with the ex-minister, and in great favour with his wife, to whom he introduced his young countryman, Baron de Stael.

Totally under the guidance of Madame Necker, her husband had resigned to her care the education of their only child, a daughter, who from her childhood had been in the hands of *philosophical* governesses and *philosophical* governors. The *philosophical* mania of her *philosophical* mother even went so far as not to employ about her a milliner, a music or dancing-master, nor to engage for her a maid or a valet, who had not some smattering of reading called by her mamma *philosophy*. Her head was therefore early stuffed with words and phrases, with pride and sophistry, with errors and absurdities. She could explain an enigma and compose an epigram before she knew how to put on a gown or how to pin a handkerchief. She could explain the movements of the constellations, but she was ignorant of the manner of roasting a fowl; she could repeat the names of all the ancient philosophers, but she often forgot the name of her own maid or footman.

man. She was a real or affected pedant long before she attained the age of a woman.

The same *philosophy* that made her despise all information, useful, necessary, and becoming for a young lady, made her also neglect her own person, though even in her youth she could never boast of beauty. She was always plump in her person, with a coarse inexpressive countenance, and inelegant manners. Ideas, already distracted by premature *philosophy*, became almost bewildered by a rage for novel-reading. She is said to have *devoured*, before she was fifteen, six hundred novels in three months, and to have fixed on as many different characters for husbands as she had just been admiring romantic heroes.* Love or caprice induced her at last to finish her indecision. Two years younger than Baron Stael, whom she considered from his modesty and timidity as a *child of nature*, she concluded, in her exalted and imaginary train of thought, that DESTINY

* See Le Voyageur Suisse, pages 381 and 382. Many of the particulars of Baron Stael's introduction to Mr. Necker, and of the occurrences previous to his marriage with Mademoiselle Necker, the author has heard from the Baron himself.

had sent him purposely twelve hundred miles from his home to procure her that ideal happiness, on which she had so often meditated by day and dreamt at night.

As the rich heiress of the wealthy Necker, she had almost from her infancy been surrounded by French admirers as well as French philosophers; by some lovers who praised her charms, by others who extolled her genius, and all flattering her preposterous vanity. Several young men of the most ancient nobility in France were assiduous in their attentions to her; and shewed an inclination to exchange ancestry for gold, or rather to render their native rank more brilliant by the glittering treasures accumulated by an upstart. Many matrimonial overtures are said to have been made to Mr. and Madame Necker by the Montmorencys, by the De la Rochefoucaults, by the Perigords, by the Luxemburghs, &c. for contracting a *family* union; but Mademoiselle Necker having, by the advice of her mother, been left to choose for herself, declined all other offers, and fixed *exclusively* on Baron Stael as the only person upon earth she would ever marry.

This

This nobleman, though descended from an ancient and respectable family of the province of Sudermania in Sweden, was exceedingly poor, possessing nothing but his trifling salary as a *Chevalier d'Ambassade*. Too unpresuming and bashful to aspire to the hand of a lady for whom so many contended, and too diffident to entertain an high opinion of his own personal accomplishments, he little supposed that this idolized heiress would prefer a silent visitor and a foreigner to those haughty, vociferous, and audacious Frenchmen who encompassed her, and almost prevented every other person from approaching her.

According to the principles of her philosophical education, Mademoiselle Necker did not scruple to communicate to her parents her *invariable* inclination and determined choice, though at that period Baron Stael had not given her the least reason to believe that his inclination and choice coincided with her own. To this observation of her parents she answered, that she should either live the wife of the Swede, or, sooner than they expected, die a maid. To convince them that she was as resolute as she had declared, she bought a brace

of

of pistols, wrote letters of adieu, and some philosophical discussions on the comfort and glory of suicide.*

Madame Necker became alarmed when informed of her philosophical daughter's serious preparations for a philosophical exit; and therefore began with her husband to inquire of Count de Creutz concerning the family, character, and circumstances, of his young countryman: and when satisfied on this subject, consulted with him on the best means of instructing the Baron of the fortune that awaited him. It was agreed that the Count should sound him as to any previous attachment, and if free, that he should by degrees embolden him to pay his addresses to Mademoiselle Necker; and to give him hope, that without apprehending a repulse from the parents, or a refusal from the daughter, he might increase his visits to the former, and his attentions to the latter. To make him still more worthy of such an honour, the Count procured him the rank of a chamberlain to his sovereign.

Before Baron Stael quitted Sweden, he was

* See Le Voyageur Suisse, page 382.

enamoured.

enamoured of a beautiful young lady, his second cousin, whom he had, as soon as circumstances permitted, promised to marry. He wrote to inform her how he was situated, and that his union with a lady whom he *could* not love, though it would make him unhappy, might be a measure to raise his family from that obscurity and distress into which it was plunged by poverty. His cousin, without any other answer, returned him his marriage promise, stained with her tears, and in seven weeks she was a corpse.*

Baron Stael, before midsummer 1783, was already regarded by Monsieur and Madame Necker as a son-in-law, and by their daughter as a future husband. The only difficulty still remaining before the final arrangement of this affair, was how to obtain the approbation of his own sovereign of his marriage into a family against which that prince was strongly and justly prejudiced, as well as how to procure a nomination to some honourable and distinguished post in France, for the gratification of the ambition and vanity of the Neckers. Ap-

* See Le Voyageur Suisse, page 382.

plication

plication was made to the late beautiful and generous queen of France; and the journey of the king of Sweden to Paris, in 1784, procured her majesty an opportunity of gratifying her own liberal feelings in obliging those who applied and trusted to her. She not only obtained his Swedish majesty's consent to the marriage, but his assurance of appointing Baron Stael his ambassador in France, and to succeed Count de Creutz, whom he shortly afterwards advanced to the post of prime minister, and president of the Swedish chancery. It will soon be seen in what manner Maria Antoinette and Gustavus III. were rewarded for their goodness and bounty by the Neckers, as well as by Baron Stael and his wife.

Many persons pretend * that an ideot wife is preferable to a philosophical one; that if the former is unable to make a husband perfectly happy, the latter never studies but how to make him completely miserable; and that no man in his senses can hesitate for a moment in his choice between an innocent fool and an incorrigible tyrant. They add, that a female

* Les Melanges de Voltaire, tom. II. p. 23 and 24.

sçavan,

sçavan, or a witty or learned wife, infatuated with notions of her own superior genius, also makes an unfeeling or negligent mother, and a bad and oppressive mistress. She teases and torments her husband with her numerous pretensions, her children by her troublesome pedantry, and her servants by her whims and caprices. Without any just principle of duty, of honour, or as a philosopher above them, she frequently unites infidelity with dissimulation, and oppression with both. She is equally artful as she is faithless; and the power she cannot seize by force or persuasion, she usurps by fraud and duplicity. Such is her cunning, that she leads by the nose like a puppy a husband who roars and thinks himself a lion. Her bad qualities, instead of diminishing, increase with her years. Disgusting in her person, filthy in her dress, the grey-haired female *sçavan*, when advancing in life, generally adds jealousy to her other defects and vices. When all other men desert her, she revenges herself by pursuing her husband like his shadow, prying into all his actions, and tormenting him with an affection she never felt for any one but her own dear self. Malice and envy, falsehood and

and calumny, scandal and gossiping, are predominate in her as in their native soil, until she bursts or perishes by her own venom. That this portrait of a female *sçavan* by Voltaire, though overcharged, contained many true lineaments, Baron Stael, by the misfortunes he experienced, can testify.

The following description is given of Baron Stael's first wedding-night.* When the bride and the bridegroom were left alone, the latter began to undress, and the former to philosophise. From politeness, he listened. She began a long and elaborate speech concerning the physical difference in the natural construction of both sexes. She gave her opinion concerning the propagation of the human species from the creation of the world; which, by the by, she assured him had never been created, but with little variation, existed from all eternity, and would continue to exist to all eternity. She inclined much to the system of Buffon, that the globe had been formerly covered with water, and that of course our first ancestors were either fishes or amphibious animals. "But, my dear," interrupted the Baron, "let

* See Le Voyageur Suisse, pages 387 and 388.

us

us go to bed, it is getting late." "Not before I have done discussing these interesting topics," answered the Baroness, "with which I am certain you and your countrymen are but little acquainted. For example, can you explain how a fœtus, which can remain in the womb of a woman for nine months without a breath of air, will, after its birth, die in a moment for want of air, if shut up in a sack or in a drawer? Your silence evinces your ignorance, and your yawning your want of genius. Come, give me from the closet behind you, the skeleton Doctor Sue has so kindly lent me, and I will in a moment explain the whole mystery." She then read a lecture on anatomy, as well, and with as much gravity, as the doctor himself could have done. How long she would have gone on in this strain it is difficult to determine, had not the snoring of the Baron interrupted her, and shocked her to the highest degree. From that moment she conceived the most despicable opinion of his abilities, and of his application to improve himself by her superior capacity. She told him so, and continued to think so until the last hour of his life. He begged a thousand pardons

dons for his inattention, which was owing entirely to fatigue, having the night before been kept up by the lectures of her mother nearly on the same subject. He entreated her to go to bed, as it was nearly day-light. "What would the world say," retorted she, "if the daughter of the great philosophers Mr. and Madame Necker, and a philosopher herself, should pass her wedding-night like the ignorant daughter of a common mechanic? No, Sir, do not put the philosophical wife you have the happiness to possess, upon the same level with the unlearned duchess of F., with the illiterate marchioness of L., or the dull countess of C., who all went to bed on their wedding-nights before their bridegrooms, without either receiving, or giving, or perhaps thinking of, the difference between the married and unmarried state and its consequences, being as little informed with regard to the production of their offspring, as my bitch Bijou is of the littering of her puppies. Is it surprising, if generations of fools descend from such parents? To punish you for your indocility, I shall now leave you, and go to bed in my former apartment. If you do not listen more attentively

tentively to my lectures to-morrow night, believe me, I shall remain another night a maid, and persevere so long *in statu quo*, and in not going to bed with you, till I shall finally vanquish your obstinacy." The Baron prayed and intreated in vain; away she went, and the next day at dinner published before fifty persons the philosophical manner which distinguished her wedding-night from those of the vulgar and ignorant. The poor Baron blushed; but all the guests, who were also philosophers as well as her father and mother, applauded, and even congratulated him on such a treasure of a wife. It is said, that it was not before the sixth night after his marriage that the Baron ceased to sleep alone; and probably his wife's philosophical stoicism would then have continued for months, had he not threatened to leave France and return to Sweden, sooner than remain the laughing-stock of all the Parisians of both sexes who were not initiated in the philosophical secrets, or of the philosophical tribe. Madame Stael had taken care every morning to send round to her friends a bulletin of her connubial proceedings, as a proof of the power of reason over the passions

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in a strong mind, as she always pretended that she was doatingly fond of a husband she so unfeelingly exposed to pains as well as to ridicule and contempt.*

A marriage begun under such inauspicious circumstances, could not give the Baron much prospect of future connubial felicity. In fact, the authority he had felt the first day of his matrimonial union, without pity, but with a relentless insensibility, pursued him until he was a corpse. The inconstant, interested, and selfish lover, was severely chastised in the unfortunate husband; and Providence permitted his French wife to retaliate and revenge the wrongs he had inflicted on his Swedish mistress.

For the first twelve months after his marriage, he had, as report says, no cause to suspect the fidelity of his wife. Indeed her forbidding ugliness, her pedantic and affected conversation, and her phlegmatic systematic love, would in any other country but France have been infallible preservatives against the lust of the libertine and the desire of the de-

* See Le Voyageur Suisse, pages 386 and 387.

bauchee,

bauchee, against the attempt of the seducer and the seduction of the intriguer. But having in her marriage-settlement reserved her whole fortune for her own use, those unprincipled beaux to whom love could not but be repugnant, were necessitous and mean enough to cheat. They therefore courted and worshipped a loveliness to which she was a stranger, a beauty she could not claim, in speculation of pillaging riches that were her own, and of which she could dispose. Her moral character was therefore in a short time said to be as corrupt as her social character was disagreeable and her matrimonial character insupportable. Accused of being as little delicate and scrupulous in her selection of lovers as in her sentiments of love, as proud of her rank and wealth as humbled at her inferiority of birth, she was long before the revolution *worthy* and ready to become one of its heroines, instruments, and approvers, and to augment with ingratitude and treachery her other vices.*

During 1789, and until her father's well-merited disgrace in 1790, she was one of the

* See Le Voyageur Suisse, pages 386 and 380.

most

most active female apostles of liberty, and one of the most audacious propagators of revolutionary principles and of the rights of man, and of insurrections. Abusing a triple protection as a woman, as the wife of a foreign ambassador, and as the daughter of a popular minister, she committed such excesses, and evinced so much frantic zeal in favour of innovators and revolutionists, that they could hardly be credited, had she not been repeatedly reproached with them in many works, without either any attempt on her part to deny, much less to refute them. In the antichambers of Versailles, as well as in the gardens of the Thuilleries and Palais Royal, she mounted upon chairs, and by her shameful sophistry and fanatical declamation, tried to pervert the loyal, and encourage the rebel; to raise doubts in the conscience of the timorous, and indignation and abhorrence in the bosom of the truly religious.

Her husband, though a good and generally inoffensive man, had neither inherited genius from nature, nor acquired knowledge by reading and assiduity; wishing for domestic peace and tranquillity, and finding no other way to obtain

obtain it than by submission to his wife's imperious dictates, he obeyed like a slave where he might have ruled like a master; he joined from weakness in a revolution he detested, and disclosed at the expence of his honour the official secrets confided to him by his sovereign, and which made him detest himself.* The loyal part which the great and spirited Gustavus III. took against rebels and atheists was avowed; but his plans for restoring the throne of France to its lustre, and her altars to their pristine dignity, were of course and from necessity communicated to his ambassador, whose wife communicated them to her revolutionary accomplices. Had La Fayette and the other members of the revolutionary faction no other intelligence concerning the intended journey of Louis XVI. to Montmedy, in June 1791, than what they obtained from Madame Stael, that alone was sufficient to impede all probability of success. Baron Stael's official functions were at an end the instant his king heard of the arrest of Louis XVI. and his queen and family at Varennes. He continued, however,

* See Le Voyageur Suisse, page 891.

to

to reside at Paris until the reign of terror of the philosopher Robespierre in 1793, obliged his philosophical wife to save her own precious life, and to insist upon his protection and company in escorting her safe to her father at Coppet in Switzerland.*

Even the danger which she had escaped, and the disgrace which the enormous revolutionary crimes had thrown on the revolutionary cause, could not alter her revolutionary fanaticism. She is said to have maintained an uninterrupted correspondence with Louis Narbonne, Viscount Noailles, the Ex-bishop Talleyrand, and other constitutional rebels, whom the lenity of the British government suffered to reside in England; and in consequence could not have been unacquainted with the plots of disaffected Britons in 1794, nor of the conspiracy of Irish traitors some years afterwards.†

The Regent of Sweden, who, after the regicide murder of his royal brother Gustavus III., governed in the name and under the minority of his nephew Gustavus Adolphus IV., was en-

* See Le Voyageur Suisse, page 392.
† Idem.

compassed

compassed by bribed illuminati or philosophical counsellors, who advised him in 1795 to nominate Baron Stael a second time the ambassador of the Swedish court to France. At the bar of this same regicide national convention, which during two years had perpetrated or caused to be perpetrated worse crimes and atrocities than Europe together has witnessed and deplored during the twelve preceding centuries, this ambassador, to compliment regicides and rebels, uttered the most infamous libel on his country and nation, in stating "that the Swedes gloried in being called the Frenchmen of the North." But though every body knew that he only spoke what Madame Stael had written, his diplomatic mission was shortened by the indignant cry of all loyal Swedes: his wife's revolutionary patriotism had again overshot its mark, and he was again recalled and dismissed.*

In 1796, Chevalier de Rehausen was sent to France as Swedish chargé-d'affaires. His loyalty and integrity being as well known as his

* Le Voyageur Suisse, page 393, in the note.

abilities, his arrival was not much liked by the factious and by intriguers. Had he, however, submitted to the impertinent dictates of Madame Stael, he might perhaps have *enjoyed* both her disgusting favours and the dishonourable approbation of her friends the French Directors. But declining all fraternity with the former, and shewing a becoming dignity towards the latter, neither overcome by caresses, nor intimidated by threats, he was judged not to be *à la hauteur* of revolutionary diplomacy. Under pretence that his appointment had been suggested by the influence of the court of St. Petersburg, the Directory refused to acknowledge him as the representative of his sovereign. When Baron Stael informed the minister of foreign affairs La Croix, that the Swedish government persisted in its choice, the Directory, contrary to the law of civilized nations, by a decree of the 5th of August, 1796, also declared its intent to persist in its refusal, and ordered the minister of police to give Chevalier de Rehausen notice to quit Paris and France immediately. A Consul-general of the name of Signeul, was afterwards allowed to act as a Swedish

Swedish agent; his *patriotic* sentiments being as notorious as those of Madame Stael, his revolutionary patroness and protectress.*

All the partisans of the French rebellion were united in assisting in a general overthrow; but they all differed when the question occurred about the division of the spoils, and of replacing a destructive anarchy by a comparatively regular government. Of the constitution of 1795, Madame Stael, with Abbé Sieyes, said, *this is not yet the good one.* She, with this famous constitution-monger, desired a monarchical democracy, under the head of an hereditary chief of one of the younger branches of the house of Bourbon. The present Duke of Orleans was their particular object of elevation, under a hope of being able to govern in his name. She therefore did not command the efforts of the mass of the French nation during 1796, to recall their legitimate princes; nor the new revolution of the Directory in 1797, in favour of the jacobin terrorists. Upon an *invitation* of the then minister of police, Sottin, she was induced to quit the French republic,

* See Le Voyageur Suisse, pages 894 et 895.

where her incessant intrigues displeased the suspicious revolutionary tyrants at the head of the government.

The frequent difficulties and shameful disgrace into which her restless and intriguing disposition had brought her husband, had induced him for several years to live separate from her. Such was, however, still her power over this weak man, that a wife he had so many reasons to hate, continued at four or five hundred miles distance to manage him as much as if by his side; and in consequence, during November 1797, he had several narrow escapes of inhabiting the Temple. All these vexations and humiliations greatly impaired his health; and made him, with the richest heiress of France for his wife, one of the most wretched husbands in the world.*

About this time, Madame Stael had picked up a new acquaintance with a young Swiss of the name of Benjamin Constant Rebecque; who, from being an usher of a school at Brunswick, set up at Paris for an apostle of modern philosophy. He began his philosophical ca-

* Le Voyageur Suisse, page 397.

reer

reer by claiming at the bar of the Council of Five Hundred, in 1796, the rights of a French citizen, as a descendant of a family expelled by the revocation of the edict of Nantes. This proceeding, which in the time of Robespierre would have been followed by great applause, now brought on him the jests even of the republican journalists. In revenge, and being supported by the purse and pen of Madame Stael, he published in a journal of his own, a piece on the necessity of rallying round the directorial constitution. How sincere his advice was, may be learned from his promotion to a tribune shortly after the annihilation of this very constitution. He now resided with his philosophical *bonne amie* Madame Stael, who has seldom made her lovers more happy than her husband. According to her instructions, to obtain popularity it was necessary to oppose government, and to form under his banners a party mimicking the English opposition. But before he had time to digest his plan, Buonaparte's bayonets interfered, sent Madame Stael out of France, and excluded her pupil from the tribunate. He has since been wandering with her in Switzerland

land and in Germany, at Coppet and at Berlin; always, with her preaching philosophy, and with her writing philosophy, as a consolation for exile and the loss of her parents and her husband, who died broken-hearted in 1803. Many may perhaps think that the revolutionary tyranny of Buonaparte, from which she is a sufferer, may have cured her of her revolutionary mania; but they are mistaken. *The revolution is still held up by her as a* CHEF-D'ŒUVRE *of modern philosophy.**

Of Madame Stael it may be said with reason that she has inherited the ambition and vanity of her father, and the genius and pedantry of her mother. In the many works she has published, we always find genius, often taste and talent, and not seldom learning and profundity. But they contain also frequent inconsistencies and contradictions; and a levity of judgment, and even an ignorance, which create astonishment. In a word, her literary productions prove that she has corrupted her abilities by forcing them and by giving them a false direction,

* Le Voyageur Suisse, page 398, and in the note of page 399.

by

by occupying herself with objects out of her reach, and by speaking of what she did not understand. Her novel Delphine, the best, but not the least dangerous of her works, is an evidence that had she kept within a line more conformed to her sex and strength, she would have been one of the first and most agreeable female authors on the continent.

Besides her works, *De l'Influence des Passions*, &c.; *De la Littérature considérée dans les Rapports*, &c. and *Delphine*, a small volume, called *Manuscrits de M. Necker*, was published by her in the spring of 1805. The opinion of the public is already fixed with regard to her former publications: the last, however, though the shortest, is therefore not the less curious, as a kind of funeral eulogy of her father.

As M. Necker is justly considered to have been one of the principal promoters of the French revolution, and as such an instrument in producing the fatal consequences which it has entailed on society; his wife, his daughter, his friends, and partisans, have often attempted to extenuate his conduct and to exalt his integrity, by pretended anecdotes, honourable to the

the individual, and by ascribing to him liberal and enlightened views as a statesman. Besides, Necker, priding himself on his disinterestedness, and in the *purity* of his motives, and possessing a style sufficiently eloquent and much improved by habit, had, during his life defended his own administration in many works, equivalent in themselves to the efforts of those partisans, whom interest, affection, and consanguinity, had attached to him. That his and their united endeavours have, however, been ineffectual, is indubitable from the severity with which both royalists and republicans have criticised the author and complained of the minister; the former reproaching him with all the evils of the revolution, and the latter thinking his *reforms* too much restricted, and his plans in all respects too confined.

Though in the title-page of this last volume, Madame Stael professes to publish *only* the manuscripts of M. Necker, nearly one half of it is filled with what she calls "Necker's character and private life." Here panegyric is exhausted: his vanity, egotism, ostentation, ambition, and other failings, are unnoticed; while he is held up as a model of all public and

and private virtues, as the best of fathers, of husbands, and of citizens, as the wisest and most accomplished of statesmen and of writers. Every line convinces the reader that the biographer is a panegyrist, and that the panegyrist is a child deploring the loss of a parent.

Madame Stael begins by observing, "that it is a matter of general interest to be acquainted with the character and private life of a man whose political career fills a conspicuous place in history;" and "that this general interest becomes of new importance, and unites itself intimately with the cause of the highest morality, where the object is to give the portrait of a man, who, possessing qualities fit to be subservient to immoderate ambition, was, notwithstanding, *constantly* guided or restrained by the most *scrupulous* and *delicate* conscientiousness; a man whose genius knew no other limits than those prescribed by his *duties* and *affections*, and whose faculties acknowledged no other bounds than his *virtues*. In fine, a man who first enjoyed the most brilliant destiny, suddenly changed by great misfortunes; and who presents himself to posterity without the

illusion of success, and therefore cannot be judged or appreciated but by minds endued with some portion of his spirit and understanding." *

Every body must agree with Madame Stael, that the character and private life of such a man as Mr. Necker, if written with impartiality and candour, would be highly interesting, both in a moral and political point of view. It would then be a warning to the factious, a lesson to the ambitious, and a remarkable example of those vicissitudes of fortune to which all reformers and innovators are exposed; of the dangers of courting popularity at the expence of duty, and of the ridiculous and tormenting folly of aspiring to the direction of the affairs of state without sufficient capacity. But when we read of Mr. Necker's *scrupulous* conscientiousness guiding his ambition, and of his *genius, faculties,* and *virtues* as a minister, it is to be apprehended that this publication is rather intended to mislead posterity than to inform or instruct the present age.

* See Manuscrits de M. Necker, publiés par sa Fille, pages 1 and 2.

After

After mentioning Mr. Necker's arrival at Paris, at the age of fifteen, in very low circumstances, and his marriage twenty years afterwards, when possessing an immense fortune, Madame Stael, without entering into particulars as to the *honourable* means by which these riches were obtained, suddenly and *modestly* exclaims: "In fact, it is not an unexampled circumstance that the *first of calculators*, the man whose authority in finances was *classical*, should be one of the French prose-writers the most remarkable for the *splendour* and *magnificence* of his imagination. This union of opposite qualities will frequently be found in the character of Mr. Necker, and it may be considered as the *striking characteristic of a superior being*."* The situation of France and of the French finances, when Mr. Necker, in 1790, was forced to resign his place as a minister, shows better than the bombastic phrases of his daughter, that although his theories as a financier and a statesman may by his injudicious admirers be regarded as classical

* See Manuscrits de M. Necker, publiés par sa Fille, page 6.

authorities,

authorities, the reduction of them to practice has been most cruelly fatal both to princes and subjects.

"There is," continues Madame Stael," * scarcely a merchant in Europe who does not know with what sagacity Mr. Necker managed his commercial concerns; although in every case susceptible of the smallest doubt, he always decided *against* his own interest. He has often told me that he should have made an immense fortune if he had not quitted business early, and if he could have persuaded himself that very great wealth would render him very happy. 'I always wanted,' he frequently said to me, 'the stimulus which an ardent wish for money, for credit, or for power, supplies; for if I had been bent on the attainment of any one of these objects, the means of attaining it were easily within my reach.' My father possessed too much *elevation* and *sensibility* of soul to be ardently ambitious of any of the good things of this world; he *loved* nothing with ardour but *glory;* there is something *aërial* in glory; it forms, as it were, the

* See Manuscrits de M. Necker, page 69.

cloud

cloud which separates the thoughts of heaven from the thoughts of earth." Mr. Necker entered a counting-house with a salary of six hundred livres, 25l. and left it in twenty years with a fortune estimated at the lowest at ten millions of livres, 420,000l. and he began his *public* career as a mercantile clerk, and finished it as a minister of state. Gambling in the funds and usury made him rich, and duplicity and cabal made him powerful. His love of REAL GLORY is therefore as much out of the question as his disinterestedness and modesty.

After having inserted at length every thing that was *honourable* to Mr. Necker, and omitted every thing relating to his intrigues for popularity and authority; and without noticing the audacity of a Calvinist attempting to force himself into the council-chamber of a Roman Catholic government, and of a republican demanding the place of a prime minister to a king; Madame Stael attempts to excuse that part of his conduct which obliged him in 1781 to resign his place as director of the finances, by saying * " that as the authority and in-

* Manuscrits de M. Necker, page 69.

fluence

fluence of Mr. Necker consisted entirely in the *high idea* formed of his character, and as the *respect* which he inspired must have diminished had he patiently supported the outrage, (*i. e.* the king's refusal to make him a privy-counsellor,) encouraged in secret by persons connected with government, he thought fit to demand leave to resign, which she acknowledges made him very miserable." An instant after, however, she exclaims, * "How *glorious*, in fact, was this his first resignation! All France paid incessant homage to Mr. Necker; and the French have such vivacity, such ease, such grace, when they pay a *generous* homage to *unmerited* adversity! The King of Poland, the King and Queen of Naples, the Emperor Joseph II., offered to place Mr. Necker at the exchequer of their respective kingdoms. He refused them all, from that love for France which was then the *ruling* passion of his heart, and which to his last moment formed the dearest interest of his life." The *homage* rendered to Mr. Necker by the fickle and corrupted people of France, on which Madame

* Manuscrits de M. Necker, page 35.

Stael

Stael dwells with so much satisfaction, will be considered in its true light, and of no great value, when one recollects the objects that have since shared it with him; and it certainly evinces neither his merit nor their judgment and patriotism. La Fayette, Mirabeau, Robespierre, Brissot, Petion, Marat, Barras, and other rebels and regicides, have all by turns received the same *homage* which was bestowed on Mr. Necker in 1781 and 1789, and which is now in such a scandalous and debasing manner heaped upon the most barbarous of all revolutionary heroes, the Corsican assassin, Napoleon Buonaparte.

If the assertion of Madame Stael be founded in truth; and in 1781 the Emperor Joseph of Germany, and the Kings of Naples and Poland, offered Mr. Necker the direction of their finances; it only proves that a philosophical, or rather anti-social infatuation, and an impolitic and dangerous spirit of innovation, had found their way into palaces as well as into cottages; and that sovereigns were not entirely free from those erroneous motives, the application of which by subjects in France have since

since occasioned and still occasion the thrones of all legitimate princes to totter, and which render the hereditary supremacy of all ancient dynasties precarious and insecure. As long as a despicable and criminal adventurer, assuming the highest of all regal titles and distinctions, is suffered to tyrannize over France, Italy, Holland, Switzerland, Spain, and Germany, what sovereign can feel his rank and independence, what people their rights and liberties, secure? Monarchy has more to fear from this usurpation, after its degradation by the sans-culotte Empèror of the French, than from the calumnies of republican fanatics, or the doctrines of demagogues and levellers.

It is a curious fact, that the mere approbation of the conduct of the republican Neeker seems to have been fatal to monarchy and to monarchs. When Joseph II. died in February 1790, his subjects in the Low Countries were in open rebellion, and a great fermentation prevailed in Hungary and Bohemia. Stanislaus, the last unfortunate King of Poland, died an exile at St. Petersburgh, not only without a kingdom but without a house; and at this moment

ment a French republican army is encamped almost at the very gates of the capital of the King of Naples.

When in November, 1792, Necker had the insulting audacity to publish a pamphlet in favour of Louis XVI. (whom he had by his machinations precipitated from a throne into a dungeon) inviting his *friends* to defend this virtuous prince against his assassins of the National Convention, M. de Montjoie, with the feelings of a true royalist, wrote to the ex-minister, entreating him "no longer to interfere in the affairs of a monarch whom his counsels had reduced to the last stage of misfortune, and to whom his presence had always been the signal of disasters." * M. de Montjoie is a Frenchman, and Madame Stael may therefore learn that the *homage* paid to Mr. Necker in France was not *unanimous*. All loyal subjects, all well-intentioned and well-informed men, were indeed *unanimous;* but it was in their detestation of that insolent foreigner, whose vanity and incapacity has brought ruin on their country.

* Dictionnaire Biographique, vol. iii. page 100.

Madame

Madame Stael has inserted extracts from pretended letters of the late Empress of Russia, Catherine II., to her then literary and afterwards political agent, Mr. Grimm, who sent them to Mr. Necker; with whose *modesty* he was not unacquainted, being both members of that philosophical and anti-religious fraternity mentioned in the Confessions of J. J. Rousseau as dangerous to society, which considered Voltaire as their chief and Diderot as their high-priest. In one of these letters, dated St. Petersburgh, July 11, 1781, the Empress is made to say: "Mr. Necker's letter to you has given me great pleasure. I am only sorry that he is no longer in power. He is a man whom heaven has destined to hold the *first* place, beyond contradiction, as the *seat* of *glory*. He must live, he must survive a couple of his contemporaries; and *then this star will be comparable with no other, and his contemporaries will be left far behind him.*"*

It is not surprising that the Empress should declare herself sorry that M. Necker was no longer in place. The plan and ambition of

* Manuscrits de M. Necker, note, pages 37 and 38.

her

her life was to drive the Turks out of Europe; to which France, quiet and respected, would always have been an obstacle. In the hands of financial and political quacks, like Mr. Necker, she easily foresaw that internal convulsions and misery would prevent the French government from impeding her views of external aggrandizement. Her genius and penetration were too great to allow any other sense of the first part of this letter. As to her declaration "that heaven had destined Mr. Necker to the *first* place in Europe," it must remind Madame Stael of what Catherine II. wrote to Voltaire in 1772, "that religion had never possessed an abler defender, nor infidelity a more irresistible opposer," than this infidel; whose writings, after undermining the altars of France, are now the rallying point of unbelievers of all countries.

To ingratitude and to faction alone Madame Stael ascribes her father's loss of popularity in 1790; and not to its real cause, the hatred of one portion of the French nation, and to the contempt of the other. Such was, however, Mr. Necker's presumption at that period, that notwithstanding all the external symptoms of declining

declining popularity and influence, he could scarcely believe the fact. The concurrence of circumstances, and the flatteries of his wife, daughter, and friends, had led him into notions so extravagant, that he supposed, that if he were so inclined, he could establish a new religion in France instead of Christianity. But he was at last undeceived, and even alarmed for his personal safety, by an insurrection which the jacobins excited for the purpose: and on the 4th of September 1790 he was under the necessity of writing to the National Assembly, demanding leave to retire, assigning as a cause the bad state of his health; and proffering to leave the money due to him from government, which was stated to amount to two millions, or 83,000l. as a pledge for the *integrity* of his administration. No part of this letter was deemed by his former accomplices of the National Assembly important enough to claim the smallest attention, and they accordingly passed to the order of the day. This indifference was a thunder-stroke to Mr. Necker; it was utterly unexpected; he felt it with the greatest sensibility, and acknowledged that the Assembly by one single

expression

expression of kindness might have retained him. The whole of his books on his own administration is filled with complaints of the injury which his pride and honour had sustained from the unkindness of the Assembly. He had still some hopes of returning into favour, and notwithstanding his pretended ill-health, meanly waited eight days at Paris in expectation that some change of affairs would occasion his restoration to office; or, as he expresses himself, he had the weakness to await from some quarter a sentiment of justice or of goodness.*

The journey of this deservedly degraded and humbled minister through France, so different from that of the year before, is narrated both by himself and by Madame Stael in the most pathetic terms. It was marked with disgrace, insult, and danger. Arrived at Coppet, his estate in Switzerland, where he resided till his death, oblivion so completly enshrouded him, that all the reproaches of his adversaries, and five works of considerable magnitude, besides others of smaller importance, were in-

* Sur l'Administration, &c. p. 4, 36, et 426.

sufficient,

sufficient, amongst those who were not immediate sufferers by the revolution, to make him personally the topic of one moment's conversation. To a vain and guilty upstart, such a neglect was the severest of all chastisements.

But not satisfied with describing Monsieur Necker as the first of political economists, the greatest of statesmen, and the most virtuous and religious of citizens, Madame Stael bestows on him literary talents, equal, if not superior, to those of Voltaire. "The most striking feature," says she, "as it appears to me, in the works of Monsieur Necker, is the *incredible* variety of his mental powers. Voltaire is *unique* in the literary world by the diversity of his talents. I think Monsieur Necker is *unique* by the *universality* of his faculties." * Ten pages are stuffed with such, and even more absurd and disgusting flattery.

The manuscripts of Monsieur Necker, edited in this volume by Madame Stael, are trifling, compared with his former publications. They contain some detached, or rather undigested thoughts, in the manner of the maxims of

* Manuscrits de M. Necker, page 60.

Roche-

Rochefoucault, or characters in the style of La Bruyere; with a short novel called, "The Fatal Consequences of a Single Error," p. 49, which has the following paragraph, or sentence, or character.

"THE WILL.——BUONAPARTE.

"What eminently distinguishes the First Consul (1803) is the firmness and decision of his character; that *superb will* which embraces every object, regulates every thing, fixes every thing, and which either extends itself or checks itself *à propos*. This will, such as I describe it, after a great model, is the first of qualities for the supreme government of an empire. People at last came to consider this will as an *order of nature*, when all opposition ceases. Some restraint indeed is imposed on the will of those who hold the second places in the state, because there great circumspection is necessary; *et qu'il faut y destiner une partie de ses moyens.*"

The author is by no means certain that he has here given the true sense of the original, for he honestly confesses that no small portion of the philosophical jargon of Madame Stael

and

and her father is to him unintelligible; and none more so than the last sentence of this passage, the original of which he has therefore transcribed, that his readers may judge for themselves.

If any thing be clear however, it is this: that in Monsieur Necker's and Madame Stael's opinion, absolute power, exerted in the most arbitrary manner, is requisite for the good government of France; and if so, certainly France is better governed than any other country in Europe. But it might have been supposed that the philosophical Madame Stael would have recollected, that the same *superb will* of Buonaparte, on which the old dotard so foolishly declaims, as being the rare characteristic of a man destined by *nature* to govern a great empire, occasioned her to be banished without a cause, enslaves fifty millions of her fellow-subjects, rules without law, and oppresses without measure. Such gross and sophistical flattery does no honour either to the memory of her father or to her own judgment and sentiments. She no doubt desires to return to her philosophical admirers at Paris, and this nonsense

sense is therefore presented to the petty-minded usurper as an *amende honorable* for past expressions and labours in favour of liberty.

Had justice or vengeance already stopped the atrocious career of Buonaparte, what is related of Robespierre and his accomplices (p. 133) might and would, perhaps with greater propriety, have been said of the revolutionary emperor, his infamous instruments, and his vile and corrupted slaves. "Robespierre and his accomplices are held in horror by every man of the present day, on account of their unjust hatred, their sanguinary dispositions, and their abominable acts of violence. And probably posterity will reproach them, above all, for having disgraced *liberty, by incessantly invoking it*, while, in fact, the success of their hypocrisy, and the support of their tyranny, were their only care."

Madame Stael must remember, that on the 9th of November 1799, on the day of his usurpation, Buonaparte declared at the bar of the council of ancients, and ratified his declaration *by an oath*, that his *unchangeable determination, interest*, and *will*, were and *should* be, to maintain in France A REPUBLIC founded upon

liberty and *equality*, and upon *popular* representation. His proclamation to the French people of the 10th of November contained the same words. Who does not know that Robespierre was a revolutionary fanatic? But can Madame Stael deny that Buonaparte is a revolutionary hypocrite and impostor? The former really expected, by means of terror, to establish liberty and equality; the latter, supported by bayonets, gaols, executioners, and gibbets, meditated from the first day he seized the authority to erect a throne upon the blood-stained ruins of the rights and liberties of Frenchmen, and of the independence of the continent.

The impertinent presumption of the different members of the Necker family to disgust mankind with their unseasonable, ridiculous, and reciprocal praise, has not ceased with the death of the ex-minister. The following observation is translated from page 30.* "The language of Madame Stael possesses a certain *je ne sais quoi* which approaches *beauty*." Admirable diffidence of this *amiable* lady!

In speaking of Buonaparte's tribunes, Necker

* Manuscrits de M. Necker, page 30.

says

says properly enough,* "They know not then that the Gracchi were tribunes; these modern orators, who in voting for the establishment of our excise-office or custom-house, incessantly exclaim in their speeches, Tribunes! tribunes! my colleagues! my colleagues! tribunes! But there are people who are not restrained by respect for any name, and who would willingly call themselves Cæsars, while they are running away as fast as they can.—Habit is every thing." Are not these hints thrown out as complimnets to the banished ex-tribune, Mr. Benjamin Constant, the present companion, *comforter*, and protector, of the inconsolable Madame Stael?

In other parts† Mr. Necker complains that the British monarchs *do not know* how to pronounce proper speeches from the throne at the meeting or dissolution of parliament, notwithstanding the many beautiful models of ancient orators, particularly when they relate to a declaration of war, or a proclamation of peace. "When the English ministers speak to Europe," continues Mr. Necker, "they are never

* Manuscrits de M. Necker, page 106 et 107.

† Idem, page 214 et seq.

at their ease, and neither vigour nor originality is to be found in their speeches." The opening of the states-general on the 5th of May 1789, was the only occasion, but a most solemn occasion it was, which Mr. Necker had for the display of his superior talents and judgment in addressing the public in the presence of his sovereign. On his speech at that period many and severe strictures were published; and from them he might have learned more properly to appreciate his own abilities, and to feel his own deficiency in that particular talent which is essential for the formation of a correct opinion on the productions of others, and for which the confidence and assurance of egotism are but indifferent substitutes. It has been asserted and proved, that in his speech he paid more attention to the style and delivery than to the matter; he shewed himself a declaimer, but not an orator. The following character of it is given by an able English author.* "The worst thing I know of Necker is his speech to the states-general on their assembling—a great opportunity, but lost. No

* A. Young's Travels, vol. I. page 110.

great,

great, leading, or masterly views; no decision on circumstances in which the people ought to be relieved, and new principles of government adopted. It is the speech you would expect from a *banker's clerk* of some ability." This is the *modest* reformer who takes upon himself to instruct British sovereigns and their ministers in the art of oratory.

In an advertisement to the novel, which finishes this volume, Mr. Necker declares, "that in a conversation concerning the novel of Delphine, it was maintained that *domestic affection alone* could, as well as *all other love*, bring about the most tragical situations. This opinion being contested, occasioned him to write the novel in question, the story of which is taken from real life." Madame Stael, in a kind of preface, says that her father had, in 1803, intended to publish it in a literary journal, but that he afterwards changed his opinion. "But I," continues Madame Stael, "think it would be to leave his *reputation* incomplete, not to make known a work so *admirable* in itself, and *so extraordinary* on account of the *name* of the author."*

* Manuscrit de M. Necker, p. 225 and 226.

The

The story of this novel is simple, but the style is rather that of a lady of forty than that of an old man of seventy, which makes many inclined to think it the grand-child instead of the child of Mr. Necker. The language and the sentiments, the prejudices, the expressions, and affectation of singularity, are entirely those of the author of Delphine; and the *tenderness* with which Madame Stael speaks of it in the preface, is not that of a sponsor but of a parent. The story runs thus: Sir Henry Summers, a Kentish baronet, on his return from his travels, marries, from affection, a young lady without fortune, who is doatingly fond of him. They live some years happily together, and a daughter is the fruit of their union. Not accustomed to set any bounds to his expences, he becomes involved in difficulties, and meets at a club a stockbroker, or rather a jobber, who has formerly known his father, and who insidiously engages him, under a prospect of advantage, to join in his speculations in the public funds. For some weeks he regularly receives several hundred pounds as his part of the pretended profit of his partner, who finally succeeds in obtaining from him, under

under pretence of extending their speculations, several bills signed in blank. Of these bills, the broker, who is a ruined and depraved character, avails himself to an amount much above the value of Sir Henry's property. Having no other choice but beggary and dishonour, or death, the baronet and his lady commit suicide together, recommending their only child, a daughter, to a maternal uncle. Such is the *moral* tendency of this *admirable* and *extraordinary* work, pretended to be the last production of a *sincere christian*. All the arguments in favour of suicide in Rousseau's Julia, in Goethe's Werter, and particularly in Madame Stael's Delphine, are here repeated. It seems as if Mr. Necker, after having by his vanity, ambition, cupidity, and ignorance, caused in this world the wretchedness of the present and of future generations, wished to see them damned in the next, by encouraging them by his impious sophistry to revolt against their Creator, to desert the post assigned them, and in order to avoid some temporary evil, to incur eternal misery.

Considered as an author, most of Monsieur Necker's former works display marks of assiduous

duous research and copious information, but are written in a style so laboriously polished, as to deserve the charge of affectation, if that charge does not appertain to his wife and daughter, who by their flattery misled both his taste and his judgment. As an administrator of the French finances, Mr. Necker is accused, with reason, of having carried with him into a ministerial office all the narrow, selfish, contracted views, of a banker's counting-house. As a statesman, his plans were circumscribed and dangerous, ill conceived and worse executed. The following couplet from the pen of Mirabeau contains both wit and truth.

MR. NECKER.

Agioteur adroit, ministre sans moyen,
De rien il fit d'or, et d'un empire—rien.

In his private life, or as an individual, Mr. Necker was a good father, and a good husband, but an indifferent citizen. After his vanity and incapacity had involved that state which had adopted him in all the horrors of revolutionary anarchy, his native country was swallowed up in the same gulf; and he had the mortification to see before his death his fellow-citizens of the ancient republic of Geneva, as enslaved

enslaved and oppressed as the inhabitants of France, and to know that himself was the principal cause of their common misery.

According to Madame Stael, Necker in his retreat was a *perfect* and *illustrious philosopher*, resigned to his fate, and contented with his political obscurity. It appears however from the exordium to his work *Sur l'Administration*, &c. that he retired to Coppet in a fit of sullenness, and thought that his incensed pride would be best appeased by a stately silence. But to so vain a man, whose struggles for celebrity had been uninterrupted for nearly half a century, this approached too much to a state of nullity, and seemed to accelerate his journey to the shades of oblivion: he therefore adopted the excess of egotism. In order to command notoriety, or, more properly speaking, to excite curiosity, he continued to write. His admiration of himself and of his productions was considerably augmented by the disgusting and impertinent partiality of his wife and daughter, more proper to excite discontent than to soothe the disappointment of a discarded and disgraced minister, whose *philosophy*,

content, and resignation, Mr. Gibbon thus describes.* "I passed four days at the castle of Coppet with Necker, and could have wished to have shewn him as a warning to any aspiring youth possessed with the demon of ambition. With all the means of private happiness in his power, he is the most miserable of human beings; the past, the present, and the future, are equally odious to him. When I suggested some domestic amusements of books, buildings, &c. he answered with a deep tone of despair: "*Dans l'etat ou je suis, je ne puis sentir que le coup de vent qui m'a abattu.* How different from the careless cheerfulness with which our poor friend Lord North supported his fall! Madame Necker displays more external composure, *mais le diable n'y perd rien.* It is true that Necker wished to be carried into the closet, like old Pitt, on the shoulders of the people, and that he has been ruined by that democracy *which he had raised.*"

Madame Stael threatens Europe in several parts of this volume, not only with the publi-

* See Gibbon's Miscellaneous Works, vol. I. p. 213.

cation

cation of *more* manuscripts of Mr. Necker, but with a public life of this ex-minister from her own pen. By these considerations, and that English readers may, from the revisal of the present volume, conclude what they have to expect in future ones, the author has been induced to extend his remarks to the length he has done. If, as reported upon the continent, Madame Stael by these frequent publications intends to keep Mr. Necker's *immortality* alive a little longer, let her remember what Voltaire said of Cromwell: *D'être a jamais hai quelle immortalité!!*

Notwithstanding her recent flattery of Buonaparte, Madame Stael's exile still continued in September 1805. Kotzebue, in his late Travels,* reprobates with fellow-feeling this act of despotism. "But," says he, "I am far from joining the host of Buonaparte's flatterers, and I may therefore acknowledge, with equal freedom, that there are *many things* in his character which to me appear unaccountable, and even reprehensible. For instance, his conduct to Madame de Stael, *as long as he does not as-*

* Kotzebue's Travels, vol. I. p. 166.

sign

sign his reasons for it. At the moment I am writing, I have not yet seen that lady, whom I only know by her ingenious works; but as a citizen of the republic of letters, which will survive all other republics, I must subscribe to the prophecy which this high-spirited female expressed with equal beauty and energy. *Vous me donnez une cruelle illustration, je tiendra une ligne dans votre histoire!!*" Neither philosophy, nor society, nor humanity, would have been any sufferers had Louis XVI. in 1788 treated her parents and herself in the manner she was treated by Buonaparte in 1803.

Whether considered as a wife, as a subject, or as an author, Madame de Stael is reprehensible in the highest degree. By her political cabals, she made Baron de Stael the most unfortunate of husbands; and by her intrigues she shortened his days. By her revolutionary enthusiasm, particularly in the beginning of the revolution, during her father's popularity, she debauched the loyalty of more persons of the higher classes than any other revolutionary female. All her writings tend to disguise truth, to calumniate past experience, to provoke modern innovations, to dissolve those moral

moral and religious ties by which society has so long been held together and gradually improved, and to adopt in their place *French philosophy*, and her own extravagant, erroneous, and impracticable notions of *human perfection*, of which she has declared herself the champion. It is true, that in the composition of her works she has had numerous assistants in her numerous lovers, because she obliged those who shared her pleasure to partake in her labours. In France, every one knows that Delphine is the offspring of Benjamin Constant as well as of Madame de Stael.*

All the horrors of the revolution, the sufferings of her parents, country, and friends, and her own disgrace, have all hitherto, and will probably for a long time, be unable to cure her of her revolutionary mania. Among revolutionary fanatics, Talleyrand has declared, "fools and *femmes beaus esprits* incurable; the former, because they cannot, and the latter, because they will not, listen to reason. A fool, prepossessed with one idea, has no place in his head to admit any other to enlighten

* See Les Nouvelles à la main, nivose year xi. No. III. page 9 and 10.

him.

him. A female *savans* does not permit any one to enlighten her; she humours and adheres to her chimera; and, as it may be said, covers her eyes with both her hands, to exclude the light.*

* See Les Nouvelles à la main, thermidor year xii. No. V. page. 4.

THE

THE FURIES OF THE GUILLOTINE.

THE French patriots and reformers of 1789 began their *regeneration* by forcing open all the prisons and houses of correction, by releasing all the criminals, and incorporating them with their own revolutionary gangs.

Whenever any grand blow was to be struck, any great crimes were to be perpetrated, or any outrageous violence to be committed, women, the dregs of brothels and of jails, were the forlorn hope of rebels, the advanced guards of conspirators, and dangerous instruments in the guilty hands of incendiaries. They headed processions where the bleeding heads of butchered innocence were carried in triumph; they assisted at the savage feasts where the hearts of victims of loyalty and honour were served up roasted, and were devoured as the most delicious morsels; they set fire to palaces, after having partaken of the plunder and witnessed the murder

murder of their proprietors, which they had often encouraged.

They were employed as the most useful and active propagators of a revolutionary doctrine in camps, in garrisons, in barracks, and in watch-houses. They sung ballads, distributed and posted up libels, treasonable, anti-social, and blasphemous. The temples of their Saviour and the habitations of their sovereign were alike invaded, violated, degraded, and polluted, by them. They debauched or perverted youth, corrupted the unsuspicious, caressed the profligate, and forced even depravity itself to blush for their excesses.

Their prostitution seduced the troops of the king's household from their allegiance, from their obligation. Their impure embraces enticed soldiers to desert the colours of royalty, officers to join the standard of revolt, the priest to forsake his altars, and the noble to forget his honour. They took advantage of the regard usually shewn to their sex; of the prevailing opinion of its weakness, and its former nullity in political troubles in France; of the belief of its insufficiency, if wicked; of being long dangerous; and if deluded, of its

its general want of energy and constancy to continue for any length of time the tool of the factious, vicious, or infamous.

The success, impunity, and applause, which accompanied them and their atrocious achievements at Versailles, in October 1789, called uninvited to Paris all the most wicked females and the most abandoned prostitutes of the provinces. It has been calculated, that during 1790, 1791, and 1792, not less than one hundred and twenty thousand female forgers, thieves, coiners, and harlots, augmented the mass of corruption and infamy of the capital. When, therefore, after the martyrdom of Louis XVI. on the 21st of January 1793, nothing sacred was respected, when all the ties of morality and of religion, of consanguinity and of duty, of tenderness and of generosity, of liberality and humanity, were dissolved and burst asunder; when injustice and ferocity were erected into a system, and terror silenced or crushed the voice of truth as well as the clamour of conscience; Robespierre and his regicide accomplices found it an easy matter to organize a corps, unique in its species and composition, totally unknown in modern as well

well as in ancient history, called and execrated by the name of THE FURIES OF THE GUILLOTINE.*.

In their first organization they consisted of two thousand at Paris alone, who were daily mustered and paid, regularly renewed, distributed in posts, doing duty as sentries, or collected in watch-houses in companies. When shortly afterwards discontent and sufferings occasioned insurrections and civil wars in the provinces, the guillotine and other instruments of death were decreed the order of the day every where, then their number was increased to ten thousand, disseminated all over wretched France.

Their functions were to act as spies on all suspected persons, to denounce all disaffected, to pry into the fortunes of the rich, into the opinions of the nobles, and into the secrets of all. When they had discovered or fixed on any individuals for their prey, they were never to lose sight of them before their destruction

* See Les Annales du Terrorisme, pages 1 and 2. Nearly the whole of this narrative is taken from that work, and from Le Recueil d'Anecdotes.

was effected. They were shut up with them in prisons, appeared as witnesses against them before the revolutionary tribunal, and augmented the escort when they were ascending the scaffold. During the way from prison to the place of execution they were always on permanent duty, and acted according to orders transmitted to them from the Committee of Public Safety or from the Public Accuser, according to the character or situation of the condemned victims, or according to the passions of malice or vengeance of their enemies and assassins. Those who shewed firmness they were to depress by recalling to their remembrance what they had been, what they were, and what they might have been, the most fortunate periods of their lives, and every thing that could embitter recollection and excite regret. Those who were calm they were to agitate by alarms and threats for the fate of their relatives and friends. To those who were resigned they spoke of the prosperity of guilt and the sufferings of virtue; and the last moments of those who struggled or trembled at the approach of death they tormented by holding them up to ridicule or contempt. The religious

ligious they accompanied with blasphemies, the tender with mockery, and the humane with extolling barbarities. To dying parents they predicted the ruin, the prostitution of their offspring, and to expiring children the impending disgrace, misery, and destruction, of their parents. Lovers were tortured with accounts of the faithlessness of their mistresses, husbands of the adultery of their wives, and females of the infidelity of their lovers. They attacked and insulted all by gestures as well as by words, in hopes of prolonging their agonies and making them more painful.*

When death had made those they so inhumanly had pursued and persecuted no longer sensible to their cruel assaults, their business was not yet ended. After having stripped the corpses of the beheaded persons, they shaved their head or cut off their hair, which, with some blood-stained remnants of their dress, they carried and presented by a deputation to individuals nearest and dearest to them, announcing to them at the same time that a similar destiny awaited them.†

* Les Annales du Terrorisme, pages 2 and 3.

† Idem, page 3.

The

The execution, or rather judicial murder, sometimes of fifty, sixty, and even a hundred persons, being over, the Furies of the Guillotine finished the labour of the day by forming a ring round the scaffold, dancing in the blood, and forcing every woman who happened to pass to join in the dance for half an hour or longer, to the tune of the *Carmagnole*, of *Ca ira*, of the *Marseillois Hymn*, or other cannibal or revolutionary airs. This dance being concluded, they returned to the court-yards of the revolutionary tribunals and of the prisons, or to the antichambers of the Committee of Public Safety, to give an account of their past exploits, and to obtain orders or instructions for new operations. The day ended in drunkenness and debauchery with the spies, gens-d'armes, and other banditti of the revolutionary army, who collected together every night in the dens of crime and filth in and near the Palais Royal. *

At these periods, when any great objects of consequence and contest between inimical or

* Les Annales du Terrorisme, page 4.

rival

rival factions were to be discussed in the National Convention, at the clubs of the Jacobins or Cordeliers, or at the municipality, they were put in requisition en masse to do duty in the galleries, to prevent them from being occupied by the friends of justice, morality, and impartiality. There they were to applaud, murmur, or hoot, to laugh or to cry, to hold out threats, to call for mercy, revenge, or destruction, according to the given signals of their revolutionary employers. Their pay was forty sous, or twenty-pence, a-day, which was always paid them beforehand.*

The uncontradicted and well-known existence of the corps of the Furies of the Guillotine is one of the many other proofs of the almost incredible immorality of the pretended patriotic and republican French rulers, and of the depravity of mind of the mass even of the lower classes of revolutionary France, generally the least corrupted in other states. This

* Les Annales du Terrorisme, page 4. Le Recueil d'Anecdotes, from page 17 to page 21, gives exactly the same description of these abadoned wretches composing the corps of the Furies of the Guillotine.

explains

explains the reason why the guilty Buonaparte has so many worthy, quiet, and submissive subjects.

In February 1802 the writer of this narrative dined regularly at a French restaurateur's, on the Boulevards, of the name of Contat, where he sometimes bestowed alms on an old woman in rags, of the most wretched appearance. The senator C——, another regular customer at the same restaurateur's, one day said to him: "Sir, this woman is not a fit object of charity. I am almost convinced that she is even at this moment employed by the police as a spy, perhaps upon yourself. She was not long ago one of the most sanguinary Furies of the Guillotine. Her name is Gaure. I saw her kick the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, the late Queen, at the foot of the scaffold, and using at the same time expressions atrocious indeed." Upon inquiry what was become of the other members of this shocking corps, he said: "Some of them have perished or are transported for subsequent crimes; but many of them are still in the pay of government and of the police, to which they are very useful, as they personally know

know both all the royalists imprisoned during the reign of terror, and all terrorists in whose service they then were, but who now are suspected and watched by our present rulers and their ministers."

MARIANE

MARIANNE DES HAYES,

THE LYONESE SUFFERER.

NEXT to liberty and equality, HUMANITY was always praised in the speeches, and promised in the writings, of these French reformers and innovators, who with their shameful hypocrisy made dupes, and with their impertinent sophistry imposed even on those who mistrusted their sincerity. "When once all nations upon earth enjoy the blessings of liberty and equality," declaimed these traitorous fools, "no capital punishments will any longer disgrace mankind, nor humanity have to deplore the violation of its most sacred interests, because laws will have no more right to behead or strangle an assassin, than the assassin has to stab or shoot his victim. Besides, for the crime of the latter, death, *the end of all pains*, is a punishment by no means so adequate as a

life of slavery and labour. The judge who condemns a person to die is as much a murderer as he who from revenge or rapacity killed the person who had wronged him, or by whose riches he was tempted."*

Such was the antisocial jargon of Condorcet, Talleyrand, Roland, Petion, Brissot, Robespierre, and other rebels and regicides their accomplices. But no sooner had they usurped authority in France, than judicial murders became the order of the day, and guillotines were decreed in permanence all over that wretched country. Every action, however indifferent; every word, however thoughtless or innocent, if indicating discontent at oppression, reproach for guilt, or complaints of sufferings; were by their revolutionary code considered as capital offences, and punished accordingly. The rank of the noble, the dignity of the clergy, and the property of the wealthy, were judged state-crimes, and impeached as high-treason against the nation. Women above

* Mes Réflexions par Condorcet, Paris, chez Tarty 1794, page 2.

fourscore,

fourscore, boys and girls who had not reached their third lustre, ascended the same scaffold, and for similar imaginary or invented offences.

As however the guillotine, which, according to Barrere's report, "might easily cut off thirty-six heads in fifteen minutes,"* was, notwithstanding, not expeditious enough to satisfy the national vengeance, or to gratify the thirst of blood of the *humane* French republicans; shooting and drowning in mass were ordered by Fouché, and other representatives of the people, and sanctioned by the National Convention. Several hundred persons of all ages and of both sexes, were at one and the same instant swallowed up in rivers by boats *à la soupape*, or laid corpses on the earth by cannons loaded with grape-shot, or by battalions of soldiers firing at once. La Vendee suffered the most from drowning, and Lyons was inundated with the blood of thousands mutilated or annihilated by cannons or by musketry. Of three or

* Les Annales du Terrorisme, the preface, page 6. It was pretended *humanity* that induced Doctor Guillotine to invent the instrument of death of his name, which accustomed a ferocious and volatile people to see with indifference the most shocking scenes of blood.

four hundred victims condemned en masse, it never happened that these grape-shot did not maim more than they killed. The agony of those who were only wounded was, therefore, long and almost insufferable. The swords of gens-d'armes and dragoons were employed to finish what the cannons had begun.

That the reader may comprehend the manner of these barbarous executions, it is necessary to enter into some disgusting details collected on the spot, or published by French authors even in France. Those condemned to be shot, were marched from the town-hall at Lyons to the walk of Breteaux, on the other side of the Rhone, about the distance of a mile. Arrived on the place of execution, they were ranked in two files along two rows of trees, to which they were fastened after having their hands tied on their backs. The cannons planted at each entry of the walk at a given signal fired at once. That done, the gens-d'armes or dragoons were ordered to charge. They rode over the dead or wounded, cutting and hacking unmercifully as long as they observed any signs of life.

These executions generally took place late in the

the afternoon; and the mothers, sisters, with other female relatives and friends, were for the next day put into requisition to inter those so dear to them, and whom they were almost certain of shortly accompanying to eternity.

Such was then the disgust of existence, that when these files of victims were marching to Breteaux, many *volunteers* frequently intermixed with them; and therefore when the execution was over, and the revolutionary commissary counted those who had perished, he often found them to surpass by dozens those who had been condemned. It has also been stated, that when on the road the revolutionary commanders and guards remarked any individuals that displeased them, or with whom they were offended, they without further ceremony forced them to enter the file to be shot with their fellow-citizens. Those horrors were laughed at by the republicans, who, during their fraternal banquets, related with pride those evidences of their supremacy, and of the dread it inspired.*

After

* See Les Annales du Terrorisme, preface, pages 8 and 9; Le Voyageur Suisse, page 8; and Le Recueil d'Anecdotes,

After the death of Robespierre, when revolutionary terror from policy put on the mask of moderation, all those Lyonese whose affections, tenderness, or sensibility, had any losses to lament, (and they were but few, if any indeed who had not) agreed to erect a cenotaph in commemoration of those who had so valiantly fought, so honourably lived, and so courageously died. This cenotaph, *unique* in its kind, was elevated in the walk of Breteaux, upon the very spot where so many loyal and brave individuals had bled, and under which they were buried. The pomp of its consecration was solemn. It was of a pyramidical form, and on its four sides were engraved the following verses:

Lyonnois venez souvent sur ce triste rivage,
A vos amis répéter vos adieux,
Ils vous ont légué leur courage,
Sachez vivre et mourir comme eux.

dotes, page 189. These terrible particulars any traveller might formerly have verified and heard from every valet de place at Lyons, who were eye-witnesses of them. Since the reign of Buonaparte, transportation is the lot of those who speak with indiscretion of past revolutionary scenes.

Pour

Pour eux la mort devient une victoire,
Ils étoient là de voir tant de forfaits.
Dans le trepas ils ont trouvé la gloire,
Sous ce gazon ils ont trouvé la paix.

Passant, respecte notre cendre,
Couvre la d'une simple fleur,
A tes neveux nous te chargéons d'apprendre,
Que notre mort acheta leur bonheur.

Champ ravagé par une horrible guerre,
Tu porteras un jour d'immortels monumens!
Helas! que de valeur, de vertus, de talens,
Sont cachés sous un peu de terre.*

Round

* These appropriate lines are from the pen of De Landine, formerly an able advocate. Ruined by the revolution, after having narrowly escaped being murdered by it in 1793, he set up as a bookseller at Lyons. He wrote also a small volume concerning his own sufferings during the reign of terror, in which were well and truly delineated the horrors and dangers of rebellion, and its unavoidable attendants anarchy and bloodshed. He dedicated this volume to his sons, and in it repeatedly warned them, "*Not to meddle with the rudder or helm of a vessel in which they were only passengers!*" He has however himself, with the usual inconsistency of his countrymen, forgotten or invaded the precept he gave his children. He is now one of the members of that revolutionary senate, which, by a pretended senatus consultum, forced

Round this cenotaph, afflicted parents, abandoned orphans, desolate widows, mournful friends, and desponding lovers, were every evening seen walking in melancholy meditation and religious silence, often kneeling before it and inundating it with their tears. Their sorrow was calm, their regrets real, their devotion sincere, and their affliction unaffected. But republican banditti envied them even this sad consolation. By stealth, and during one single night, like robbers and assassins, they destroyed a monument which parental, matrimonial, filial, or loyal grief, pity, and affection, had been for months constructing.*

forced the Corsican assassin and poisoner Napoleon Buonaparte as an emperor on the French nation! The above verses are inserted in the volume written and sold by De Landine at Lyons in 1796. It contains also many anecdotes related in the different narratives of Lyonese heroines and sufferers, by the author of this work.

* After the cenotaph was destroyed, the Lyonese intended to build another, and to have it watched by centinels paid by them. But the government interfered, and instead of punishing the destroyers, forbid the sufferers to attempt the erection of another monument of their loss. Such is always revolutionary justice.

Among

Among the many other persons whose ashes reposed in its vicinity were those of Marianne Des Hayes. She had particularly manifested a determined resolution not to survive those dreadful times and the loss of every thing that made life supportable. On account of her youth, her beauty, her accomplishments, her misfortunes, and her fortitude, she had excited uncommon interest, universal compassion, and a well-merited admiration.

The French revolutionary assassins, calling themselves republicans, had murdered one day her grandfather and grandmother, two aunts, her father, her mother, two brothers and a sister, with her husband. She had been driven out of her paternal dwelling, which the assassins of her family seized and *occupied without molestation.* All these terrible disasters overtook her before she was fourteen. In vain did she look for consolation from religion, for the support of friends, or for the pity of the public. The churches were all shut, the priests all banished or murdered. All who esteemed her, or only knew her parents and relatives, had shared their fate; and the calamities which oppressed

every class of society, hardened the hearts of even the most tender. Selfishness, fear, or apathy, excluded all other feelings. Those who were encompassed with gibbets and executioners, with robbers and assassins, with famine, death, and desolation, cared but little for any other individual than themselves, or rather were indifferent to every thing, even to their own existence. They all numbered their days like respited criminals, over whose heads the sword of the law was suspended by a hair, and whom it threatened to strike every moment.

Thus situated, poor Marianne presented herself before those sanguinary judges by whose ferocity she had become a solitary, hopeless, destitute, and almost starving outcast of society. These barbarians had, after a sitting of three hours, just sentenced thirty individuals to be guillotined, and one hundred and eighty-two to be shot. They were going to dine *in peace* with their accomplices, tools, and prostitutes, when Marianne called out to them, "Citizens, for charity's sake accept of one victim more! You have already dispatched my grand-parents, my parents, my brothers, my

my sisters, and relatives. Of three generations of my family, I am the only survivor! What can I do alone in the world? I detest myself and the universe. Put a period to my wretchedness. For humanity's sake condemn me to death!" It was on her knees, and bathing theirs with her tears, that she thus addressed them. Courchand, one of the judges, and the most *humane* of these monsters, observed that she was too young for their tribunal. "Oh!" said she, "you have executed many much younger, why should you spare me? No, no, do not spare me, or only tell me by what act I can merit death, I shall perpetrate it instantly!" —"Well," answered the President Parein, ironically, "if you call out *Vive le roi*, your business shall be done at once, and you shall soon be dispatched." The hall immediately resounded with her voice, crying out, *Vive le roi! Vive le roi! Vive le roi!* "Carry her to the guillotine with the other rebels and fanatics," said Parein to the gens-d'armes."—"Oh, how happy you make me!" retorted Marianne. "God be praised! I shall no longer see or suffer from all these enormities." She flew towards the scaffold, embraced the executioner, and

and asked him earnestly to let her die first. "I am," said she, "the most miserable being on earth, and shall be the most happy in Heaven!" In half a minute her head was separated from her body, and she was a corpse.

Before she went to the tribunal, she had distributed among other distressed orphans every thing she had, even part of her wearing apparel, preserving only enough to cover herself decently. According to a whole-length portrait of her, exhibited at Lyons in 1796, she was rather tall and grown for her age, with blue eyes, a Roman nose, fair hair, and an elegant shape. Her face, if not flattered by the artist, was one of the most handsome of her sex, expressive of melancholy, but also of resignation.*

* See Les Annales du Terrorisme, pages 4 and 5; Le Voyageur Suisse, pages 12, 13, and 14; Le Recueil d'Anecdotes, page 185 et seq. In this latter work it is said that Marianne was descended from noble ancestors by her mother's side, but that her father was the son of a rich Flemish banker. Her father had retired from business before the revolution, and had an income of 100,000 livres, or 4000l. His wealth was his and his family's only crime.

"Alas,

"Alas, sweet maid, thou art gone! but it is to be numbered with angels, whose fair representative thou wast upon earth. Thy cup of bitterness was full, too full to hold, and it hath run over into eternity. There wilt thou find the gall of life converted into the sweets, the purest sweets, of immortal felicity."

FEMALE CLUBS.

THE clubs of female citizens, though from the beginning of the revolution, often spoken of France, did not really exist, until a regicide and atheistical republic had been proclaimed on the ruins of the altar and the throne. Then neither principles, fear, nor shame, any longer restrained a certain class of women within the bounds of duty, honour, or decency. If one husband complained, the revolutionary laws allowed them immediate divorce, and within six weeks they might marry a more patriotic and complaisant citizen. If parents made any representation (reprimands were out of the question) the same revolutionary laws had discharged them from all obedience, and broken the yoke of *parental despotism.* Scenes ridiculous, extravagant, and indecent, rather than dangerous or cruel, were the consequences.

In every city, large town, or village, of any population,

population, was established one or more clubs of female citizens, or, as they often were called, *female sansculottes*; mimicking the fraternal societies of the jacobin sansculottes. They had their presidents, secretaries, speakers, committees, and often their tribunes and galleries. They discussed motions, deliberated upon petitions, and framed decrees. They corresponded with other clubs, received addresses, made honourable mention, bestowed the honours of the sitting, and gave sisterly hugs or embraces. Their halls, or assembly-rooms, were generally decorated with the busts of Gracchus, Brutus, Ankerstroem, Marat, and Aspasia. Over the republican code of equality, over the rights of men and citizens, and over the catechism of a people who did not acknowledge the existence of a God, was suspended a cap of liberty, ornamented with a large national cockade. They had their propagators, their informers, their lists of proscribed and suspected persons. They inflicted penalties, demanded forced loans, ordered requisitions, and published their maximum. They celebrated revolutionary feasts, and invited to sisterly banquets. They subscribed to patriotic gifts for clothing the sansculottes, or distributed

distributed prizes to sansculottes for stripping aristocrats. They edited their journals, and posted up their proclamations. They judged and condemned culprits or offenders. Their summary *justice* consisted chiefly in inflicting corporal punishments or pecuniary fines. In flogging the culprits, they, as well as the National Convention, took upon themselves to be accusers, judges, and executioners, at the same time.*

Several extracts of their *procès verbales*, and accounts of their sittings, are preserved. They are curious and instructive documents of the manners, morality, and spirit, of those times of overthrow and confusion; and at a more remote period they will be considered as still more curious. Not to swell the volume without necessity, the account of only two of their sittings is here inserted. The one is that of a female club at Paris, and the other that of a similar club at Bourdeaux. The former of these cities contained no less than ten, and the latter three, female clubs.

The meeting of this female society at Paris was held in a vaulted hall, formerly a charnel-

* Les Annales du Terrorisme, préface, page 4.

house

house belonging to the church of Saint Eustace, near the corn-market. Facing the door of entrance sat the presidentess and the secretaries. There were two rows of benches on each side for the members of the society, about seventy in number. There were no tribunes, as in other female clubs; and the auditors and visitors were confined to the bottom of the hall, and separated from the members of the club by a wooden bar, breast high. Most of the women, and particularly the presidentess and the secretaries, wore red caps.

"Sitting of the female society met in the charnel-house of the church of Saint Eustace; presidency of the female citizen La Combe.

"After the reading of the procès-verbal and of the correspondence, the presidentess reminded them that the order of the day related to the utility of women in a republican government, and invited those sisters who had studied the subject to impart the information they had acquired to the society. Sister Monic* obtained leave to speak, and she read from a paper as follows:

* Monic at that time kept a little mercer's shop in the street du Rempart, and at present superintends a little wine-

"Since the time of the famous Deborah, who succeeded Moses and Joshua, to the two sisters Fries, who fought so violently in our republican armies, not a century has passed that has not produced a female warrior. Behold Thamyris, queen of the Scythians, who fought and vanquished the great Cyrus; the girl Marcella, who drove the Turks from Stalimene; Catherine Lisse, who saved the town of Amiens; the female De Barry, who defended Laucate against Henry III.; Joan of Arc, who made the English fly before her, and shamefully raise the siege of Orleans, the name of which city is added to her own.

"Without thinking it necessary to give you the names of all those courageous, warlike women, and which would only serve the more to expose the timidity of our sex, by contrasting it with distinguished examples of the valour of some of them, I will call to your minds

wine-house at the end of the Champs Elysées. She has served as a spy to the committee of general safety, and as directress of the females in the galleries, and in the pay of the jacobins. Her speech is not a feigned one: it was given to her by the deputy, Bazire, who mentioned it to me.—*The French Author.*

the

the masculine and warlike vigour of the colony of Amazons, whose existence female jealousy has caused to be doubted. I will tell you that danger did not frighten these new Romans from precipitating themselves into the midst of edged weapons, to stop the just vengeance of their former husbands. I will also mention to you the women of Aquila, who wove strings with their hair for the bows of their defenders. And lastly, I will call to your minds the female citizens of Lisle, who at this moment brave the rage of their besiegers, and laughing, smother the bombs that are thrown into the town. To what object do these examples tend, but to prove that women can train battalions, command armies, fight, and conquer, as well as men? If you want more examples, I can cite Panthea, Ingonda, Clotilda, Isabella, Margaret, &c. &c.

"But I will not stop here: I will say to the men who think themselves our masters, Who delivered Judea and Syria from the tyranny of Holofernes? Judith. To whom did Rome owe her liberty and her republic? To two women. Who was it that gave the last lesson of courage

to

to the Spartans? Their mothers and their wives; who, on delivering them their shields, said, 'Return under them or return upon them.'

"But why do I dive into the dust of history to seek for feats of female valour, and examples of women who have devoted themselves for their country, while we have them in our revolution and under our eyes? In 1789, at the siege of the palace of the parliament, the women exposed themselves to the brutality of the soldiers in the pay of the court to assail them with a shower of stones. At the siege of the Bastille, women, who were only acquainted with fire-works, exposed themselves to the fire of the cannon and musketry from the ramparts, to supply the besiegers with ammunition. It was a battalion of women, commanded by Reine Audu, who fetched, in October 1789, the despot from Versailles, and brought him in triumph to Paris, after having combated with the life-guards, and obliged them to lay down their arms. And, notwithstanding the modesty of our presidentess, I must mention that on the 10th of August, 1792, she marched boldly, at the head of

of a body of confederates, against the castle of the Thuilleries. She yet bears marks of that day.*

"If women are equal to the dangers of the field of battle, they are not less so to the labours of the cabinet. How many of them have governed with glory! I am only puzzled in my choice of examples. Theodelinda, queen of the Lombards, subdued Agilalpus, and extinguished the religious wars that ravaged her country. It is well known that Semiramis was a dove in the cabinet and an eagle in the field. Isabel of Spain reigned with great glory. It was a woman who patronised the discovery of the new world. In our days, Catherine of

* This is a fact: Mademoiselle La Combe, a pretty girl, abandoned herself up to all the excesses of the revolution. She quitted the theatre, went to Paris, became acquainted with the warmest patriots, and lived with one of them. On the 10th of August she appeared in an amazon dress, and demanded employment of Westerman. She was placed at the head of some men, and received a wound in the wrist. During the revolution, she was seen every where, in the assembly, at the jacobins, &c. She founded and directed the female society we are speaking of.—*The French Author.*

Russia

Russia accomplished that of which Peter had only formed the plan. But I will go still farther. I will maintain, that though men hold the reins of government, they are still set in motion and directed by woman. The examples to prove it are more numerous than the exceptions against it. Augustus proposed nothing to the Roman senate without having consulted Livia. But without diving into the histories of other countries, let us be satisfied with keeping to our own.

"The beautiful Terroniere governed Francis I. Henry II., Charles IX., and Henry III., ruled solely by the counsels of Catherine de Medicis. The handsome Gabrielle caused Henry IV. to commit many errors. Madame de Pompadour governed him who governed France. And lastly, the courtezan du Barry, who was a mere doll herself, made a puppet of Louis XV.

"I have thus proved, that in all times governments have been directed by women; from which it is to be concluded that they are worthy to govern: I had almost said, more worthy than men. Under the despotism of kings, we could not allow ourselves to make

these

these reflections, but under a republican government the case is altered. I shall draw no further consequences from what I have said than to demand that the society shall in its wisdom examine what rank women ought to hold in the republic, and whether they ought still to be excluded from all its places and administrations?'

"This speech, often interrupted, finished by being crowned with violent applauses. Nothing could appear more ridiculous than to hear passages from history delivered by a woman, who bolted out every word with an assurance difficult to be described. The clapping of hands was followed by a long murmur of voices, through which some words reached us, and some proposals, of which the last were more absurd than the first. One proposed to raise an army of thirty thousand women, and that the girls of the town should be obliged to join them; another, that women should be admitted into every part of the administration. At last, after half an hour's debate, it was resolved to present a petition to the Convention, praying that a decree might be issued to oblige all women to wear the national cockade.

"Olympia

" Olympia de Ganges, another member, then demanded leave to address the society, and spoke as follows:

" In admitting what sister Monic has just now told us, it appears to me that she has omitted some essential propositions, which I shall point out to you. It is not by the ascendancy of women that empires are governed; but it may be advanced, without any fear of being contradicted, that by them every spring is set in motion. Who is it that checks or inflames the courage of the warrior? Consider Omphale, Dalilah, Armida. If the Supreme Being created the soul of man, he left to woman the care of animating it. Observe the maiden, how she dictates to her submissive lover such laws as she pleases. According to her will he become either a hero or a coward, a virtuous man or a criminal. The isolated man is our slave: it is only where men are united in a mass that they lord it over us. The great fault committed by our sex is, that it submitted to this degrading custom, on which alone is founded the ascendancy of man. But let us take advantage of our difference of dress to obtain some distinction. This is my idea:

if

if there are to be no more processions, there will necessarily be some public fêtes. Let the direction and management of them be given to us. A beautiful woman, for example, commissioned to head a crowd of citizens, and to excite the young men to fly to the defence of their country, will say to one of them: 'Depart, and at your return the hand of your mistress shall be the reward of your achievements.' He who hesitates to fight the enemy will hear her pronounce these words: 'Stay at home if you will, pusillanimous wretch! but never expect to be united to your mistress: she has taken an oath to refuse the vows of one who is useless to his country.' The art that we possess of awakening the passions of men, will produce the salutary effect of animating the souls of them all. Nothing will resist our seductive tongue. The warrior will be happy to obtain his laurels from the hand of beauty; the young married couple will believe their bonds more firmly secured if they are formed by the hands of a woman. Let us demand to direct the feasts and the marriages, and to be alone entrusted with the education of youth. This is the more easy to be granted,

as the priests who (I know not why) enjoyed this privilege no longer exist. It is for us to supply their place, and to establish the religion of the true sans-culottes.' The last words occasioned violent laughter, but the discussion of these interesting subjects was deferred to another sitting."*

That the occupations and deliberations of the members of the Female Club at Bourdeaux were not less *patriotic*, incoherent, tumultuous, and inconsistent, the following precious piece evinces:

"Extract of the *procès-verbal* of the Club of Liberty and Equality of the Female Citizens, assembled at the *ci-devant* convent of the Capuchins at Bourdeaux.

"Ventose 2d, year ii. of the republic, one and indivisible, (February 24th, 1794.) Presidentess citizen Margaret Carnac, and Secretaries citizens Elizabeth Forain and Magdalene Brichard.

"After several addresses of congratulation and adherence had been read from the sisterly

* This sitting of the Female Club at Paris is extracted from a well-written work, published by Messrs. Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme, called "The Castle of the Thuilleries." It is a translation from the French.

societies

societies of Bayonne, Coignac, and Angoulême, of which honourable mention was ordered to be made in the *procès-verbal*, the presidentess announced that the order of the day was the motion of the female citizen Josephine Martin, adjourned from yesterday, 'Whether it would not be more advantageous for a commonwealth, and for the preservation of liberty and equality, to admit and decree COMMUNITY of property, COMMUNITY of women, and COMMUNITY of every other sort of enjoyments, as well as community of rights.' During the debate of yesterday, those who spoke against the motion were heard; to-day those who had inscribed their names in support of it were to ascend the tribune. The female citizen Adelaide Carreaux immediately presented herself, and began a long and very eloquent speech, of which the following are only the outlines:

"Sisters and friends. A great philosopher, J. J. Rousseau, has truly stated 'that the earth belonged to nobody, but its productions to every body.' He justly execrates that man who made the first inclosure, and said *This ground is mine.* He considers him as the pa-

rent tyrant and parent aristocrat of all other tyrants and aristocrats in the universe; and he brands him as the first conspirator against liberty and equality. Our short existence evidently proves that we have nothing here which can with propriety be called our own; and that the great mechanic of thousands of worlds has indirectly told us by it, that what appertains to nobody appertains to every body. This principle has been acknowledged by the first National Assembly in its confiscation of the possessions of the clergy, and by the second National Assembly in decreeing the seizure and sale of the property of the emigrants of every description. Those steps towards equality the National Convention has not only confirmed, improved, but extended, by its forced loans and extorted requisitions, to which all rich men and great proprietors are subject, and which finally must reduce them to a level with the non-proprietors and sans-culottes.

"The necessity and utility of a community of property thus established, I will now proceed to prove the numerous advantages resulting from a community of women. That it will to an astonishing degree increase the population

pulation no one can deny who sees before her eyes so many parents without offspring, and so many children weak, decrepid, and unhealthy, merely owing to their descending from the same father and mother; whilst the benefit of crossing and improving the breed of the human species is without contradiction proved by the example of, and experiments on, animals. Even in a moral point of view its usefulness cannot be doubted. It would speedily and eternally banish those disgusting diseases which attack mankind in its source, and produce generations of wretched beings. It would also cure all the several diseases of the mind, as numerous and destructive as those of the body; assailing us at the dawn of reason, and seldom leaving us till we sink into the grave. How many lovers die broken-hearted or in duels! how many husbands, how many wives, are consumed by the passion of jealousy, or by an unavailing desire of enjoyment! This being proved, a community of enjoyment must be the natural consequence of a community of property and of wives. No beggars will then any longer disgrace our streets, no criminals crowd our jails, and prostitutes will no more exist.

exist than mendicants, robbers, or assassins. Laws will then be unnecessary, and law-suits and tribunals things unknown. The most *ci-devant* elevated and proud aristocrat, if enervated, will then be treated as an inferior to the *ci-devant* lowest sans-culotte if vigorous. The golden age will then return; and citizens of both sexes descend from their fraternal and sisterly banquets to sleep without opposition, much less without molestation, in fraternal and sisterly beds. Children will then never be orphans, and parents never without children; old bachelors and old maids will then in some few years be regarded as those fabulous beings with which ancient authors have in their writings entertained their readers.

"This speech was received with the most unbounded applauses and unanimous approbation of all the members present. Some old matrons in the gallery, however, murmured, and asked 'What will then become of us? We too are women, and we too love men.' The presidentess instantly called them to order; and the female citizen Caroline Nicas mounted the tribune, and thus addressed the audience:

"Sisters and friends. After the patriotic speech

speech of sister Carreaux nothing remained to be said in favour of a motion so congenial both with the feelings of every member of this society, and with the opinions of every sensible being and true patriot. I should therefore not have troubled you, my sisters and friends, with any additional observations, had not some veteran sisters in the galleries manifested signs of disapprobation of what they misunderstood or did not comprehend. I shall not tell them what they already know, that they also have been young, and of course had their portion of the pleasures and enjoyments of youth: I will, however, inform them, that if the society in its wisdom petitions for, and the National Convention in its justice decrees, a community of wives, those unknown beauties or defects of our sex hitherto concealed will no longer continue the secrets of husbands or lovers, when every man is at full liberty to make domiciliary visits when and as often as he likes. Will not many antiquated ones of our sex, with alabaster skin, well-shaped and strong limbs, and firm flesh, be preferred to our young girls, whose gowns serve only to conceal ill-formed and deformed thighs, crooked legs, a body of a sallow

a sallow or yellow hue, soft and flabby as a half-worn mattress? But should the society, notwithstanding these and other strong arguments in favour of the original motion, pass to another order of the day, I will propose an amendment, to which I am sure no female can object, as it suits all ages: 'That a sisterly address be presented to our brothers of the National Convention, by them to be converted into a decree, commanding every citizen intending to enter the matrimonial state, to be provided not only with an act of civism, signed by the municipality, but with a certificate of capability, signed by the officer of health of the department.'—The original motion was, however, called for on all sides; fifty sisters spoke at the same time; and as the tumult did not cease, the presidentess covered herself, declared the sitting at an end, and an adjournment both of the original motion and of the amendment until the next day."*

* See Le Journal de la Garonne, le 6 Ventose, year ii, No. 196, page 5, 6, et 7. In the same journal is mentioned a deputation of servant-maids, who presented to another Female Club at Bourdeaux, assembled in the green-room of the theatre, a petition, in which they demanded

Such were chiefly the *important* subjects, to discuss which wives deserted their husbands, mothers their children, and daughters their parents. But this revolutionary mania fortunately extended only to the families and relatives of patriots and jacobins, to the lowest of the middle classes, and to the wives, daughters, and sisters, of petty shopkeepers, of mechanics, of journeymen, and of day-labourers.

Until the death of Robespierre the revolutionary government encouraged the formation of these Female Clubs. They kept up the spirit of anarchy and innovation, and by their novelty diverted the attention of a great number of persons from remarking or meditating on the atrocities daily perpetrated by republican tyrants. So strongly had they imbibed the custom of independence and of licentiousness, that it was found almost as difficult for the National Convention to disband the corps

manded a *law* against their masters and mistresses, who forced them to pay for any spoons or plate lost, or any china or glasses broken. The petitioners were admitted to the honours of the sitting, but the petition was referred to a committee.

of these patriotic sisters as to dissolve the gang of the jacobin banditti. The Female Clubs were, however, shut up in the same decade with those of the jacobins.

At Paris the sisters of these societies continued nevertheless to meet in groups in the Palais Royal, in other public gardens, and on the Boulevards. Whatever faction opposed or was inimical to the plans and views of the National Convention, was sure to find in them strenuous adherents and firm supporters, as they had then sworn eternal hatred to it. In the different insurrections against this assembly they always made a distinguished figure, and many of them perished. They held, however, their secret meetings until Buonaparte's cannons in October 1795 dispersed or destroyed them. It was the Corsican terrorist Brutus Napoleon Buonaparte, who, in the name of liberty and equality, immolated as pretended royalists these sisters and friends of liberty and equality.*

* See Les Annales du Terrorisme, preface, page 5.

MADAME DE GENLIS.

MOST if not all French female *savantes* of any talents or notoriety have figured in the annals of the French rebellion; they have more or less, in their writings or by their intrigues, shaken the fidelity of the loyal and the faith of the christian. With Madame Necker, Madame Stael, and Madame Roland, the heroine of this sketch has played no inconsiderable part upon the revolutionary stage of France. As early as in the spring of 1789 she was accused of having visited barracks and watch-houses, garrisons and encampments, for no other purpose than to preach the rights of man and the duty of insurrection, to seduce officers and men from the allegiance sworn to their sovereign, and to change obedience and discipline into licentiousness and mutiny. It was so much the more easy for her to effect these evil intentions, as her lover, the Duke of Orleans;

leans; her husband, the Marquis of Sillery; her pupil, the Duke de Chartres; and her son-in-law, General Valence; besides four other relatives, all possessed high military rank, or were colonels of regiments. Her sex, her birth, her situation in life, her abilities, and insinuating manners, were besides of no little use to her while prostituting and degrading herself in the livery of an emissary of the revolutionary propaganda.*

The family name of Madame de Genlis is Ducrest; and she is sister of the Marquis Ducrest, a chancellor of the late Duke of Orleans, to whom he gave her up for a mistress when still very young. An unexpected and premature pregnancy being the consequence of this connection, she married, before she was fifteen, Brulart Count de Genlis and Marquis de Sillery; the depraved companion, dangerous confidant, and immoral competitor, of this profligate prince. This marriage did not prevent her from continuing her adulterous career with her lover; until, being tired of her, he trans-

* See Le Faction d'Orleans Demasqué, &c. preface, page 10.

formed

formed his mistress into the governess of his children by an unfortunate but amiable wife.*

Distinguished from her entrance into the world by an agreeable person and pleasing accomplishments; formed for observing a society, of which she seized and exposed with genius and adroitness all the defects, ridiculous pretensions, and perfidious views; it had been desirable for her own reputation had she possessed philosophy or religion enough to resist the temptation of blending political with her literary laurels, and to think herself capable of *reforming* governments and *regenerating* subjects, as well as to direct a school or instruct pupils. But besides her own personal activity to effect a general revolution, she published most of the political pamphlets in favour of the Orleans faction; and in the name of the Duke himself the famous "*Cahiers à ses Commettans*," a sophistical and mischievous composition, which gave a wonderful impulse to the public mind, and served as a model to

* See Le Faction d'Orleans Demasqué, &c. preface, page 15.

most

most of those printed anterior to the meeting of the states-general.

In 1796, after her lover, her husband, her friends, and several of her relatives, had fallen the victims of a revolution of which they, with her, had been the apostles, and by which she herself was then proscribed, she printed at Hamburgh a short account of her conduct since that epoch. In this work she endeavours to vindicate her character against the accusations of truth, as well as the aspersions of ignorance and malevolence. How far she has succeeded, some extracts from her own publication will evince.*

"It would be unfair in me," says she, "to denominate all those intriguers who meddle with affairs of state, although they really be not in office. Zeal for the public good, or for *opportunities to serve friends*, can actuate as effectually as ambition or rapacity. I have known *virtuous* men and *amiable* women who had a

* Short Account of the Conduct of Madame de Genlis since the Revolution: Perth. Morrison and Son, Edinburgh; and Vernor and Hood, London. Page 6 et seq.

turn

turn for state affairs; and I approved of their following the bent of their genius, because they were stimulated by the most disinterested motives, and they had that character and those incentives which must ensure them success. A statesman, to conduct his business *properly*, must act with much *duplicity*, or at least flexibility. It is necessary he should be able not only to manage, but to gain to his interest all those that can be useful to him. He must have prudence; at least a *little dissimulation;* but above all, *a most astonishing quantity of physical activity.* I have *no* prudence, I cannot dissemble, nor can I bring myself to quit my chamber for a moment: and no person ever spoke to me a single quarter of an hour on business of any kind, who did not perceive that I listened without understanding him; that is to say, with the greatest absence of mind. I am subjected to many inconveniences from a propensity to trifle, so very ridiculous at my age; but *I have paid too much attention to the concerns of others,* to have had time to spare for reflection on myself. While I have been so industrious in the *correction* of the faults of my pupils, I have not had leisure to attend to my

my own. But these very faults should be my shelter from the strange aspersions under which I have laboured these five years.

"I *never* interested myself about politics. My aversion to every thing that had the smallest connection with them, and consequently my inability to act in *any* capacity, were so well known, that I was never *intrusted* by my most intimate friends with their business of that kind. I *knew* their *sentiments*, and the *secrets* of their *bosoms;* but I had only a confused and vague idea of their fortunes and ambitious prospects. Together with this disinclination for active life, I cherished a natural fondness for solitude. Sedentary and peaceable, I had always an implacable aversion to any thing that could tend to disturb that tranquillity of mind so necessary to those who are devoted to literary pursuits. With such principles I *would* have wished for a revolution in the government, had I judged it necessary to the happiness of the nation; but I dreaded the commotions which must necessarily attend it. On the convocation of the States General, foreseeing that the *disposition of the court*, the disorder of the finances, and the general discontent

that

that prevailed, would be productive of much disorder, I was anxious to withdraw from the scene of action; and for this purpose, publicly declared that I intended to carry my pupils to Nice. Their relatives consented, and it was determined we should set out for Nice in September. I had, however, reason to repent that I had announced my determination; for it was censured so much in the public prints, *as a step that would weaken what little interest the house of Orleans yet possessed*, that I gave up all thoughts of it, at least for the time. As I had educated the young princes without any pecuniary reward, or receiving any appointment on that account, and had been in possession of a considerable hereditary fortune for two years, *I might have been perfectly independant had I wished it*; but I loved the children as if they had been my own. I could not prevail on myself to quit them: the eldest had yet two years to spend with me. To have left him at this period, would have been at once to sacrifice his education, and the work of so many years. I remained. It was really a sacrifice, but I have made greater since.

"However,

boudoir, were equally under her superintendance. She ingenuously avows that she wrote his letter to the National Assembly, in which he declined the regency: but she dares, notwithstanding, to disclaim all confidence, all information of the plans and the plots of a lover, a friend, and a protector, who trusted to her care the education of his offspring; of those who, if he succeeded, were to profit by his crimes, and if he miscarried, were sure to suffer as the victims of his vile treachery and unnatural ambition.

Who was it that deprived an unfortunate mother, the Duchess of Orleans, of her sole consolation, of the company of a beloved daughter? Madame de Genlis. Who was it that carried the young Duke of Chartres to fraternize with the rabble at the jacobin club? General Valence, by the advice of his mother-in-law Madame de Genlis. Who was it that engaged this young prince to fight the battles of rebels, under the command of General Dumourier? Madame de Genlis, and her son-in-law General Valence. Who persuaded him to remain under the colours of rebellion after the throne had been overturned and the best of kings murdered? Madame de Genlis. Who induced

induced and misguided Philip Egalité to vote for the death of his relation and prince; to become a regicide as well as a rebel? Madame de Genlis. Who afterwards, even in exile, continued the course of her anti-social intrigues; who enticed the unfortunate husband of Pamela Fitzgerald to enter into a conspiracy which has occasioned so many severe but just punishments, and such accumulated misery? Madame de Genlis and General Valence. Who, during the Irish rebellion, were the intermediate correspondents between republican France and disloyal Ireland? Madame de Genlis and General Valence. Thus much for the political and moral innocence of Madame de Genlis.

But even the repeated contradictions in her pretended justification, are sufficient to convince every impartial person of her revolutionary culpability. These furnish her friends with no new means of defence, but her enemies find in them arms and arguments to combat her victoriously. The hope of gaining the directorial favour misleads her judgment and almost blinds her, so as to surrender to her foes nearly at discretion.

Her declaration of ignorance of the motives that

that occasioned the departure of the Duke of Orleans for England, in October 1789, is equally ridiculous and absurd. They were published in most of the French loyal papers some days before he set out, and could not be unknown to her any more than to every other person who could read. The miscarriage of his conspiracy on the 5th and 6th of October, rendered it necessary that he should make a vigorous effort to raise himself by the debasement of the king, or relinquish all the projects he had so long entertained.

The royal family had since their arrival at Paris, performed an act of honourable charity at the express request of the queen, which promised to efface every impression made to her disadvantage, and put her in possession of the full love and esteem of the nation. This was a voluntary donation from the privy purse of money sufficient to redeem from the hands of pawnbrokers all body-linen and necessary wearing-apparel, pledged for any sum not exceeding a louis-d'or. To counteract the favourable impressions thus excited, the usual means were resorted to. The report of the king having intended to fly to Metz and levy war against

against the National Assembly, the *orgies* of the *gardes du corps*, and all the scandals which owed their origin in the malignant spirit of Madame de Genlis and the other inhabitants of the Palais Royal, were renewed and circulated with increased diligence. The plenty which had suddenly gladdened the capital at the king's arrival, as suddenly disappeared. New clamours were every where excited; and St. Huruge, and the other garden orators of the Palais Royal in the pay of the Orleans faction, were indefatigable in their efforts to excite sedition. The bakers' shops were besieged all night and every morning by a clamorous and starving multitude, and many experienced a total want of the first necessary of life. The meeting of the National Assembly at Paris was, with an impolitic precipitation, fixed for the 19th, though no building was ready for their reception, and they were finally obliged to meet in the cathedral. Houses were marked with red, black, and white chalk; denoting respectively an intended murder, pillage, or burning. These were particularly applied to the dwellings of the members of the Committee of Subsistence,

Subsistence, the principal officers of the National Guard, and the Farmers-General.

All these indications of a projected insurrection could not escape the attention of La Fayette and Bailly, the commander and mayor of Paris, whom the late dreadful catastrophe at Versailles had rendered more circumspect. They exerted themselves with uncommon vigour to cause a proper supply and regular distribution of bread; and La Fayette in particular obtained full proofs of the conspiracies and insidious manœuvres of the Duke of Orleans and his associates. Thus furnished, he repaired to the Thuilleries, and entered into consultation with the king, who on this occasion displayed his usual good-sense and moderation. Had the love of vengeance possessed a place in his breast, he could now have indulged it with perfect security: but he considered the general good of his subjects; and finding by the papers laid before him by the general, that Orleans alone could open the warehouses where grain was deposited, he resolved on the more moderate and prudent measures which were afterwards adopted. Montmorin,

morin, the minister, requested the duke to call at his house at an early hour in the morning. The duke was prepared for the subject of the conversation, by an intimation purposely given *by Madame de Genlis's friend,* the Duchess de Coigni, and attended at six o'clock. He answered the accusation brought against him by the minister with the readiness of a man resolved to make no confession injurious to himself, and with the haughty spirit of an innocent prince unjustly accused. He continued in this strain till La Fayette burst from a closet, where he was concealed, and laying open all his treacheries, asked what he had to offer against the proofs deposited in the hands of the king? The duke, conscious that he had merited peculiar severity from the general, attempted to stammer out some incoherent account, but succeeded so ill, that La Fayette, giving way to indignation, attempted to strike him, but missed his aim, by the duke retreating, and fainting away in an arm-chair. When he came to himself, he was directed to wait on the king, and to obey his orders, as he valued his life. His majesty, after some mild though pointed observations on his conduct, voluntarily forgave him; but exacted a solemn promise

mise that he should without delay repair to England, and from thence issue orders for an immediate supply of corn for his country.

When Orleans communicated these events to his associates (of whom Madame de Genlis and her husband were the principal), together with his resolution to adhere to his promise, they were thunderstruck. They attempted to shake his determination by every suggestion and every argument in their power, but in vain. His passports were expedited, and *his permission to depart obtained from the national assembly*; although Mirabeau observed that a mission of so secret a nature resembled a *lettre de cachet*, and made pointed allusions to the imperious deportment of La Fayette. It was impossible that an act so public, and so publicly talked of, could remain unknown to Madame de Genlis alone; to her, the bosom-friend of the duke, residing with him in his palace.*

That Madame de Genlis wished to quit France is probable, but this wish was not expressed until she began to dread personally the effect of the anarchy and tyranny of the sove-

* See La Conspiration d'Orleans, by Montjoye; and La Faction d'Orleans demasquée.

reign

reign people; a sovereignty to which she was among the first to bow, after encouraging its claims, and defending its rights. Her plans first to reside at Nice, and then to go over to England, were among those many schemes of an active, restless, and agitated mind, as easily relinquished as they were quickly or rashly conceived.

"M. D'Orleans," continues Madame de Genlis, "remained almost a year in England. (He was there not quite nine months.) Some months after his return, I publicly resigned my office of governess to his children, and immediately set out on the tour of Auvergne and Franche Comté, the only provinces in France I had not seen. I experienced the most poignant grief on leaving children who were so dear and so *sincerely* attached to me. I needed something to occupy my attention, and I endeavoured to find it in this pleasant journey. When I had arrived in the centre of Auvergne, I received letters informing me that Mademoiselle d'Orleans was dangerously ill, and that she intreated me in the most pressing manner to return. *I returned.* The state in which I found her *determined me* to resume my situation; but

upon the express stipulation that we should leave Paris and France, and proceed to England. We set out openly in October 1791, with a passport in the proper form, which did not restrict our journey to any specified time."*

It was at the urgent request of the virtuous Duchess of Orleans to the duke, that Madame de Genlis was obliged to resign her place of governess to a young princess, of whose affection she had endeavoured to rob her mother; and it was in consequence of the intrigues of her husband, the Marquis de Sillery, who took advantage of some discontent of the duke with his consort, to procure her return. And what was the occupation of this philosophical and antipolitical lady during her journey to Auvergne and Franche Comté? Did she not every where fraternize with jacobins, encourage rebellion, receive and return the compliments of the deputations from clubs, or from soldiers transformed into pretended patriots?†

"But," says Madame de Genlis, "before I proceed with my narrative, I must go back a little. I have related the manner I conducted

* Madame de Genlis's Account, page 12.

† La Faction d'Orleans demasquée, page 31.

myself

myself as to M. d'Orleans, and have given an account of my conduct, but it is necessary I should take notice of some *other connections* with which I am reproached. I sincerly *rejoiced* at the revolution, especially during the first eighteen months; and while I lamented *some* excesses that even then sullied the *triumph* of the *people*, I thought the new constitution, with all its imperfections, would prove an inestimable *blessing*, as it had overturned a system of the most infamous *tyranny* and *abuse*: and indeed had the court been *faithful* to their word, had the first emigrants acted like reasonable (that is, treasonable) beings, I think we might yet have had but one revolution, which would have proved the happiness of France. Notwithstanding my sentiments on this head, I most earnestly wished to preserve some friends whose principles were very different; but their intolerant spirit inspired them with a hatred to me, which I on *no occasion* returned: they broke with me, they became my enemies.*

"About the beginning of the year 1790, an

* Madame de Genlis's Account, pages 13 and 14.

acquaintance

acquaintance mentioned to me, in terms of the highest commendation, a young deputy from the centre of the southern provinces; he told me that he was passionately fond of my writings, and was very anxious to become acquainted with me. I imagined, that as he approved of my works, he *must* be a man of *good morals*, and one that *respected* religion. What still more confirmed me in this opinion was, that I heard he was a man of letters, and author of two works that had stood in competition for the prize offered by the literary academy of Toulouse. Although the two works, printed in his name, had been published, they had as yet made very little noise in Paris. The author sent me them; the one called L'Eloge de Louis XII. *Pere du Peuple, et Roi de France.* To this *panegyric* was added an eulogium of monarchical government, and the *love* of the French for their kings. The other contained eulogiums on the late M. Le Franc, and on religion; and good materials for, but an ill-written lampoon on modern philosophy. These tracts were ill-written; the author's style is not *yet* elegant: but they contain some wit, judgment, and traits of ingenuity; and they convey sound

sound morality. I consented at last to see this deputy. It was the execrable Barrere. This curious anecdote would have sent the monster to the scaffold, had I related it during the reign of Robespierre; but my silence, and the profound oblivion into which the eulogies had fallen, suffered the author to escape with impunity, although he had been guilty of the *enormous crime* of having signalized the first productions of his pen by these humane and religious sentiments, to which they were indebted for the little they ranked above mediocrity. It was thus that I became acquainted with that villain; who added to an unblemished reputation the most insinuating manners, *agreeable exterior,* and a behaviour at once noble, gentle, and reserved. It was this man whom I saw just arrived from the country with an appearance and manners that would have done him credit on the great theatre of the world, or at court. His conversation was never instructive; but it was always agreeable, and often interesting. He discovered a great deal of *sensibility,* was passionately fond of arts, sciences, and a rural life. These *soft* and *tender* sentiments, blended with a most *satirical* species

species of wit, rendered him at once an *interesting* companion, and a truly original character. This was what I thought him then, and I have not the least doubt he was *really* what he appeared to be. It is his cowardice that has made him sanguinary; as for *any other connection* I had with him (and thus is it with all the others, my acquaintance with whom commenced since the revolution), I shall only say, I was never on *terms* of *intimacy* with him. I saw him but once a week, that was on the Sunday when I went abroad. I never wrote to him in my life but once, and then it was only to beg he would send me some account of the shepherds of the Pyrenees. He answered me in a letter of three pages on that subject only; and he has written to me but once since, concerning my stay in England, begging I would return. He uses the following expressions in that letter, which I have still in my possession; 'That he well knew the terrible scenes that were passing at Paris would give a rude shock to a person of my *sensibility*: he did not therefore propose that I should return to Paris, but he *offered me his house* in the Pyrenees for an asylum; where, till the commotions

tions were at an end, I might repose in peace amongst those shepherds, whose manners and patriarchal virtues I had so beautifully described,' &c. The rest of the letter consisted only of words of course; it was dated the 1st of October 1792. I made him no answer, and have never corresponded with him since.

"My connection with Petion was of the same kind: I confess I *really esteemed* him until that terrible period—the death of the king; although I saw him still seldomer *than the other deputies* who visited me, because he was so much occupied with business. I never wrote to him but once, and that was on the following occasion. When I set out for England with Mademoiselle d'Orleans and the other two children whom I had educated with her, I dreaded lest our departure should prove *disagreeable* to the people of the provinces through which we had to pass; and I had nobody with me who could *address* the people and municipality if they should stop us. I communicated my fear to Petion, who offered to escort me to London. He was then at the highest pitch of his popularity. I was sure that his presence could extricate us without any

trouble from the greatest dilemmas; I therefore *gladly* accepted his offer. They were busied at Paris at the time with the election of a new mayor, and it was well known that Petion would be unanimously chosen; he frankly confessed to me he did not doubt it, but that he was very glad of an excuse to leave Paris at that juncture, lest he should be accused of *intrigue*. He added, that he would leave it with no manner of reluctance, as he was determined to refuse the situation. As I knew there was a mixture of irresolution, lukewarm friendship, and a certain easiness of manner bordering at times on weakness, in his character, I told him I thought he would be so urged, that in the end he would accept the office. He answered in these very words: 'There are some things they can make me do; but if I accept it, I am willing you should consider me for ever *as the most contemptible of mankind.*' He repeated this to me twenty times on our journey. When I afterwards understood that he had accepted of the mayoralty, I despised his character; but still considered him as a man possessed of an *honest* and *upright* mind, and the most *virtuous* principles. We arrived at Calais without

without any accident. Petion escorted me to London and left me there, while we were changing horses. I bade him adieu without coming out of the carriage; as I did not stop in London, but he remained a week there, and then returned to Paris. We never corresponded, for my engagements have been so unremitting, that I have never been a regular correspondent. The indispensable duties of mother and instructress have alone had the effect of making me write letters with attention and punctuality.

"In the beginning of October 1792, while I was at Bury, in Suffolk, I saw *from the French papers* that a powerful and ferocious party were endeavouring by sinister means to bring the king to trial. I doubted not that Petion still maintained his popularity, and I trusted he would oppose the infernal schemes to the utmost of his power; I confided less in his ability than his dexterity. Some ideas occurred to me, which I considered as important, and the urgent calls of justice and humanity determined me to communicate them to him. I wrote to him then (for the first time) a letter of six pages, on the subject of the trials of the king and queen, which all the public

public papers announced. I proved to him, that, independent of humanity, even policy required not only justice but generosity from the French on this occasion. I cited to him the example of the Romans; who, in abolishing royalty, neither massacred the Tarquins, confiscated their property, nor deprived them of their liberty. I pointed out to him all the advantages which must accrue from an equitable, *noble*, and generous conduct; and the great inconveniences which would result from an opposite behaviour. When I had written this letter, as I could not venture to send it by the ordinary post, and had no other opportunity of conveying it to him, I determined to send it to Messrs. Fox and Sheridan; being certain they would approve of the sentiments it contained, and as they were at London, they might have a proper opportunity of sending it to Paris. I scarcely knew these gentlemen so justly celebrated for their genius, their talents, and their virtues. I had seen neither of them before, but once in my life; when, confiding in the character I had heard of them, I had troubled them with some personal concerns, which I shall afterwards mention, on which

occasion

occasion they had answered me with their usual attention. I therefore did not hesitate to trouble them with a charge of my letter for Petion; and as I sent it open to them, I begged they would read it, and forward it if it met with their approbation. Mr. Fox answered me by return of post. He wrote to me in French, *Qu'il etoit enchanté de mon excellente lettre;* these were his words, and that I might depend upon Petion's receiving it without loss of time. From Petion, however, I received no answer; but I soon afterwards saw my letter in the newspaper, *Le Patriote Francois.* Some sentences were suppressed. It was not in the form of a letter, neither my own name nor Petion's occurred; but a pretended anonymous correspondent gave all the rest of my letter exactly as I had written it, pretending he had heard these arguments used at London, *by a true friend of liberty.* Before I sent this letter to Mr. Fox, I shewed it to several persons, who recollected it perfectly in the *Patriote Francois,* and knew well it was my letter which I sent to Paris, and which procured me the hatred of Marat's and Robespierre's parties. It is evident from this fact, which is incontrovertible,

vertible, as I have living evidence (Mr. Fox), that I thought then, as I have ever done and still do; and it likewise discovers the sentiments and pusillanimity of Petion. He wished to save the king, but dared not say so; he had not spirit enough to say what parts of my letter he approved, but he caused them to be anonymously printed.

"Such are the connections I have had with Petion, and I shall add a list of the names of the others with whom I was acquainted. I often saw M. de Beauharnois; but I had known him, as well as Mattheu de Montmorency and Mr. de Girardin, before the revolution. Some very distinguished literary characters, authors of useful and valuable works, visited me, though but seldom. I sometimes saw Messrs. De Volney, Grouvelle, and Millin; and lastly, I had acquaintance with several artists, among whom was David. My conduct needs no justification in having been acquainted with him, although he has acted so villainous a part since. He then had the reputation of being the best painter in Europe. He was not among the *deputies*, and I had known him six or seven years. We happened, however, to have a misunderstanding

understanding near a year before I left France, on which we quarrelled, and our acquaintance ceased. Such have been all my connections since the revolution: I have had none besides, although it was said in several libels (Gauthier's and others) that *an intimacy of the tenderest kind* subsisted between the Abbé Sieyes and me. I affirm, that so far from having had the least correspondence with him, I do not so much as know him by sight. I am likewise accused of being *privately* acquainted with Messrs. Lameth and Mirabeau. With Messrs. Lameth I am in the same situation as with the Abbé Sieyes; I never spoke to either of them in my life. I shall treat this as a falsehood, and not surely as an accusation; but because I associated with men who, from their abilities and employments, have acted leading parts in the revolution, they would insinuate *that I am an intermedler* with *politics*, and that I have passed *my life in intrigue*. As for Mirabeau, although I paid his extraordinary abilities that tribute of admiration which every impartial mind must bestow, I never allowed him to visit me. I met him twice at the same house, and he really appeared to me

to

to be as amiable as eloquent. We conversed on literary subjects. He wrote to me once, begging me to accept and approve of a letter on the plan of a discourse he was to deliver on adoption. I told him frankly, that he must excuse me, as a connection between us would furnish matter for a thousand calumnies. Since that time I have neither seen him nor *heard him mentioned*.

"I have now only to give an account of my public actions. I have already said my manner of life had always been the same. My attention was *wholly* devoted to my pupils, from my hour of rising till half-past eight in the evening; I then spent an hour and a half among my friends (that is to say, *three* or *four* persons); this was succeeded by my literary labours, which often employed me till two or three o'clock in the morning; and during the winter dining every Sunday with some of those persons whom I have named, constituted my whole employment. I have indeed been at the National Assembly, but I am sure there is nobody in Paris who has been there so seldom as myself. *I have been* TWICE *at the Jacobin Clubs*. They certainly were not then

then what they are now; but even then I thought their orators such bad speakers, and their principles so extravagant and dangerous, that I never went again. I was once impelled *by curiosity* to visit one of the public clubs of the *Societé Fraternelle*. It was a scene at once original, frightful, and ridiculous; the women spoke without mounting the tribune, and would frequently make long speeches without quitting their places, for the purpose, they said, of *recalling* them to the true *principles*. Their manner of talking was laughable, but the subject of their discourses was terrible. It has been said, I carried Mademoiselle d'Orleans to this club. It is false. I never had her even to the Jacobins."*

Of the manner of her acquaintance with Brissot, Madame de Genlis writes thus: "About three or four years before the revolution Brissot, who conducted one of the journals, was put into the Bastille. I had never heard of him; I was even ignorant that he was the author of five or six large volumes, very little known at that time, and which I think but poorly written now that I have read them. He

* Madame de Genlis's Conduct, page 15 et seq.

then called himself M. de Varville. He wrote to me from the Bastille; his letter and misfortunes interested me, and I persuaded M. d'Orleans, then only Duke de Chartres, to take some steps in favour of the unhappy man. M. d'Orleans shewed much zeal and activity in the affair, and in five days Brissot was at liberty. He waited on me to thank me; and some days afterwards another letter apprized me of his being in love with Mademoiselle Dupont, a waiting-woman of Mademoiselle d'Orleans. I loved the young woman, and represented to her the folly of marrying a man without either abilities (for such I thought him) or fortune; my advice, however, had no effect; and I yielded, at the earnest entreaty of Mademoiselle Dupont, to write to her mother, who lived at Boulogne, to obtain her consent to the marriage of her daughter; and I promised to use my interest to procure a place for M. De Varville. The consent was granted, they were married immediately, and Madame De Varville left Bellechasse, and set out for England with her husband, where they remained till the Duke de Chartres, by the death of the prince his father, became Duke of Orleans.

leans. I then procured a place of a thousand crowns a year, and a dwelling at the Chancery of Orleans, for M. De Varville. He and his wife waited on me to thank me for a situation which had exceeded their most sanguine expectations; but this visit was his last. Brissot, notwithstanding his sentiments concerning the perfect equality which should reign among men, was not perhaps disposed to bring back his wife to a house where she had been waiting-woman, and had eaten at the same table with the domestics who were still there. He has been so astonishingly ungrateful, that from that time he has not only taken no interest in my concerns, but never given me the slightest proof that he remembers me at all. Nor do I blame Madame Brissot; that amiable woman is as interesting for her virtues and character as she is for her misfortunes." *

A continental writer † observes on this part of Madame De Genlis's justification, that "her journey to England in October 1791, accompanied by her pupils and with her *patriotic*

* Madame Genlis's Account, pages 25, 26, and 27.

† See Le Voyageur Suisse, pages 446 and 447.

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lover Petion, had for a motive the twofold object of gratifying her inclination, and discovering what alteration the French revolutionary innovations had made on the loyal, moral, and religious spirit of Englishmen. Intrigue, not to call it by a worse name, was even in the British isle her principal view, her chief occupation. What otherwise could induce her to forget herself so far as to expose her pupil, the young Princess of Orleans, to insult at a British theatre, by calling out for *Ca ira* and other revolutionary and cannibal airs? What could otherwise engage her to visit, in preference, persons discontented or in opposition to government? What could else persuade her to leave England and go back to France at a period when every honest person there was proscribed, and every good and loyal subject imprisoned or butchered? She says that her name was on the list of emigrants! A real emigrant then and at subsequent periods only entered France, if known, to expire on the scaffold. She resided in that degraded country for months in the midst of those her *friends* and *associates* who had placed her name upon the pretended list of emigrants, and she is still

still alive! What better evidence can be produced both of her culpability and duplicity? Who can doubt that she was of that class of emigrants called *Talleyrandists;* who, to mask their confederacy with rebels in France, presented themselves in other states as their victims?

" Madame de Genlis is artful as well as imprudent, able as well as unskilful, in the defence of her revolutionary life. She acknowledges her connection, her *fraternity,* with a Barrere, the confidential counsellor of Robespierre; with a Grouvelle, who, subsisting by the bounty of a Bourbon, the Prince of Condé, read the sentence of death of another Bourbon, his King, Louis XVI.; with a Petion, with a Brissot, the cowardly chief conspirators against their legitimate prince, their constitutional sovereign; and with a David, the most ungrateful, unfeeling, and cruel, of men and regicides. She avows her acquaintance, her association, her journeys, with those and other highly corrupt and culpable characters. She says that she has been at the Jacobin Club, in the *sisterly societies* of prostitutes turned revolutionary politicians; and she has notwithstanding

standing the audacity to declare her innocence; to deny her participation in the machinations of persons of her familiar society; persons with whom she deliberated, plotted, ate, and SLEPT. Yes, like the mistress of J. J. Rousseau, Madame Warrens, she thought to attach to her more firmly those whose revolutionary principles she approved, or whose revolutionary achievements she admired, by sharing with them her superannuated embraces.

"But the most surprising of all in a woman of her judgment and capacity, of her cunning and adroitness, is her *ingenuity* to publish the particulars of her own intrigues, in protesting against all knowledge of, and all interference in, the dangerous schemes, all the preposterous plans, and all the anti-social innovations, of the principal intriguers her *friends*. Even when in England, she could not forbear intruding her opinion on her friend Petion, and employing two British patriots as the intermediate channel of her communications with the patriots of her own country.

"Suppose her *friend* David had with his able pencil, to which he is indebted for his life, represented her sitting in her study, saloon, or *cabinet*,

cabinet, surrounded with the late Duke of Orleans, with Barrere, with Brissot, with Grouvelle, with Petion, with General Valence, &c. reading her remarks on the orators of the Jacobin Club, or Fraternal Society, or composing some patriotic speeches or letters for her patron, Egalité; and such a picture drawn from life had reached posterity, without mentioning the name of the female personage grouped with so many traitors: could they hesitate to declare that THIS WOMAN (whoever she was) MUST HAVE BEEN AN ACCOMPLICE?"

Concerning her stay in England, Madame de Genlis writes thus:* "As I have already mentioned, I left Paris in October 1791, with Madamoiselle D'Orleans, and two others of my pupils. We were at Bath three months, as the waters had been ordered to Mademoiselle D'Orleans. We had only passed through London, and we lived here in the greatest retirement; for we only saw the physician Doctor Fothergill, and Lady Londonderry. When we left Bath, we went to Bury in Suffolk, a handsome little town, celebrated for the salu-

* Madame de Genlis's Account, page 27 et seq.

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brity of its situation; where we resided nine months, and never even made a trip to London, living perfectly retired, and cultivating no acquaintance but with persons who were unconnected with politics and intrigues, by their situations, characters, and inclinations: such as Mr. Howard, Sir Charles Bunbury, Lady Gage and her family. It was from Bury that we travelled through the different English counties. All the summer of 1792 was dedicated to these journeys. We returned from Derbyshire to Bury in the beginning of September 1792, when I found a letter waiting for me from M. D'Orleans, dated on the fatal and remarkable 3rd of September (the day of the massacre of the prisoners). His letter informed me of this infamous massacre, and at the same time enjoined us positively to return immediately. I answered him on receipt of this, that nothing could induce me to return to France at that period; and that I was surprised how a *tender* father (for such he certainly was) would recal his daughter at such a critical juncture. He answered me with renewed intreaties, and I replied with renewed remonstrances. Whilst this correspondence continued,

continued, which was three weeks or a month, I experienced at Bury vexations, disquietudes, and persecutions of every kind. The emigrants, a great number of whom came to Bury, were so implacable in their resentments against France, and those who approved of the revolution, that, irritated by misfortune, they *unjustly* endeavoured to persuade people that those who had *applauded* the downfall of *tyranny* approved of the excesses committed in consequence of the revolution, and the massacre of September. I was deluged with anonymous letters, which were at length so filled with menaces, and were dictated by a fury so envenomed and extravagant, that I became seriously alarmed. My apprehension was at its height in consequence of certain advice that I received about this time. However, the intrigues of wickedness and hatred could not provoke the people to insult us. Their attempts for this totally failed, for we were known and universally esteemed at Bury; and we received from the inhabitants during our residence there the most sensible testimonies of their friendship.

"I found myself, however, in the most em-

barrassed situation. Mr. Howard and Sir Charles Bunbury, the only persons whom I could consult, were both from home. It was then I wrote to Messrs. Fox and Sheridan, whom I had never seen but once, related to them my embarrassments and my fears, and asked their advice. They answered me in a manner that fully justified the confidence I had placed in them. Mr. Sheridan had even the goodness to come personally to Bury. He remained only two or three hours, which was all the time necessary to give me what advice he thought might be useful to me. Eight days after this interview Mr. Howard returned: his active and generous friendship was of the greatest use to us. New villainies had awakened all my fears, and I determined to go to London, and there await the final resolution of M. d'Orleans. As I had several reasons to fear traversing the *desert plains* of Newmarket *without escort*, Mr. Howard took some necessary precautions, and had even the goodness to attend us part of the way.

"When I arrived in London, which was about the middle of October 1792, I visited Mr. Sheridan with the greatest anxiety (Mr. Fox

Fox was out of town), and consulted him with that confidence with which his communicative character, and the remembrance of the obligations I owed him, inspired me. I intrusted him with my subjects of complaint against M. d'Orleans; I confessed that I had *quarrelled* with him; and as he had associated with Marat's party, I determined *never to return to France*. At the same time I was sensible that I had no right to keep Mademoiselle d'Orleans in England after her father had ordered her back. I did not, however, think it my duty to comply with his orders in other respects. If then he still persisted in his determination he must send for her, as I would accompany her no farther than Dover. *If I returned to France*, I was resolved to give in my final resignation, which I should be much better pleased to do on the sea-shore than at Paris. And, finally, I added, that Mademoiselle d'Orleans, from her age and the *reputation* of her father in the persecuting party, (I then believed that his credit among them was all-powerful), ran no risk; but as they *knew* the detestation in which I held the principles of Marat, I should incur the utmost danger of my life.

Mr. Sheridan thought my fears were ill-founded. He approved of my resolution to give in my resignation; but he thought I ought myself to deliver the child into the hands of the father who had intrusted me with her; and that any other part I could act would be unworthy of me. His opinion decided the question with me. I suggested no other objections to it; and I immediately determined to set off in two days.

"Calumnies followed me even to London, and I experienced every kind of hardship during the eight days I spent there; but I shall only mention what was publicly known at the time. A hawker every evening went about selling a paper containing the news of the day; but the names of those persons who were mentioned in it were never inserted at length. One evening I heard him several times pronounce very distinctly M. de Calonne's name and mine. I sent for the paper. It contained an article concerning me, which was as false as it was particular. It alleged that M. de Calonne was preparing to set off; that he and I had many private conferences together; and among others, that he had passed the whole preceding night with me.

I easily

I easily knew that this lie had been printed in order to render me suspected in France, whither it was known I was immediately about to return. Mr. Sheridan the next day inserted in the same paper a refutation of so scandalous a falsehood, as I had not only never had any connection with M. de Calonne, but did not so much as know him by sight.

" At length we left London for France on the 20th of October, 1792: a circumstance so extraordinary happened to us on our departure, that I must not pass it over in silence, but shall relate the fact without endeavouring to explain it, or to make those reflections which will naturally arise in the mind of every impartial reader. We set out at ten o'clock in the morning in two carriages: the one with six horses, and the other, in which were our female servants, with four. I had two months before sent back four of our men-servants, so that we had only one Frenchman with us, and a servant we had hired to attend us to Dover. We were not more than a mile from London when the French servant, though he had only once travelled that road, thought we were out of our way.

way. When he mentioned this to me, I was of the same opinion. We questioned the postilions. They told us they had left the great road to avoid a little hill, but they said they would return to it again immediately. After three-quarters of an hour, seeing that we were still travelling through a country I knew nothing of, I again questioned the hired lacquey and the postilion; but they continued to assure us that we should soon reach the usual road. We however pursued this unknown road at an amazing rate; and I began to remark that they answered my questions very shortly, and seemed apprehensive lest they should be stopped.

"We began to look at each other with astonishment and considerable apprehension. We renewed our questions; and they at length confessed that they had mistaken the road, but had wished to conceal the circumstance from us, as they recollected a road which led to Dartford, and that, as we had been an hour and a half on the road, we could not be more than two miles from that place. It appeared strange to us that they should mistake the road from

from London to Dover: but the persuasion that they were not more than two miles from Dartford dissipated our fears.

"Nearly another hour having elapsed, and without any appearance of a town, our fears increased so far as to border on terror. I had much difficulty to stop them at a village we came to on our left hand, for they attempted to push forward notwithstanding my cries. However, the French servant, for the other remained inactive, compelled them to stop. I then inquired in the village how far we were from Dartford? Judge my astonishment when we were told that it was twenty-two miles distant. I concealed my suspicions, took a guide in the village, and declared that I would return to London, since we were farther from Dartford than from that city. The postilions opposed my resolution very warmly, and were exceedingly insolent. However our French servant, assisted by the guide, obliged them to obey; but from the backwardness of the postilions, and fatigue of the horses, it was night before we arrived.

"I instantly waited on Mr. Sheridan, who was very much surprised to see me. I related

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our adventure to him, and he agreed with me in thinking it could not be the effect of accident. He *sent for* a justice of the peace to interrogate the postilions, whom we detained under pretence of paying them. They waited, but our hired servant disappeared and did not return. The postilions were *judicially* examined by the justice of peace, in *presence* of *witnesses*. They answered with much embarrassment; and both of them confessed that an unknown *gentleman* had come in the morning to their master, had carried them to a tavern, made them promise to take the road where we had been, and had treated them with liquor for that purpose. They underwent a long examination, but we could get no other confession from them. Mr. Sheridan told me that we could institute a process against the postilions, but that it would take up a great deal of time, and cost a great deal of money. We therefore let them go, and prosecuted the business no further.

"Mr. Sheridan, *observing* that the very idea of *the road to Dover*, made me *uneasy*, promised to accompany us; but added, that he had some indispensable business which it would

would require some days to settle. He *carried* us to Isleworth, a country seat he has near Richmond, on the banks of the Thames. He could not, however, get his business transacted so promptly as he expected; so that we spent a month in that hospitable retreat, which gratitude and friendship rendered so pleasing.

"While we were there the public prints announced the iniquitous decrees of the National Convention against the emigrants; decrees which, having a retroactive effect, had ranged me in that class, but that there were some exceptions, such as men of letters, merchants, and instructors; and I could under *any* of these heads claim exception. Besides, I did not think that malevolence would have gone so far as to style my departure from France *emigration*; I had no fear of that kind; and for Mademoiselle d'Orleans I had still less, as those *rigorous* decrees did not comprehend under the title of *emigrants* young people under sixteen years of age, and Mademoiselle d'Orleans was but fifteen.

"Mr. Sheridan having settled his business, we set out for Dover in company with his son and a Mr. Reed, an English gentleman, whom

I had only known a few days. We were at Dover in the end of November 1792, where we were detained by contrary winds five days, and Mr. Sheridan spent all that time with us. The wind was now in our favour, but it blew so strong, that we were advised not to embark: I was, however, resolved. Mr. Sheridan conducted us to the packet-boat, and there I received his adieus with the greatest grief. He would have crossed with us, but the discharge of an indispensable duty required his immediate return. He insisted on leaving Mr. Reed with us, who had the goodness to escort us to Paris. The wind, or I should rather say the tempest, drove us on the coast of France in less than two hours; but I was not relieved from the sad *presentiment* that had forcibly intruded itself on my mind on leaving Mr. Sheridan and happy England, now that I was at Calais: however, an immense crowd of people on the shore received Mademoiselle d'Orleans, who was proscribed at Paris, with applauses and transports. This was the last homage the French paid to that unhappy name, which they had *so long respected.*"*

* Madame de Genlis's Account, page 86.

All

All the adventures of Madame de Genlis during her emigration, as described by her, are extraordinary, or bordering on romance. She is so much engaged in the regions of fiction, that truth or realities delineated by her pen resemble improbabilities, if not absurdities. Persons who do not know England and the environs of London, may conclude from her narrative of the postilions losing their way, that civilisation and cultivation are nearly in the same state in Great Britain as in Egypt or Syria. An author already quoted* explains thus this *wonderful* occurrence, which well deserves a place among the thousands of conspiracies invented or fabricated by revolutionary Frenchmen. "Madame de Genlis had in England, as well as every where else, some tender *penchants*; and mixed there, as in France, amorous with political intrigues. When therefore the Duke of Orleans pressed her to return to France, where his plots wanted her advice and support, after deferring and excusing herself for months, she thought some *coup-d'eclat* would not only excuse her disobedience,

* See Le Voyageur Suisse, pages 449 and 405.

but

but make her a personage of interest and consequence both in England and France, and serve as an apology for further delays. She was at that time intriguing in London with two new lovers, an English philosopher and a Spanish patriot: with the one she meditated on establishing a philosophical religion, and with the other she deliberated on the introduction of liberty and equality on the other side of the Pyrenees. On the 18th of October a messenger from Paris brought her positive orders to set out for France. As she had long been in expectation of such an *ultimatum*, she had some weeks before sent back to France all her male servants, except one favourite valet on whose discretion she could depend. With the return of the courier she informed the Duke of her fixed intent to leave London the next day. Her valet was acquainted with a Swiss servant out of place, who had been in England from his youth, and spoke English as well as a native. For fifty guineas he engaged him to bribe the postilions to take the road to Maidstone instead of that to Rochester. The reason he gave out for this change was, that the young Mademoiselle d'Orleans (who was not

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in the secret of her governess) had a lover waiting for her on that road, who hoped to find an opportunity of carrying her off to marry her. Every thing went on according to Madame de Genlis's desire. Her own affected alarm created a real one among her female companions, and procured her an opportunity again to retard her departure. The postilions were indeed examined; but knowing nothing, they could discover nothing. The Swiss servant had disappeared, and *from generosity* no search was made after him. Mr. Sheridan's goodness and hospitality were her only disappointments. She expected that this affair would have made more noise, which his prudence prevented; and she intended to have continued her residence with her lover in London instead of the country, whither his obliging invitation, and the entreaties of Mademoiselle d'Orleans, carried her. This her *coup-d'eclat* was scarcely noticed in France: even Marat in his journal *Ami du Peuple* did not invoke death and destruction on the supposed criminals, the emigrants, for such a terrible outrage against a *timid* and *modest* female patriot, the *bonne amie*

amie of his good friend Egalité, *ci-devant* d'Orleans."

Though her reception at Calais was brilliant, before she arrived at Paris she experienced the certain truth, that even well-acquired, much less ill-gotten popularity, is never of long duration; and that it requires but little to transform into gibbets the triumphal arches erected by a mob—*by a sovereign people.*

"When we came to Chantilly," says Madame de Genlis,* "ten leagues from Paris, a messenger from M. d'Orleans met us, who presented me with a billet from him, in which were the following words: 'If the messenger Guepre finds you, Madame, still in England, do not cross the sea, but wait my orders to return; if this billet is delivered you in France, remain where you receive it, and send back Guepre to me immediately. Some difficulties have been raised concerning my daughter's return, but there is nothing in them that makes me uneasy.' Notwithstanding this last sentence, he appeared to me from the whole tenor of his

* Madame de Genlis's Account, pages 87 and 88.

letter

letter *to be very ill at ease*; we therefore consulted together, and Mr. Reed, alarmed for our safety by this *bad* beginning, thought we should certainly remain at Chantilly; but, unwilling to continue in the state of uncertainty I then was, I resolved to pursue my journey, and we accordingly arrived in Paris that evening. There I found that the convention had that very morning decreed, that young people of both sexes above fourteen years of age should be esteemed *emigrants*; and Mademoiselle d'Orleans being fifteen would be included in this last decree, to which they had given a retroactive effect, by declaring all those to be emigrants who had prolonged the term of their absence from France after the preceding April. They likewise informed me that I had returned too late. I then saw why M. d'Orleans had been so urgent for our return, as he knew perfectly well that I should be sent back; but he wished me to bring his daughter, as she was excepted by the first decree. He had not foreseen that this decree would be changed; and when this was done, he dispatched the courier express who met us at Chantilly. M. d'Orleans still hoped that the Convention would

would the next day grant a formal exception in her favour; but, on the contrary, they *resolved* that we had returned too late, but that, nevertheless, when they should be occupied in enquiring into exceptions, they would receive our appeals, and pay attention to them; but that at present it was necessary we should leave Paris *in less than forty-eight hours*, and repair to a foreign country."

Thus d'Orleans, who in the year 1788, when exiled to his estate for treachery and machinations equal to high treason, exclaimed against the tyranny of the court, was in 1792 forced silently to endure that his only daughter, not yet fifteen, should not only be exiled, but proscribed and outlawed, by his fellow-rebels and accomplices, contrary to all laws, regulations, restraints, and customs, of civilized nations. What must he not have suffered, if he possessed the least sensibility, in being treated in this manner by the vilest of all French legislative rabble; he who a few years before resented with so much insolence and pride, *not an act of tyranny but of lenity* of his sovereign. Had Louis XVI. been a tyrant, the world would have no more heard

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of Philip Egalité than of Napoleon Buonaparte: both would have lived in disgrace, or have died under the gallows.

In her *patriotic* distress, Madame de Genlis was not without some *patriotic* consolation. "Petion and Barrere," * says she, "came again to see me. I found the former then the *same man* I had ever known him, but I remarked in the manners and conversation of Barrere a change which struck me. He was gloomy, distracted, and mysterious. The manners of the people whom I now saw, their insolent and ferocious air, the appearance of Paris, every thing conspired most disagreeably to surprize me, and terrified me so much that I was filled with the greatest impatience to get out of it. I told M. d'Orleans that I was about to set out again by Calais for England as fast as possible. He conjured me to take the charge of conducting Mademoiselle d'Orleans out of France; and at the same time told me it was his decisive wish she should not go to England, but to Tournay in Flanders, which did not then belong to France. Nobody, not even a waiting-woman, would or could, in the

* Madame de Genlis's Conduct, page 39.

fear

fear of emigration, accompany Mademoiselle d'Orleans; they thought she would be recalled in fifteen days or three weeks; and as M. d'Orleans never doubted it, he told me that I might at the end of that time go to Ostend and from thence to England, if I was not myself recalled. At last he gave me his word of honour, that if Mademoiselle d'Orleans was not recalled at the end of a month, I should have liberty to leave her, as he would immediately write to Brussels for a person who might then supply my place. As I could not resolve to leave Mademoiselle d'Orleans to become an exile at fifteen years of age, I consented to accompany her to Tournay, on the express stipulation I have mentioned. I would not withdraw my resignation again, but I promised to bear her company, not as her governess but as a friend, and that only for a month at most. All this passed in the presence of several persons, and among others Mr. Reed, the English gentleman I have already mentioned. I left him at Paris, from which he set out for England about three weeks after my departure.

"The day after my arrival at Paris I had a violent

violent fit of a fever, which lasted forty-eight hours; but I was obliged in that state to go to the *section* and to the town-hall to procure passports, on which were written, that our departure was in obedience to the law; and contained besides AN EULOGIUM *on our* CIVISM. We quitted Paris the next day, and arrived at Tournay in the beginning of December 1792. Three weeks afterwards I had the happiness to marry my *adopted* daughter, the *angelic* Pamela, to Lord Edward Fitzgerald. In the midst of so many misfortunes and persecutions, heaven wished to recompense me by this *happy* event. It was the best action of my life, that of having protected helpless innocence, of having adopted and educated that *incomparable* child which *heaven* had thrown into my arms; in fine, the developing of that mind, that judgment, and those *virtues*, which render her at this day a *model* for the *wives* and the *mothers* of the *age*. Lady Edward Fitzgerald set out for her country two days after her marriage, on the 31st of December 1792, and I remained, for I could not prevail on myself to abandon Mademoiselle d'Orleans, more especially as no person had arrived to supply my place."

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It was generally reported in France that the Orleans faction had sent Madame de Genlis to Tournay, to intrigue with the republican generals in favour of the Duke of Orleans, in case the murder of Louis XVI. should excite any mutiny in the army or any commotions in the country, either to make him a regent, a president, or a protector; or, in case his vote for the death of his king and relative should make him unpopular, to procure the chief magistracy for his son. This rumour was no doubt founded upon her known activity in intriguing, and the influence she had over General Valence, her son-in-law, the second in command under Dumouriet. It is to prove her *innocence*, even on this occasion, that she so often repeats that she went to Tournay only out of complacency, while her desire was to go to England. In the mean time she amuses herself with giving the hand of her *adopted* daughter to a young nobleman, who for his seditious principles had just been struck out of the army list, but who notwithstanding, by this connection with the family of an artful and meddling woman, grown old in machinations, brought on himself that untimely fate which ended his

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revolutionary career. Madame de Genlis and General Valence, when as exiles residing in Holstein, conspired there as much against the British monarchy as they had conspired some years before against the monarchy of France, when by the side of the Duke of Orleans in the Palais Royal. During 1796, 1797, 1798, 1799, Irish rebels going and coming from France to Ireland had in their house their regular relays and official deposits of arms and papers. They never ceased to be the intermediate correspondents between Irish conspirators and French regicides.

Misfortunes continued to pursue the *innocent* Madame de Genlis. Implicated in the plans of General Dumourier, the National Convention passed a decree of accusation both against her and Lady Edward Fitzgerald, though she declared herself intirely ignorant of what he was meditating. "The day (March 31, 1793) of my arrival in St. Amand," * says she, "I learnt first that General Dumourier intended to rear the standard of revolt. I knew nothing from him, for he never said a single word

* See Madame de Genlis's Conduct, pages 41 and 42.

to

to me concerning his plans; but his *confidant*, whom I had *never* seen before, and who yet shewed a very particular concern for me, answered all my questions frankly. He was the unfortunate M. de Vaux, who has been since guillotined. When I had certain information that they intended to re-establish the *monarchical* constitution, I said to M. de Vaux, and some other persons who are still alive, that I thought they ought to have kept it when they had it; but that now, when they had abolished it, and shed so much blood in support of the republic, the French would be the *silliest people on earth if they renounced it so instantaneously and so readily;* in short, that I thought it extravagant in them to suppose they would be *guilty* of such *versatility*, especially at a time when their enthusiasm for liberty appeared wound up to the highest pitch. I know that this conversation, with many injurious aspersions which I never uttered, has since been related to General Dumourier; I also know that they have procured me his hatred: but the real account of that conversation is such as I have given it, without addition or extenuation. I was certainly much obliged

obliged to General Dumourier for having received me into his camp, considering *the risk* that attended such a step; for, as I was not in his confidence, had he left us in that city, which was retaken by the enemy, it is more than probable that Mademoiselle d'Orleans and I should have been prisoners at this day: I ought gratefully to remember it. When I received a *hint* of his *terrible* designs and plans, I *disapproved* of them entirely and in every respect. There was nothing I more earnestly wished than to get away from St. Amand, but the difficulty of procuring horses caused me to relinquish this idea. On the 2d of April Dumourier intercepted a parcel filled with mandates of arrest against almost all the principal officers of the army, and among the rest M. de Valence, M. de Chartres, &c. These arbitrary orders, sent by a simple committee, were signed *Duhem*. The officers could no doubt *legally* do their utmost to frustrate the effects of this unaccountable despotism, and accordingly on the following evening the commissaries of the Convention were arrested. I heard of this *strange* step at midnight, which increased my anxiety to get away."

Having

Having escaped as a proscribed fugitive from that country she with her associates had promised to regenerate, Madame de Genlis travels through Germany to Switzerland, from Switzerland to Holland, and from Holland to the north of Germany, every where haunted, persecuted, and accompanied with as surprising adventures as those that overtook her a mile from London. Every where she conceals her name, but she is every where recognised, and as soon as known again expelled. Montesquieu, another revolutionary emigrant, however, procured for her and Mademoiselle d'Orleans a retreat in a convent at Bremgarten in Switzerland: when, after a residence there of nearly a year, the latter joins her aunt, the Princess of Conti, at Fribourg; and Madame de Genlis set out for Holland, where "she left her niece in safe and virtuous hands;* and," says she, "by the favour of a passport a stranger who lived with her procured for me under *her own name*, I came into this country (Holstein). I separated myself from my niece for some time, because I wished to be quite

* Madame de Genlis's Account, page 122.

incog.

incog. and her presence would have made us more easily known.

"After her retreat from Switzerland," says a continental writer,* "Madame de Genlis intended to establish her head-quarters at Berlin. Prussia then, as now, contained a numerous gang of illuminati, and other atheistical and sophistical banditti of the same description. She expected no doubt to find among them brothers and friends, lovers of her person, consolers in her misfortunes, and adherents and propagators of her regenerating system and principles; which, notwithstanding experience so dearly bought, she always considered not only as practicable, but absolutely necessary for the improvement of society, and for the perfectibility of the human species.

"The late Frederic William II. had shortly before, by the influence of some Prussian male and female pensioners in Gallic pay, concluded that peace of Basle, to which alone revolutionary France is indebted for her encroachments; Germany, Italy, Spain, Switzerland, and Holland, for their bondage; and most

* See Le Voyageur Suisse, page 452.

other continental states for the loss of their independence. But although this monarch had fraternized with rebels and regicides when at a distance, he feared and declined their fraternal embraces in his own dominions. No sooner, therefore, was he informed of Madame de Genlis's arrival in his capital, than a police officer politely waited on her with an order to accompany him out of the kingdom. After many lamentations of her undeserved misfortunes, and some philosophical declamation against his Prussian majesty's want of hospitality, she set out for Hamburg.

"Upon the road, the *attentions* of the Prussian officer, who was young and vigorous, partly restored her good-humour; but when they had arrived on the frontiers of Mecklenburg, he would not leave her before she had signed a promise never more to set foot on the Prussian dominions. She was at first rather outrageous. Supposing, however, from the conversation of her travelling companion, that though he spoke a little French, he probably did not comprehend the *finesse* of the language, she, after some discussion, consented to write the promise, if he would accept of it in verse.

Knowing

Knowing but little of the difference between prose and poetry, and having no specific order about either, he assented, and she wrote one of the ablest and wittiest epigrams that oppression ever composed against despotism.

"On her arrival in Altona, she inquired of a Jew (who had travelled the latter part of the journey with her) the name of some innkeeper that *approved most* of the French revolution; * and upon his recommendation she went to lodge with a young unmarried woman of the name of Pflock, whose inn was opposite the town-hall. This person, because her lover, a revolutionary propagator, was shut up at Spandau, admired every body who had figured in the revolutionary annals. Here she met with objects for her patriotic zeal, as well as a bone for her private vanity and *interest*. In a few months she completely revolutionized Miss Pflock's inn. From her ordinary every suspected aristocrat was excluded; but in return it was crowded with jacobins of all colours, countries, and descriptions; and Madame de

* In her account, Madame Genlis, page 123, says, she put this question, but she is entirely silent with regard to her journey and adventures in Prussia.

Genlis and General Valence, who now called Miss Pflock their *bonne et chere amie*, always honoured this ordinary with their presence.

"The numerous *philosophers* of Holstein, and of the north of Europe, soon made this inn their place of rendezvous; and for schemes, dissensions, *loyalty*, *modesty*, and patriotism, it was by many German regenerators hailed as a little Palais Royal.

"Among the other visitors, were several *patriotic* Danish noblemen, whose education by revolutionary pedants had made them, without knowing why, revolutionists themselves. They all pressed her with their invitations to their estates in the country. After some coyness, she, General Valence, her niece Mademoiselle de Sarcy (who now had joined her), with a dozen other female *patriots*, accepted an invitation of Count d'A——. He, however, soon experienced that the social *practices* of Gallic reformers and regenerators, are very different from their splendid philanthropic theories. Intrigues, discord, calumny, gossiping, malice, and other French republican virtues, soon obliged him to leave them masters of his house as well as of his wife; who, to his chagrin was a perfect

a perfect convert, and spoke as much of the rights of women, as Madame de Genlis had been acquainted with the rights of men.

"Fortunately for Count de A——, another Danish nobleman, Baron de W——, invited this patriotic crew to his mansion. With him they ate, drank, rioted, gambled, and plotted, until his immense wealth was squandered away, and he became a bankrupt in fortune as his wife was in character. In gratitude for his hospitality, those who had helped to ruin him laughed at and ridiculed him as a fool. Valence, however, assured him that he felt great *compassion* for his misfortunes; and as a proof he offered him, on the part of the French government, one hundred louis-d'ors for carrying over to England dispatches for the Irish rebels, in doing which he would run no other risk than that of being hanged as a spy.

"During all this time, Madame de Genlis, *never* alone either day or *night*, never spoke but of a snug retreat and of her love of solitude. The situation of a farm belonging to another Danish nobleman, had particularly struck her fancy. It was occupied by a widower who had two sons and three daughters; but the owner

owner made such arrangements that, except the outhouses, he gave up to Madame de Genlis every thing, and she went thither in an enthusiastic fervour, often bidding an eternal adieu to society. A young Prussian girl who understood some French, was her only companion and attendant. Within a fortnight after her establishment there, the farmer waited on his landlord, deploring the necessity he should be under to quit the farm entirely, if the French devil of a lady, as he called her, did not leave it immediately. By her interference in every thing, and by her continual mischievous doings, she had already, after embroiling the sons and daughters among themselves, embroiled them with their father, excited him against them, and set his servants both against him and against his children. Nothing but crying, quarrelling, and fighting, was heard or seen since she had settled in his house; and all this domestic broil had been effected by her, with the assistance of an interpreter only (her maid), she not understanding or speaking a word of the language of the country.

" Upon the arrival of the nobleman who had

had placed her in this *quiet* solitude so much desired, her complaints were still greater and louder than those of the farmer; whom with his children and servants, she styled unfeeling, ignorant savages, who disturbed by their snoring her meditations during the night, and her morning slumber by their early and noisy occupations, and whom she had hitherto in vain tried to *civilize* and *humanize*. A peace or rather a truce was however concluded by the mediation of the landlord, but it was of short duration; because in three days the farmer returned, declaring were he even to be punished as an incendiary, he would set fire to his house, and burn her alive, if she did not remove the next day. As courage is not among her virtues, this threat had the desired effect. She again joined in the world the society of her patriotic friends, to whom she was an ornament; accusing some relentless aristocrats, or every body but herself, of the troubles she had experienced in her *choice* retreat, which she should never cease to regret.*

" But while she was thus rendered miserable

* See Le Voyageur Suisse, page 454.

in

in Germany, instead of consolations, she received nothing but vexation from France. Her new work, Les Chevaliers du Cygne, which had just been advertised for sale at Paris, met with but little success; and its price, ten livres each volume in paper-money, produced the following epigram:

Que les tems sont changés! disoit un amateur;
Les œuvres de Genlis à *dix* francs le volume!
Dans le tems que son p—il valoit mieux que sa plume,
Pour *six* francs j'aurois eu l'auteur.*

She had by this production displeased all parties, without satisfying her own partisans. The staunch republican as well as the pure royalist, accused her of intending by it to recommend to France a constitutional king in the son of the late Duke of Orleans. To ingratiate herself therefore, at least with the sovereign Directory, she had the insolence to address an impertinent letter to Monsieur de Chartres, the present Duke (of whom she had written before that he had a great aversion to monarchical governments, a most astonish-

* See Le Voyageur Suisse, page 454.

ing

ing enthusiasm in behalf of republicanism, and the most ridiculous notions of the rights of man, equality, &c. and other demagogue opinions);* warning him against accepting a throne in France, if offered by his adherents. It was written from Silk in Holstein, and dated March 8th, 1790. Its length prevents its entire insertion here, but a passage is transcribed which no doubt escaped Buonaparte's recollection when he permitted her to return to France.

"You to stand up for royalty, to become an *usurper!*" exclaims she: "to endeavour to *abolish a republic* that you have acknowledged, cherished, and valiantly fought for! And when? Now that France is *organized* by a settled *government*, which appears to be founded on a basis as *solid* as *morality* and *justice!* What degree of confidence can France place in a constitutional king twenty-three years old, whom she beheld *but two years before* an *ardent* republican, and the *most enthusiastic* partisan of *equality*? Might not such a king, as well as any other, insensibly abolish the con-

* Madame de Genlis's Account, pages 40 and 46.

stitution and become a despot? According to the generally received idea, it is a much shorter step from royalty to despotism, than from a democratic government to the most limited monarchy. Do you flatter yourself that by mounting this overturned and bloody throne, you could restore peace to France? No; the continuation of the foreign, and the enkindling of a civil war in every part of the empire, would be the fatal consequences of this *foolish* usurpation. If France subjects herself again to monarchical government, *the brother of Louis XVI. has the best claims.* If the throne is again erected, *it is doubtless to him it belongs.* Were you placed on it, you would always be distinguished by the *most dishonourable* of all *titles.*"*

But she was more successful in her family arrangements than in her literary and political manœuvres. Among the persons whom her reputation or curiosity had sent to Miss Pflock's ordinary, was Mr. Matheison, a rich and *of course* respectable merchant of Hamburg. Struck with the charms of Mademoiselle de

* Madame de Genlis's Account, pages 150 and 151.

Sercy,

Sercy, he demanded, and without much difficulty obtained her hand, though a rather awkward old bachelor, as diminutive as she was tall and robust. Whether before the honeymoon was over he repented of his fraternity with this patriotic family, is not known, but some time afterwards he surprised his *dear* half fraternizing with one of his clerks. A divorce was the consequence of this discovery. He, however, generously settled a pension on her, and she has since married a Swiss merchant of Basle.

The number of volumes published by Madame de Genlis in Germany, as well as in France, amount to thirty-six. Men of letters, acquainted with the purity of the French language, find a great difference not only in the sentiments but in the style of her literary productions. Those written at Paris, as *Adele et Theodore, Les Veillées du Chateau, Théatre d'Education, La Duchesse de la Vallière*, and others, are universally approved for their elegance of composition, and their moral tendency; while *Les Chevaliers du Cygne, Les Vœux Téméraires, Le Petit La Bruyère, Les Mères Rivales*, &c. composed in Germany during

ing her emigration, are often incorrect, with notions trivial as well as dangerous. The reason of this dissimilarity is said to originate from the assistance she had when in the Palais Royal, where Marmontel, La Harpe, and other eminent French *sçavans*, corrected or revised her works, and the want of literary coadjutors while writing in Holstein or in Prussia. To this latter country she was *invited* by his present Prussian majesty, shortly after his ascension to the throne; and she continued at Berlin until 1800, when Buonaparte permitted her to return to France.

During the first years of her marriage, and generally during her younger years, Madame de Genlis was considered as one of the most gallant and intriguing women in France; though debauchery or rather profligacy at that part of the reign of Louis XV. was carried to a shameful extreme. In 1766 her husband, a colonel of dragoons, was quartered at Lisle, in Flanders; where the conduct of Madame de Genlis was such, that every one regarded her more as a courtezan than as a modest woman. A loyal and valiant nobleman now in this country saw her then mount upon a table, on purpose

pose to exhibit her form and charms to better advantage to the whole corps of officers of her husband's regiment; who, on account of the scandal caused by her behaviour, was obliged to give in his resignation.

She always possessed genius; but at that period of her life it wanted cultivation. By inticing some men of letters into the number of her gallants, she improved much. Their instructions and their guidance were not thrown away. In a short time she evinced herself of some literary pretensions, in publishing in her own name works chiefly arranged by others, though according to her ideas. She was soon, however, able to write as well as to think, and she has at present no other rival than Madame de Stael to her claim of being the first French authoress of the present day.

On her arrival in France after her exile, she, according to the then prevailing fashion, turned all her thoughts to religious subjects; and with her friend, the late M. La Harpe, wrote as much in favour of christianity, as they both formerly had encouraged infidelity. As to her real religious sentiments, they remain, as she has written, the secrets between God and herself;

self; but when, during her emigration, she resided at Sleswick in Holstein, and was in good health, she endeavoured to convert to atheism the Abbé le Marié, the only French priest there; but when taken ill, she sent for him to confess her, and to direct her how to do penance.*

The first thing Buonaparte said to her at her presentation in the Thuilleries was, "Madame, I do not like political women, but a religious woman is always estimable in my eyes." She is therefore reported to have exchanged a revolutionary fanaticism into catholic devotion; at least she is accused of such a *crime* by the revolutionary poet, the fratricide, regicide, and atheist, Chenier, in his last satire, called "THE NEW SAINTS," wherein she is very severely treated.

Madame de Genlis is now in her sixty-first year. The days of her political as well as amorous intrigues are now probably over. She has been much blamed for taking upon herself to be the governess and instructress of the sons as well as of the daughter of the late Duke of Orleans, a place no lady of her rank ever before occupied. But if the momentary

* See Le Voyageur Suisse, page 456.

error

error into which she led the present Dukes of Orleans and Montpensier are excepted, the information, good morals, and becoming manners, of both these princes, and of the loyal and noble-minded Count de Beaujolois, do equal honour to her judgment and to her talents.*

Upon the whole, it is however difficult to decide whether her genius is greater than her immorality.†

* Much of what has been said by Madame Genlis in her account of her conduct concerning Mademoiselle d'Orleans and her own adventures, is contradicted in letters said to be written by the present Duke of Orleans, and refuted as false or fabulous. She is besides justly reprobated for her ingratitude towards the Orleans family, to which she owed every thing.

† On the 7th of April 1793, when only thirteen years old, the Count de Beaujolois was arrested by the jacobins, and sent to the Abbey. In the interrogatory he underwent he shewed a great firmness of character: he answered, upon being questioned, "Are you an aristocrat? Yes. Do you know any thing of the plans of your father? No. Have you had any communications with Madame de Genlis? *Fi donc.*" Born with an elevated mind, the examples of those round him, and the precepts of those to whom his education was entrusted, were equally unable to corrupt his loyalty, and to debase the native dignity of his mind.

THE

THE BALLS OF REVOLUTIONARY VICTIMS,

AND OF

REVOLUTIONARY EXECUTIONERS

(Bourreaux).

DURING the first two years of the French republic, the free citizens of that commonwealth were neither permitted to laugh nor to cry, and the appearance of joy was as dangerous as that of grief. If they complained, they were accused of being aristocrats, enemies of a republican form of government; and if they rejoiced, their mirth was suspicious, and supposed to originate from their satisfaction at the public misery, the consequence of the famine then desolating France. Were they serious and composed, the republicans and jacobins considered them as discontented and unfeeling

unfeeling hypocrites, whose hardened want of patriotism merited a more severe punishment than the plots of the avowed enemies of liberty and equality. Were they silent, or lived recluse or retired, they must be of that class of indifferent and lukewarm patriots, whose *incivism* ancient republics, at the most glorious periods, judged as a capital offence and high treason against their country and fellow-citizens. Thus situated, many of them resigned themselves to despair, many were deprived of their reason, some became believers in fatality, and all awaited death with terror and with horror, as the sole deliverance from all their pains, from all their anxiety, oppression, and dread.*

During the reign of Buonaparte's *worthy* predecessor, Robespierre, the French never danced but round scaffolds, to the music of cannibal airs; and, cannibal like, feasted, encompassed with the bleeding and mutilated carcases of those plundered and outraged victims they had butchered. Those republican balls, fêtes, and solemnities, always terminated

* See Le Quotidien, January 9, 1795, page 2.

by

by the publication of new lists of proscription, and by noting fresh individuals for destruction.

After this tyrant was no more, and his accomplices had for their own safety opened the prisons and released those whom they had no right to arrest, the usual volatile, giddy, fickle, unthinking, and despicable character of the unfortunate French people, began to manifest itself, in their declarations as well as in their amusements. Instead of combining to chastise the great and regicide criminals, from whom they had suffered so much; instead of uniting to plan the restoration of a lawful and regular government, and by it to prevent in future the return of those atrocities by which they were so near being sacrificed; they turned them into ridicule, and avenged real outrages by songs and epigrams, by an impolitic contempt, and by contemptible caricatures. They thought to express the height of their resentment, by excluding the guilty, powerful, or enriched upstarts of these times, and all other perpetrators of revolutionary crimes, from a ball to which they gave the singular but appropriate

appropriate appellation of the Ball of Victims.*

This ball, during the winter of 1794, was held by subscription in the first floor of the Hotel de Richelieu. Madame Napoleon Buonaparte, then the *disconsolate* widow of the guillotined Viscount de Beauharnois, was one of the principal directresses of this ball, although her *bon ami* Barras was excluded.

No person was admitted as a subscriber who could not *prove* that he or she had to deplore a parent, a husband, a wife, a brother, a sister, or a relative, dispatched by the revolutionary assassins, who had not also been imprisoned or exposed to the danger of death by hunger and by the guillotine.†

The writer of this article had the misfortune to be one of the members of this ball of victims. Knowing its composition, and judging the feelings of others by his own, he went thither with truly melancholy sentiments: certain of meeting with upwards of two hundred fellow-sufferers, wounded like himself in a manner

* See Le Quotidien, January 9, 1795, page 3.

† Idem.

impossible

impossible for any human being to alleviate, much less to remedy, he expected from these irreparable evils inflicted on them all, an equally mournful sedateness, that their lamentations would make music discordant, and change a ball into a kind of funeral service. He was however mistaken in his supposition. Dancing and music, music and dancing, were the *exclusive* order of the night. They all enjoyed the present without meditating on what had passed, or apprehending any thing which might afterwards happen. They cared no more about futurity, than they seemed to recollect what they had just endured.

"Your good father, your valiant brother, your amiable sister, have not they all perished since we met the last time? It is shocking indeed! do not mention it, it might make one low-spirited: *come, let us join in the dance.* Who could have foreseen that your pious aunts, so old, so kind, so charitable to every body, should ascend the scaffold? It is abominable: my partner is waiting.—And your husband, who from the beginning of the revolution declared himself a friend of liberty, he too has been murdered by the republicans?

I engage

I engage you for the next dance.—How gracefully does Mademoiselle de M. move! She had, nevertheless, no master during the twenty months she was imprisoned with her parents before they were guillotined. Continue your dance, Mademoiselle de M. we admire you.—Dear Madame de F. how elegant are your *pas de trois!* You compliment me, Baron. Faith, this is the first ball I have frequented since my husband and brothers were massacred in the prison of the Abbey. But excuse me, I am wanted.—I suppose, Countess, from your charming gracefulness, that you have engaged Vestris as a teacher for four hours in the day? Chevalier, you know I am not fond of flattery; I have not danced since the banditti stabbed my poor sister, and buried alive in their chateau in Burgundy my brother-in-law and my nephew. But the cotillon!—Poor Marquis! how cruelly the revolution has used you, in pillaging you of five hundred thousand livres a year as an emigrant, when you were in prison under the revolutionary axe, from which your severe illness alone saved you! True, Duchess; but the music calls us."

Such were nearly the reciprocal professions of

of regret and consolation of the revolutionary victims, during five balls at which I was present. A stranger would never have guessed this to be the Ball of Victims so much spoken of, praised, blamed, or criticised, in the public papers; had it not been for the black dresses of the company, for the black hangings of the rooms, for the black ribbands of the fiddles, and for the black crape decorating the *chandeliers*. In truth, nobody looked for, expected, or listened to, any thing but pleasure. The music and the crowd made most, if not all of them, forget both property, proscriptions, dungeons, scaffolds, famine, guillotine, and massacres. Disgusted and grieved, I often imagined I saw the shades of their butchered relatives indignantly reproaching them with their insensibility, their improvidence, and their abominable rage for gaiety, entertainments, and shows; but I wronged the deceased in so thinking. Had they been alive, they no doubt would have acted like those whom they had left behind: they too would have danced.

The second Ball of Victims was interrupted for an instant—*only for an instant*, by a tragi-comic scene. For fear of not killing enough, Robespierre's

Robespierre's revolutionary judges often committed *mistakes* from resemblance of names or persons, or rather from indifference. Many individuals are still alive, of both sexes, whose names are among those condemned and executed in the reign of terror, and in whose place some unknown and innocent victims have perished. This was the case of two ladies of the name of De Brienne: both had been concealed, but both were mentioned in the list of guillotined persons, and each of them considered herself as the only one saved. Their shrieks in meeting so unexpectedly at this ball were piercing indeed. "I thought you murdered, I am in mourning for you," each exclaimed to the other at the same time. After mutually embracing and congratulating for five minutes, they dried their tears, and joined in the dance.

In the second floor of the same Hotel de Richelieu assembled another and an opposition party, as they were then called, where they also danced. This opposition ball was properly styled the Ball of the Executioners *(bourreaux)*. In defiance of those dancing below, their

their rooms were hung with red, their dress was red, and over the door of entrance was suspended a red flag and a red cap. Nobody was a member of it who could not prove himself to have committed since the revolution some crimes deserving the gallows should royalty be restored, or to have bought some national property, or plundered some of the estates of the clergy or nobility. It might be expected, that from their impunity and audacity they had banished remorse, and their noisy riots proclaimed it. No less remarkable to an observer were the mutual politeness and fraternal compliments that were exchanged between the Victims and the Executioners when they happened to meet together in the staircase. Their curtesies were low and their civilities were long, and probably equally sincere; and then they all went to dance. They were all, however, in a hurry to kill time, memory, or conscience.

In a work where these balls of Victims and Executioners are both mentioned and reprobated, it is stated, that whilst Madame Josephine de Beauharnois was dancing in the first

floor

floors in deep mourning, her then lover Barras, and her present husband Napoleon Buonaparte, were fraternizing with their accomplices and dancing in the second floor, red from head to foot.*

* See Les Annales du Terrorisme, preface, page 18. In a note it is said that it was in the stair-case of the Hotel de Richelieu, that Barras presented his mistress for the first time to her Corsican husband.

MADAME FOUCHE,

THE WIFE OF THE MINISTER OF POLICE.

IN March 1767 a friar of the order of Oratoire at Nantes, named Fiquet, was expelled his convent for his immoral and scandalous conduct. Shortly afterwards he added apostacy and blasphemy to vice and infamy, by breaking his vows of celibacy and marrying a courtesan, long known by the name of Eleonora du Tout. Six months had scarcely elapsed before his chaste spouse was delivered of twin daughters, who were baptised as the legitimate children of Fiquet. *

By the number of her customers, and by a disposition naturally economical, if not avaricious, Madame Fiquet had accumulated a small capital. But though most men of the city of Nantes had contributed to its increase, no one could claim any particular share. They

* La Dénonciation des Brétons, &c. preface, page 2.

might

might perhaps still, if they chose, fraternize with the proprietor, but they had no hope of fraternizing with the property. It belonged exclusively to her; and, as long as he continued a complaisant husband, to him who had made her an *honest* woman.*

Fiquet having from prudent motives renounced all interference in the domestic concerns or in the direction of his house, likewise avoided meddling much in what regarded the education of his wife's children. He was, however, permitted to teach them to read and write; and even when Madame Fiquet had any friendly visitors, to whom his presence was unnecessary or disagreeable, to take a walk with the girls along the banks of the Loire: but as they began to grow up this last favour was curtailed. Being tolerably handsome, and estimating the value of their youthful charms by the sums that had been paid for her own, their mother was apprehensive lest her husband without her knowledge should either dispose of them to some rich *amateur* and pocket the money, or perhaps take advantage

* La Dénonciation des Brétons, &c. preface, page 2.

of their innocence and inexperience to seduce or debauch them himself. She was too well acquainted with his principles to doubt whether his conscience would long scruple if occasion incited lubricity and lust to augment the number of his crimes by the perpetration of incest.*

Madame Fiquet died suddenly in 1787, and in 1788 Hortense Fiquet was delivered of a still-born child. Though the real father of it remained unknown, scandal attributed the paternity to Fiquet and Co.; that is to say, to all the libidinous friars of the order of Oratoire, who since the death of his wife daily rioted in Fiquet's house.†

Among the rest the reverend father Fouché distinguished himself by his profligate songs and profane and wicked conversation. In the year 1790, when he had deserted the convent, and exchanged the frock of the friar for the national cockade and red cap of the jacobin, he seriously paid his addresses, not to Hortense, but to her sister Charlotte, who was of

* La Dénonciation des Brétons, &c. preface, page 3.

† Ibidem.

a very

a very different disposition. Being of a religious turn of mind, she had selected *for a friend*, for a guide, and for a confessor, a respectable curate at Nantes. His admonitions, his precepts, and his prayers, had preserved her unpolluted in the path of virtue; from which neither the infidelity of her father, the depravity of her mother, nor the example of her sister, had tempted her to deviate. Suspecting with reason that Fouché had intrigued both with her mother and sister, she repulsed his offers of matrimony with horror and indignation; and to be relieved from his troublesome assiduities she quitted the house of her parent to reside with a Madame Sauliere, a pious lady, to whom she had been recommended by the curate.*

When Hortense was informed and convinced of Fouché's proposals to her sister she became outrageous, and determined to avenge herself for the slight of a lover by denouncing the

* La Dénonciation des Brétons, &c. preface, page 4. In a note it is said that Fouché shortly afterwards dispatched his father-in-law, who *by accident* fell into the Loire and was drowned.

abominations

abominations of a traitor. For that purpose she went to a justice of the peace, and declared in the presence of several persons, "that Fouché had not only twice given her drugs to cause a miscarriage, but that she would prove by witnesses that he had administered poison to her mother to avoid repaying a sum of three thousand livres, 125l. which she had lent him the day before her death." Not to give the aristocrats an opportunity to cry out or publish any premature accusations or *calumnies* against the patriots, the justice of peace, who was a brother jacobin with Fouché, exhorted him to bury this affair in oblivion as soon as possible by marrying Hortense Fiquet, which was all that the girl then wanted. *

Hortense Fiquet has since, by her *patriotic* behaviour, shewn herself worthy of being the wife of the robber and assassin, Buonaparte's present senator, minister of police, and grand officer of *his* legion of honour, his Excellency *Monseigneur* Fouché, whose atrocities were so notorious and so enormous, that in 1795 even the guilty regicide National Convention ex-

* Les Annales du Terrorisme, page 453.

pelled

pelled him from its bosom, as disgracing even the most disgraceful, disgraced, and barbarous legislature that ever usurped power or oppressed and butchered mankind. To elucidate this assertion, one of the many patriotic traits of Madame Fouché is sufficient. Those of her husband have already been published in another work.*

During the dreadful period when Fouché and Carriere in 1794 daily ordered thousands of loyal Vendeans to be shot, drowned, or guillotined at Nantes, Nevers, and in its vicinity, together with every relative, friend, or even acquaintance of these unfortunate royalists, Madame Fouché, then styling herself "the female citizen sans-culotte Fouché," sent the following curious card of invitation, or rather of requisition, to all female citizens whom she thought believed in Christianity, or whom she supposed deploring the loss of monarchy; by whom she imagined the crimes of rebels were detested or their tyranny abhorred:

* See the Revolutionary Plutarch, Vol. I. page 103 et seq.

"Liberty!

" Liberty! Equality! Sisterhood! or DEATH!

" Nantes, the 28th Germinal, year ii of the French Republic, one and indivisible, or April 20th, 1794.

" To-morrow eleven hundred and nine Vendean rebels or fanatics are to be drowned in mass. To give a proof of your patriotism, you are invited and expected to assist as a witness of this grand civic baptism.

" Health and sisterhood.

(Signed) " HORTENSE FOUCHÉ,
A female citizen sans-culotte."

Her sister Charlotte and Madame Saulier were among those invited, among those who declined the invitation, and among those who in consequence were arrested, and a few days afterwards executed, as ENEMIES of *liberty and equality.**

How incomprehensible are the decrees of Providence! A woman who confides in her innocence, is sincere in her religion, and faithful to her duty as a subject and a Christian,

* Les Annales du Terrorisme, page 454; and La Dénonciation des Brétons, preface, page 6.

not

not only expires like the vilest of criminals, but involves in her miserable fate her kind and virtuous benefactress; while her sister, accused of incest, avowing herself culpable of infanticide, and suspected of being an accomplice of the plunders, robberies, and murders of her husband, lives with him in splendour and affluence, envied and *respected*, has visitors and flatterers, but not a single reprover, except her own conscience! What better proof of another world, and an all-remunerating Providence?

That audacity accompanies prosperous and successful wickedness is not surprising, but that persons elevated by birth and eminent for virtue and talents should gratify the ambition and pride of villains whom they must despise if not abhor, would not be believed by posterity, had it not been officially announced in the Moniteur, and witnessed by every inhabitant and visitor at Paris in the winter of 1804, that sovereign princes from Germany, their consorts, sons, and daughters, have bowed at the *sisterly* routs and partaken of the *sisterly* banquets of Madame Fouché, as well as of those

of Madame Napoleon Buonaparte, and other vile harlots and known adultresses.

The language of Madame Fouché is vulgar, her manners inelegant and aukward, and her person, though not ugly, has something forbidding and disagreeable. She looks younger than she really is, and pretends to be still younger than she looks. Having frequently committed low blunders in her conversation with persons of education above her, her husband has given her three rules how to avoid exposing him and herself for the future when in company—" 1. To hold her tongue: 2. To hold her tongue: and 3. To hold her tongue."*

Fouché, as minister of police, has his mistresses for nothing, and Madame Fouché her gallants, by whom she is paid. These are chiefly unfortunate petitioners to her husband, who to terminate their affairs with him resort to the antiquated *beauty* of his wife and to her interest. Talleyrand is stated to have said: " Indeed the wife of my *dear* colleague Fouché

* See Les Nouvelles à la Main, Frimaire, year xiii. No. III.

has

has her fixed price, as regularly as any Parisian courtesan licensed by him to expose her charms publicly to the highest bidder. It is a family fault, inherited from her good mamma."*

Madame Fouché brought her husband a marriage portion of four thousand livres, 166l. He allows her now twelve thousand livres, 500l. a month as pin-money. Her portion was a fortune to him in 1790. His pin-money to her does not amount to a twentieth part of his present income! †

* See Les Nouvelles à la Main, Frimaire, year xiii. page 7.

† Idem, page 7, in the note, where it is also stated, that Fouché has lately obtained an imperial patent for the invention of a portable guillotine to dispatch suspected persons in prisons *without noise*, and for a new rack to force them to speak *without crying out*.

As a small return for the friendship of his *friend* Fouché, and for the edification of Madame Fouché, the author has been particular in quoting all his authorities minutely.

MARIA FARBE,

THE HUMANE COURTESAN.

Je disois à la nuit sombre:
O nuit! tu vas dans ton ombre,
M'ensevelir pour toujours.
Je redisois à l'aurore:
Le jour que tu fais éclorre,
Est le dernier de mes jours.

THE revolution of the 18th of Fructidor, or of the 4th of September 1797, again proscribed all honest and loyal men in France; not only those who were born Frenchmen, but foreigners who had the misfortune to possess any property or claims in that degraded country. The same day a decree passed, which ordered every emigrant, and every person of either sex and of whatever country, whose name was on the list of emigrants, to quit Paris within twenty-four hours, and France within a week. In this latter case was the writer of this article, who, though a British subject, had his name inserted

inserted on the list of the emigrated nobility of the province where he had inherited a large estate.

Being detained by illness at home, and, besides, afraid of shewing myself in the streets, all my friends in the same situation, I had no opportunity of gaining information concerning this cruel decree, before the period of twenty-four hours had expired. The first intimation I had of it was from my landlady, to whom I was unknown. She entered my room with precipitation, very much alarmed at a report that in the same night a domiciliary visit was to take place in search of individuals outlawed by a decree which they had neglected to obey. Upon inquiry, I was soon convinced that this decree extended to myself as well as others. Having often, during the two months I lodged with her, heard her complain of the revolution, and express a wish for the return of royalty, I confided to her my situation, and asked her advice. As it was already dark, she expected every moment the police commissary and his gens-d'armes to make their appearance, and begged me therefore, for the sake of my own safety, to seek some other refuge, at least for

for some few nights. She promised to take care of my effects, and if I did not or could not come back, to deliver them to any person who should produce a note from me.

It has often but always justly been remarked, that one misfortune seldom comes alone, or not attended with others. I had then no more money at my disposal than two louis-d'ors, nor any hope of obtaining a supply, all my friends and relatives being by the sudden revolution either transported, exiled, imprisoned, or murdered. Thus situated, life was not very desirable; I therefore went, without any fixed plan, to a coffee-house in the Palais Royal, a place where nothing but indifference of existence could have induced me to go, being more closely watched by spies than any other resort in the capital. I was scarcely seated, before a man, perhaps a spy, came in, calling out, "Citizens, will you buy the list with the names of all outlawed persons after whom the police is in search, and who are to be shot to-morrow morning." I purchased it for four sous, or twopence, and found my name the twenty-second of two hundred and sixty which it contained. My reading of this list was interrupted by

by the landlord, who warned us, that if our passes or cards of citizenship were not in order, with all the usual formalities, it would be better for us to retire, as in some minutes the Palais Royal would be surrounded by the military, in order to effect a general domiciliary visit. Of eighteen customers in the coffee-house, six went away with me, sighing and no doubt equally miserable.

In leaving the Palais Royal, I met a hackney-coach, and called to the coachman to stop. When he opened the door, he said in a low tone, "For God's sake, citizen, if you are proscribed, do not enter: the first patrole will stop me and arrest you." I put half a crown in his hand and went on. I had not gone far, before some flambeaux shewed me a carriage of a foreign and neutral ambassador, with whom in happier days I had been very intimate, who had often made me offers of service, and who as a friend had some years before passed a whole summer with me on an estate I possessed twelve miles from Paris. I went to his hotel, where, though he was not at home, as I was known to his porter and servants, they ushered me into his study in expectation of his return, which

which they supposed could not be distant. At half-past eleven o'clock at night he joined me, but so terrified that he had scarcely power to speak. He stammered, however, "What could induce you to come hither? To save myself from the Temple, I have sent for a police commissary to arrest you. I am sorry for it, but it is your own fault. I shall, notwithstanding, petition the Directory to-morrow for you in hope of saving your life." Without answering this brave, grateful, and generous statesman, I put on my hat, pushed him aside, and with a look of indignation went away. When I was on the staircase, he called out, "Servants, servants, stop him;" but the porter's wife, unacquainted with his excellency's *noble* sentiments, opened the gate and let me pass. At the corner of the street, about twenty yards distant from the ambassador's hotel, I saw a police commissary accompanied by eight gens-d'armes, and heard him tell them to make haste. Such was their hurry, that although I ran almost against them, they did not, as was customary, stop me and ask me for my pass or card of citizenship. The then official paper, Le Redacteur, two days afterwards related

related this anecdote, in making honourable mention of this loyal ambassador's *patriotism*.

In this distressful dilemma, my feelings may easily be conceived. Although I was unwell, and it rained very hard, I resolved, as my last resource, to pass the night under the trees in the garden of the Thuilleries, at that time not so well guarded as at present. But before I could approach it, I had to escape seven watch-houses in my way. When walking in one of the streets near the Palais Royal, I heard a patrole on horseback advance towards me. To avoid him I laid down and hid myself among some large free-stones, destined for the building of some houses in the vicinity. Being wet through and covered with mud, I left my retreat as soon as the patrole was at a distance; but upon rising, I was rather alarmed by a voice that repeated "I have seen you; do not go on: I will try to save you." Before I had recovered from my surprize, a door which I knew led to a thoroughfare during the day, was opened by a young woman, who invited me to follow her. She resided in a small room of the *entresol*, which is in French houses a low floor between the ground and first floor.

"You

"You are proscribed," said she; "trust to God and to me." She had not finished these words before repeated knocks on both sides of the passage, in the name of the law, *(de part de la loi)* ordered the doors to be opened for a domiciliary visit. Convinced that I was betrayed, I regarded her as a traitor,* and having pistols in my pocket, I took them out with intent to punish her and dispatch myself. Her calmness in observing my movements, and her quickness in touching a spring that changed a looking-glass by the side of her bed into a door, through which she forced me into a small dark closet, soon convinced me that my suspicions were unfounded as well as ungenerous. In a few minutes I heard the police officers enter and begin the visit. Every corner was ransacked; the mattrasses were pierced in her bed, and even her drawers emptied. When I thought they had finished, a gens-d'arme said, "but whose hat is this?" (It was mine, but in the hurry we both forgot it). "It is wet," continued

* This suspicion was not rash. The same decree that condemned me with others to death, offered a large reward for our discovery, and subjected to capital punishment any person concealing us.

he,

he, "and of English manufacture: here is the English stamp; it certainly belongs to some emissary of Pitt?"—"No," said the girl, "it is the hat of my sweetheart, a young conscript, just arrived from England, where commerce called him. He left me ten minutes ago."—"If that is the case," answered the police commissary, "I must put the national seal on your door, and you must go with us and remain a prisoner until we find your sweetheart, who undoubtedly is a deserter, if not a spy or an emigrant."—"Carry me where you like," she said, "if I even was acquainted with my friend's abode, you might kill me, but you could never oblige me to betray him. I have, besides, protectors who will soon procure me my liberty."

The last words she spoke very loud, so as to console or comfort me. The silence that afterwards followed, plainly informed me that my benefactress was arrested. I then began to reconnoitre the closet. It was about seven feet long, three feet wide, and as far as I could judge, its height was the same with the length. I found in a basket about a pound of bread, half a roasted fowl, but not a drop of any thing to drink. In one corner was a broken chair,

chair, on which I sat down, after having unsuccessfully attempted to open the door through which I had entered. Necessity, as well as philosophy, made me resigned to my fate, and the unusual fatigues of mind and body procured me some moments agitated repose; but the cold from my damp cloaths, and thirst, soon again awakened me. Some hours afterwards, I thought I began to discover daylight. After a long examination, I found a window about ten inches long and five wide, with an iron grate. By getting upon the chair, I could observe a wall about the distance of two feet, but no other window was opposite mine. I, however, very plainly heard many persons speak, both over and under me, and that the subject of their conversation was the arrest of Maria Farbé, which I supposed to be the name of my unknown friend.

By entirely undressing myself, and walking backwards and forwards, covered only with my great coat, until my other cloaths were dried, I did not long suffer from cold, but my thirst was almost insupportable. As I had my watch about me, though I could not see, I felt the hours with my fingers, and therefore knew perfectly

fectly well the time. During the first twenty-four hours, I was easy enough in my mind on my own account, my whole anxiety being on the rack for that noble-minded female, who had so generously exposed herself for a stranger; but after forty-eight hours had passed away, my thirst became intolerable, particularly after I had eaten the provisions left in the closet. I could neither sleep, walk,* nor think. It required all my philosophy and confidence in the bounty of the Almighty, to endure any longer a life rendered so miserable. But as very little probability existed that I should escape the present distress, I fixed on the evening of the next day as the period of finishing my wretchedness with my pistols, should not Providence previously relieve me. My imprisonment during the reign of Robespierre had made me acquainted with the effects of hunger. I can, therefore, from a sad and cruel experience declare, that it is a thousand

* Every body who has been at Paris, knows that the houses there are of stone, five, six, and seven stories high, and each story occupied generally by a different family. The floors are also of stone, laid over with bricks or planks, painted.

times

times worse to perish from thirst than of want of food.

About noon on the fourth day, when slumbering, or rather fainting through excessive weakness, the door was opened, and I found myself suddenly embraced, and my face inundated with a flood of tears flowing down the cheeks of my benefactress, who exclaimed, "Thank God, my poor friend, you are still alive! now you are safe! What restless nights and unhappy days have I not endured on your account?" As soon as I had recollected myself, I asked her how it was possible that she could so much interest herself for a person who was an utter stranger to her? "It is true," answered she, "that I do not know you, but it is also true that I know those who have proscribed you are the most sanguinary of villains; but let us converse on this subject another time. I have brought some broth to restore your health, and some clean linen to make you more comfortable. This night you shall occupy my bed, and I will sleep on a mattrass in the closet, where to-morrow I intend, with your assistance, to place the sofa. Do not be afraid if you hear any knocks at the door.

door. I expect some customers, but I shall request my neighbour to inform them that I want this night to be alone."

From the conversation of the gens-d'armes and commissary of police, as well as from the situation of her dwelling, I supposed that my hostess was one of the many unfortunate women, disgracing the police of all capital cities, and so dangerous to the morals and health of youth. In this I was confirmed by her own mouth the next morning. "I am," said she, "but an outcast of society, an abandoned prostitute, become so from necessity, not by choice. My father, who was a sergeant in the Swiss guard, being killed on the 10th of August 1792, left me destitute, together with my mother, who died through terror during the massacre of the prisoners in the September following, when her brother was murdered. I was then only fifteen, without any friends or relations in France, and without any means of joining those I had in Switzerland. Jacques Farbé, a young volunteer from Dijon, paid his addresses to me and married me. With him I went to the army of the Rhine, where he was killed. When I demanded money of the representative

presentative of the people St. Just, to carry me back to my country, he put me in requisition to accompany the battalion, to which my late husband belonged, and to receive, under pain of death, the embraces of those who desired it. *This he called a measure of safety to prevent desertion.* In this manner I had passed six months, when young Custine took a fancy to me, and carried me with him to Paris. I returned hither at the time when so many people were daily guillotined or outlawed. Custine behaved very well to me. It was in consequence of his advice that I had made the contrivance of the closet, and by his liberality I furnished my room in the manner you see. But though it was not ready in time to preserve Custine, I have during the reign of terror concealed in it two citizens, one of whom, the Director La Reveilliere le Peaux, is now a great man, but he no longer thinks of poor me. I have for these four years been a common prostitute, but I am esteemed and pitied by all my neighbours, and even by the police. I cannot, however, expect that any one will marry such a one as me; and as I have not learned to work, and even if I had, nobody would employ me, I fear

fear that I shall die as miserably as I have lived. Were not all convents destroyed, I should long ago have sought an asylum there, and by a life of repentance shewn that I detested and knew the horrors of vice, even though I was vicious. As it is, I have no other consolation than to serve the unfortunate, whoever they are, to the utmost of my feeble ability. Half a dozen regular customers visit me, and when not reduced to absolute want, I make no new acquaintances." Such was nearly, in her own words, the story she related.

Upon my acquainting her with the low state of my finances, which for the present did not allow me to acknowledge her kindness in the manner she deserved and I desired, but that I hoped at another period she should have no reason to couple me with the ungrateful republican director La Reveilliere; she interrupted me with these words: My motive is known to God alone; what causes your uneasiness gives me satisfaction. I shall have enough by what I gain from my friends, or by pledging my trinkets, to support you for many months. Were you rich, I should serve you with less

pleasure, as you might mistake or judge wrongly the reason of my actions.

Being the day after seized with a burning fever, which continued for near three weeks, I was totally insensible of what occurred during seventeen or eighteen days. The cost, pain, and trouble, I then occasioned poor Maria, may easily be conceived, as she alone attended me at the expence of her purse and rest, and at the risk of her health, and even her life had I been discovered, though a corpse. When I recovered my speech and my reason, I could well read in her eyes the expressions of joy her mouth pronounced. But in proportion as reason returned, my mind felt all the pangs that unavailing and impotent gratitude must give every sensible, honest, and independent man. I observed that she had not only stripped herself of all her trinkets, but even that part of her furniture had been disposed of. Her unexampled delicacy and generosity she had carried to such an extreme, as not to change the double louis I had in my pocket, much less to sell or pledge my watch, although she had purchased me some shirts, paid for the advice of physicians, and for all the medicines

cines I stood in need of. This behaviour was the more praise-worthy; as she at the same time, for fear of exciting suspicion, sent away all her visitors, under pretext of being herself infected with an infamous disease. Such traits of humanity and self-denial are scarce in history as well as in society.

The way in which she consulted the physicians concerning me was both ingenious and tiresome. She wrote down regularly three times in twenty-four hours the symptoms of my fever, and on showing her annotations to the members of the faculty she said, that they concerned a brother who resided two miles from Paris.

The first thing I did during my convalescence was to write to my former landlady, and to get back the effects I had left with her. I next gave Maria a note to a banker, on whom I had no credit indeed, but with whom my parents had kept cash for upwards of thirty years, and who advised me in June 1792 to borrow on my property in France fifteen hundred thousand livres, or seventy-two thousand pounds, a sum he offered to procure me at an interest of six per cent. Unfortunately I de-

clined the proposal. Him I now requested to advance me fifty louis d'ors on my watch, chain, and seals, worth double that sum. This avaricious and dastardly brute, after threatening my messenger to have her taken up, told her he would have nothing to do with an outlawed aristocrat, who merited his fate. Not to depress me with the recital of such a rebuke, she, not without difficulty, obtained the sum from a countryman of hers, who from a porter had become a money-lender, at the rate of two per cent. in the week. It was only after my full recovery that she related the conduct of the banker, who in 1803 shrunk before me, and proved himself as mean as in 1797 he had been cruel and illiberal. He is now, and *deservedly*, a member of Buonaparte's legion of *honour*.

Through want of air and exercise, my convalescence was long; therefore, when after dark the evenings were dry, I ventured out for half an hour, always accompanied and watched at a distance by my friend. In one of these walks I happened to meet the Prince of L., who, notwithstanding his disguise, I recollected and spoke to. Our surprise was reciprocal,

ciprocal, and equally great at finding each other in Paris, under circumstances similarly dreadful. Like me, he was not a French subject, but a native of Belgium: like me, he had gone to France to claim his sequestered property; and like me, he had been proscribed without any trial, or even an accusation. But, less fortunate than myself, he had fallen into the hands of infamous and merciless robbers, whom money alone prevented from becoming his assassins. He was obliged to pay to a cobler a louis d'or a night for sleeping on straw in his stall, and the same sum for occupying his garret during the day. He paid in proportion for his victuals, and every thing else, and was besides exposed to those vulgar familiarities which render the sufferings of a person of elevated mind and rank so much the more galling.

Maria's anxiety during my conversation with the prince de L. I could remark from her attempt to hear what we said; I therefore did not keep her long in suspence, but told her that another opportunity was offered her to practise her natural benevolence. Without telling her who my friend was, I asked if she thought

thought she could with safety to herself harbour us both. Without hesitation she answered, "most undoubtedly, and with all my heart, only follow me, and fear nothing."

It was indeed time for my friend to find another and a better refuge; his health, always delicate, was now so impaired, that he had lost both appetite and rest. He was besides covered with filth and devoured by vermin, in the nasty hole where he had sheltered himself against the inclemency of the weather and the vengeance of his persecutors. Four days after his arrival at Maria's he was so ill, that he could not leave his bed, and even made his will; a curious monument of the confusion and horror of our times. This will of the presumptive heir to a German principality, and to paternal estates producing near eighty thousand pounds a year, was written in a closet where charity had lodged him, and was witnessed by a fellow-outlaw, and a harlot, their benefactress..

Well provided with cash, one might at all the periods of the revolution engage the *incorruptible* French republicans to do any action however vile or wicked. They would sell their

their country, betray their friends, sacrifice consanguinity, and prostitute their wives and daughters.

The Swiss usurer with whom Maria had pledged my watch, hinted that he supposed from the seals that it belonged to some proscribed aristocrat. He said also that he was acquainted with a public functionary who could procure this aristocrat a pass to escape, if he had one hundred louis d'or to dispose of. As my friend had credit for large sums on Hamburgh and Vienna, I mentioned this overture to him, and we agreed that I should first try the expedient, he being still too unwell to undertake a journey. For a hundred louis paid down, I obtained a directorial pass, signed by Barras and Talleyrand, in which, under a fictious name, I was stated to be an agent of the government, sent to buy cattle in Switzerland for the French armies. But as a rogue has no principles to prevent him from becoming a traitor, we were all three apprehensive that this pass was merely a snare to entrap me, or to extort more money from me. I however set out for my journey, which was not interrupted by any disagreeable impediments, except those fraternal

fraternal caresses to which, as a pretended directorial agent, I was forced to submit from the low rabble of municipalities, and of the departments where I exhibited my pass.

When I arrived at Basle, I wrote to my friend, who continued to suffer, but at the same time was so charmed with Maria's unceasing care and kind attentions, that he charged me to have in his name an annuity of twelve hundred livres, fifty pound, settled on her for life, and payable in Switzerland. In executing this commission with the most lively pleasure, my sole regret was that fortune yet deprived me of adding an equal sum.

Six weeks afterwards my friend presented Maria to her relations in the Canton of Soleure, who, although they heard his recommendation, and accepted of his liberality, used her so ill, and so often reproached her with the errors of her youth, that her tender heart, benevolent to all mankind, could not endure it. She fell into a decline, and was persuaded by my friend to go back to Paris, and consult the faculty. There I found her again in 1803 in the dress of a nun, having entered into the order of the Sisters of Charity.

Those

Those respectable sisters, in renouncing the world, make vows to pass the remainder of their days entirely in serving suffering humanity, in hospitals, and in other abodes of misery. Theirs is the only religious order existing in France. When I saw Maria the last time she was at Hotel Dieu, washing two corpses of persons nursed by her, but who had expired under her care. They were strangers to her, but her tears nearly choaked her, and she could scarcely speak to me. The daily and almost hourly repetition of such scenes, which she was obliged to witness, had not, as is frequently the case, hardened or altered her genuine feelings. She wept over them in the hospital as she six years before had done over me in the closet, when uncertain whether I was dead or alive. Surrounded by the dead and by the dying, and in performing the most disgusting offices, her tenderness, her pity, her patience, and her resignation, is always the same. She seemed to say, "My God! I can never endure or do enough to expiate my faults." For an artist she would be the most perfect model of a penitent Magdalene. She is above the middle size, of a beautifully ex-

pressive, but also soft, countenance, simple and unaffected. She employs the annuity settled on her by my friend in alleviating the pains or wants of those patients she nurses, in distributing small sums among the friendless beings who recover their health after being in the hospital, and to bury decently those whose death-bed she has attended.*

When bidding her adieu, I said in complimenting her on her healthy looks, we shall meet again. "O, Sir," answered she, "not in this world; this colour on my cheeks, and this fire in my eyes, are consuming my blood. I do not hope ever to see you again; but the will of God be done. Excuse my last advice to you. Beware of France, the revolution is not yet over, it will kill you."

* Though the expences of Buonaparte's ridiculous imperial mantle would be sufficient to bury all persons dying in the hospitals of France for years, they are, according to his *humane* regulations, more indecently treated than dead horses in England. At ten o'clock at night a cart attends each hospital, in which all those who have expired within the preceding thirty-four hours, are thrown promiscuously together without any covering. In one of the suburbs large pits are dug, into which they are flung and afterwards covered with lime.

ANNETTE

ANNETTE LA VIGNE,

THE LYONESE ORPHAN.

THE ruin of trade and manufactories organized, and the rubbish of houses demolished at Lyons in 1793, by order of the present senator and minister of police Fouché, and other accomplices of Robespierre, are still to be seen and are still bewailed. Orphans still mourn the loss of those parents and relatives whom this grand officer of Buonaparte's legion of honour, and his tender associates sent to be guillotined, drowned, or shot. Time, however, the great reliever of all evils, has now lessened the horror, though not erased the recollection of these abominable deeds. In 1795 and 1796, when the memory was fresh, the wounds bleeding, and the strokes smarting, the sufferers avenged themselves on those culpable perpetrators, who happened to fall into their hands, because the laws, impotent or indifferent, either could

could or would not punish them. A weak reason and dangerous precedents indeed, but if excuseable, only so when villains in power screen from the cry for justice of injured innocence and beggared honesty the bravos they have employed, and the plunderers with whom they have shared the spoil. That epocha, called in France the royalist reaction in the south, though little known or mentioned by foreign writers, is nevertheless a remarkable period of the revolution. It shewed to what extremes unbridled passions can carry a people, by turns the victims and the executioners of crimes, but all profiting by the impunity which, during civil troubles, anarchy often insures to audacity.

In the latter part of June 1796 the writer of this narrative was at Lyons, and lodged at the Hotel du Parc, near the Place of Terreaux. According to the custom of France, he dined and supped at the ordinary, where violent political discussions often occurred, and the jacobins were universally execrated, and seldom if ever defended. One evening a stranger sat down to supper, who had the imprudence and impudence both to extenuate and to applaud the

the enormities committed during the reign of terror by the jacobins at Lyons. He was of course not only abused and ill-treated by every body, but challenged to fight with pistols by a young lady dressed in man's cloaths. Instead of declining in a decent manner this summons to combat, he answered her in a most gross and vulgar language, and inspired by such a conduct a general contempt. Inquiry was made who he could be; to which he answered with boldness: "I am a native of Corsica, the cousin of the great Buonaparte, the conqueror of Italy. My name is Histria. I assisted my cousin in dispatching the Toulonese royalists, was imprisoned with him as a terrorist at Nice, and was afterwards exiled by the Committee of Public Safety to my native island. I am now called to the capital, being appointed an aide-de-camp to citizen Barras, the director."

The next morning I went out early to take a walk along the bank of the river Soane, when I observed the young lady in man's apparel advancing rapidly towards me with her hand in her bosom. On her nearer approach I saw she had hold of either a pistol or a dagger. Having heard of many daily and shocking

ing scenes, the consequence of revenge, I never went out without pistols in my pocket to protect myself, if attacked by mistake or premeditation. I therefore prepared to defend myself, but after looking in my face she said: "I beg your pardon, Sir, for having caused you uneasiness. I esteem you, and it was not you I am looking for. Have you seen the cowardly Corsican, who behaved so brutally to me last night? He intends to embark this morning in the boat of the Paris diligence, but I hope that he will not escape me. I am watching for him." Perceiving that she was much agitated, I tried to calm her by telling her that so much beauty and so many accomplishments were above the attacks or insults of a low sans-culotte jacobin. "Sir," answered she, "I might forgive him, but the jacobins have murdered my father, my mother, three brothers, and two sisters; and had I been here then, I too should have perished." In so saying she ran away towards a man at some distance, accompanied by a porter carrying his luggage. I followed as fast as I could, but the Corsican Histria lay already weltering in his blood on the ground. As she withdrew

she

she said to me: " Sir, he has refused to fight fairly and honourably. Was he ever to be in authority he would certainly assassinate me. I have prevented it by inflicting on him seven wounds, one for each relative I have lost by the atrocities of his accomplices." The wounded jacobin was first carried to the office of the Paris diligence, and afterwards to an hospital, where his wounds did not appear to be mortal; but a few days afterwards a person, calling himself an acquaintance, was permitted to visit him, and shot him through the heart in the bed.

Such was the detestation of the jacobins at Lyons, and such the anarchy ravaging France, that this lady dined the very day as usual at the ordinary, though her rashness was no secret to any one. After dinner she asked me to go out with her, as she desired to converse with me. That I did it with reluctance did not escape her penetration. She therefore said: " You are perhaps fearful or ashamed to walk in the company of an assassin; but if you will listen to me you shall soon be convinced that this assassin is more to be pitied than reprobated, being one of the greatest and most

most wretched sufferers of the infernal revolution."

We went over the bridge of Morant to walk on the Breteaux, on the banks of the Rhone. "In these trees," said she, "you still see the marks of the grape-shots. Here my good and unfortunate father and brothers were shot together, and these grape-shots were perhaps vomited from the mouths of the same cannons that mutilated or dispatched them. Here, beneath this very turf on which we tread, repose their remains. My no less unfortunate mother and sisters were put in requisition to bury those they so much loved and deplored; but within three days they in their turn were executed and buried in this same walk. Do you see, Sir, the ruins of a large house on the other side of the bridge of Morant? I was born on that spot, and those are the relics of my paternal dwelling. I left it five years ago, when only twelve years of age. It was then just whitewashed, new painted, and fresh decorated for a ball given by my tender mother to our relatives and friends on the eve of my departure for Fribourg in Switzerland, whither I was sent to be educated.

At

At this ball forty-four persons then danced, all happy, independent and rich, and worthy to be so. Of those at my return last month I found only two alive, one of whom is mad and the other a beggar. I am myself without a house, without a relative upon earth, and almost without a friend: my mind tormented by the remembrance of the past, suffering from every thing that I see at present, and deprived of all prospect of relief for the time to come, I must renounce all ideas of happiness on this side of the grave. In vain do I even claim the restoration of my trifling property that has escaped the rapacity of the murderers of my family. In vain do I call for the vengeance of the law on them. I have been every day at the municipality, at the department, and with the judges; I have written to ministers, and presented petitions to government; and I am not advanced farther than the first day I again set foot in my degraded and blood-stained country. In a few weeks I shall no longer possess the means of subsistence. To a person who so young has already experienced so many atrocities, seen so many horrors, and endured so many unjust and barbarous outrages, it must be

be perfectly indifferent whether she dies on the scaffold as an assassin, or by her own hands as a suicide. Did you see the young man who last week always sat by my side at the table? He is my lover, the son of a counsellor of the parliament of Thoulouse. His parents and brother were beheaded at Paris, while mine were butchered at Lyons. He is now just arrived in the capital, for which, if they do not arrest me here, I intend to set out in a day or two; and where I shall be glad to see you at his sister's, in the street of l'Université."

Upon my interruption and question how she could confide in me, to whose sentiments she was a stranger? she said: "I have observed you with attention, and am convinced that you hate the revolution, which probably has inflicted incurable wounds on you as well as on myself. I say incurable, irreparable, because, though the republican tyrants and usurpers in place may restore me a portion of my patrimony, they cannot recal to life parents, brothers, sisters, relatives, and friends; in a word, those without whom life is an intolerable burden and even a curse."

I advised her (and she followed my advice) no

no longer to reside at the Hotel du Parc. She slept at the house of an acquaintance until she set out for Paris, where she arrived without interruption. Though one cannot but detest assassination, an assassin circumstanced like poor Annette la Vigne, in continual paroxysms of grief or rage, can demand that extenuation, that compassion, which humanity never refuses to wretchedness, and which extraordinary and unusual misfortunes may expect as a duty, if not require as a right. Who would presume to cast the first stone at that deserted and destitute orphan who, in the agony of grief, immolates upon the tomb of sacrificed relatives and friends their destroyers or their guilty instruments?

Three months afterwards when at Paris I met Annette and her lover at the theatre Feydeau. They were in the pit, and I in the boxes of the first row. They noticed me before I remarked them, and just when the curtain was drawing up they called to me by my name aloud, exclaiming: "Well, the patriots under Jourdan have got a sound drubbing from the Archduke Charles." Their indiscretion obliged me to quit the play, and to avoid their

their company. By inquiries, however, they discovered my lodgings. I warned them against their imprudent behaviour, and they promised amendment. When, however, the fulminating letters of Napoleon Buonaparte, then blockading Mantua, in which he insisted on the punishment of those who had killed his cousin Histria, were laid before the Directory, they ordered the minister of police Cochon to prosecute them with vigour. Annette and De Chataigne, who then was married to her, were therefore under the necessity of quitting Paris, having no passports. On the 30th of October they dined with me at the brothers Robert's, *restaurateurs*, in the Palais Royal; the same night they left Paris for Languedoc, and I never saw them more. In a work, however, relating some of the atrocities of the French republican and revolutionary banditti, I find the following paragraph: *

* See Le Voyageur Suisse, page 34. In the same work are also found many of the particulars of this sketch, which were also mentioned in the news-papers of that period. A man accused of being a jacobin or a terrorist was, during 1795, 1796, and 1797, exposed to immediate destruction if known again at Lyons. The usual man-

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"Francis de Chataigne and Annette la Vigne were models of love and of affection, as well as examples of unheard-of calamities. Both had to deplore the loss of parents, relatives, friends, and fortune: both married from inclination, and desperation brought both to commit rash acts, and to make their exit by untimely ends. A Corsican, of the name of Histria, a cousin of General Buonaparte, provoked in June 1796 Annette to assassinate him. De Chataigne was then in the capital. In September 1797, after the new revolution in favour of the jacobins, she was taken up and ordered to be tried by a military commission. De Chataigne, however, not only accused himself of the crime, but had bought over witnesses to affirm that he was the assassin. He was therefore condemned and shot, and Annette was released; but no sooner did she hear what had happened to her husband, than she presented herself before the military commission, shot the president through

ner of the people was to knock them down and throw them into the river. During a few weeks in the summer of 1796, I witnessed half a dozen of these assassinations, all perpetrated during the day, and hardly noticed by the magistrates or the public.

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the head with one pistol and blew out her own brains with another. All Lyons said that the president deserved his fate, because he, with all Lyons, knew that De Chataigne was innocent, and sacrificed himself to save the life of a wife he adored."

Annette la Vigne was about five feet five inches in height, with a beautiful shape and a handsome face. Her large black sparkling eyes bespoke sensibility and announced tenderness at the same time. I observed them more frequently suffused with tears than indicating fierceness. Her sensations were quick, and her actions sudden and often violent as well as her language. Her love or esteem was as immoderate as her hatred. Her innocent and unsuspicious character made her regard and trust every man she esteemed as a brother and every woman as a sister. She carried her generosity so far that to relieve the imaginary wants of others she augmented her own misery, which was real. She was many days without a dinner, while those on whom she bestowed her bounty rioted in debauchery and ridiculed their benefactress. She visited no person who did not dislike the revolution, and those she always

ways judged honest and honourable; on the contrary, those who approved of only a single one of its acts, were despised by her as fools or detested as criminals.

REVOLU-

REVOLUTIONARY FASHIONS.

THE suspicious activity of French revolutionary rulers is almost incredible. Their vigilant tyranny interferes in every thing; it extends its inquisition even to the fashions. Their impertinent, pedantic, troublesome, and oppressive revolutionary mania has regulated, and continues to regulate the dress and accoutrements, as well as actions and duties, of their victims, accomplices, or slaves. The wearing of a proscribed colour has brought many to an untimely end; and the neglect of wearing the national one, has deprived the thoughtless or imprudent defaulter sometimes of life, and always of liberty.

The first national colour was green. From the 12th of July 1789, in the evening, to the 15th of the same month in the morning, green cockades were worn at Paris, and those who did not show upon their hats this emblem of insurrection, were insulted, wounded, or killed.

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This colour was selected in honour of the green livery of the then popular hero of the day, Mr. Necker; but Camille Desmoulines having observed to the *active* citizens of the Palais Royal that green was also the colour of the livery of Count d'Artois, (who was too loyal and too wise not to detest the conspiracy as well as the conspirators) it was immediately laid aside; and upon the motion of this apostle of French liberty, was supplanted by the present tri-coloured cockades. His reason for proposing blue, red, and white, he explained to be, because the first, or blue, was that of the ancient liveries of French kings; the second, or red, because the conquest or recovery of liberty would always cost blood; and the third, or white, because the motives of the French patriots and friends of liberty were *pure*, and would remain *unpolluted*.

On the 19th of the same month, Louis XVI. was obliged to put on the first tri-coloured cockade, which at the town-hall was delivered into his majesty's hands by the mayor of Paris, Bailly. It was not, however, considered as the national cockade until the Parisian patriotic rabble had, on the 5th and 6th of October

1789, murdered the king's life-guards at Versailles, for performing their duty, by continuing on their regimental hats the white military cockade, formerly, and during fourteen centuries, the colour of the French armies and nation.

About the same time, several *patriotic* ladies, as Madame la Fayette, Madame Genlis, Madame Necker, her daughter Madame Stael, the wives of the Lameths, and of other members of the rebellious crew, exhibited themselves in the galleries of the national assembly, at the theatres, and in the walks, with tri-coloured muslin dresses, and tri-coloured ribands in their bonnets. But notwithstanding these *illustrious* examples, this fashion did not take, except among those families that shared in the plunder of the clergy, or participated in the crimes of the demagogues.

Though it was dangerous to reside or to travel in France without this sign of approbation of rebellion, no positive law obliged any one to be dishonoured by it. Men without it were indeed exposed to insults, but women were not yet noticed. White gowns, white bonnets, white ribands, white cloaks, white shoes,

shoes, were during the three first years of the revolution the most prevailing and fashionable colours, as being supposed those of loyalty.

After the bloody scenes of the 10th of August 1792, and the massacres of prisoners in the September following, not only the tri-coloured cockade, but every thing else indicating love of licentiousness and anarchy, under the appellation of liberty and equality, was adopted from prudence and necessity by every one who wished to escape proscription and death, or preserve liberty and life. *Sansculottism* then became the fashionable order of the day; that is to say, every citizen who did not wish to be imprisoned, as suspected, or murdered as an aristocrat, decorated his head with a red cap, put on ragged or dirty pantaloons, with a short coarse jacket, called a carmagnol dress. He was not to shave more than once a month, to wash only once a week, and to change his linen only once a fortnight. The more filthy and disgusting he was, the more evident was his *patriotism*.

This stinking and disgusting fashion extended even to those of the fair sex, who from fear or policy desired to belong to the revolu-

tionary *haut ton.* Many female citizens, to prove their sansculottism, and love of liberty and equality, went so far as to add wooden shoes to their other republican ornaments, and, to keep up external appearances, often covered with rags their cambric *chemises.*

Powder was entirely proscribed in 1793, and wigs were common among citizens of both sexes. Those of black hair, called *a la Brutus,* were the most worn until 1794, when, to please the sanguinary chiefs of the reign of terror, and to evince their patriotic ardour, women had wigs made of red silk or cotton, or of hair dyed red, in imitation of the red caps. When the pretended assassins of Robespierre were executed in red frocks, red handkerchiefs and red shawls were also the tributes which beauty and fashion paid to the fear of this monster.

Wigs of fair or light hair, called *a la Titus,* banished, after the death of Robespierre, those of *couleur de sang,* as well as those of *a la Brutus.* The naked fashion also then began to make large strides towards popularity. It was first invented after the execution of Madame Elizabeth, the king's sister, in April 1794, to prevent the executioner from tearing off

off (as he had done with the virtuous princess) the handkerchiefs, or cutting down the gowns of those unfortunate ladies condemned by the revolutionary tribunal to perish in a mass.

In 1795 the fashions of *Muscadin* and of *Incroyables* were in open war with that of the Thermidorians. The two former were accused of being the descendants of the aristocrats and royalists of 1789, and the latter the progeny of the patriots of the same year. These rival fashions caused some bloody and many comic scenes, and furnished subjects for farces at the theatre of the Vaudevilles, and for caricatures in the Palais Royal and on the Boulevards. To the former belonged those accoutred with coats broad behind and black collars, with *cadenettes*, or their hair dressed, and with round hats, on which a large black riband almost concealed a small national cockade. The latter assumed half a sansculotte dress; a coat buttoned so as to conceal both the waistcoat and shirt, black cravats, and a large cocked hat, covered with wax cloth, and decorated with a large national cockade of wood or cloth.

According to the good humour of the government,

vernment, these fashions were persecuted or left undisturbed; and wigs *a la Titus, a la Caracalla,* or *a la Brutus,* were seen by turns; the former when the jacobins were supposed in disgrace, and the latter when the royalists were arrested or shot. The revolution of the 18th of Fructidor, produced by the plots of Barras and Buonaparte, left the jacobins masters of the fashionable, as well as of the political field of battle.

Nine months before, or in the beginning of 1797, gowns embroidered with *fleurs de lys,* waistcoats and cravats with the same embroidery, became very popular. White plumes and white fans, called *souvenirs,* on which was painted a transparent urn, representing the portraits of Louis XVI, his queen, sister, and son, with another white fan, called a *l'esperance,* which by a certain turning shewed the portrait of Louis XVIII. in royal robes, with spangles forming a *vive le roi!*

During 1798 and 1799, when the jacobins were in power, carmagnols and red caps again belonged to the livery of a staunch republican, and some emblem or other of *liberty* was worn by

by ladies as an evidence of their republicanism and as a preservative against French patriotic intolerance.

Death was during the time of Robespierre the punishment for all persons of both sexes, who should appear without a national cockade. This was afterwards modified to imprisonment and fines, which were in 1799 strictly executed, even with regard to foreigners. When the sansculotte Buonaparte had usurped the throne of the Bourbons, *sansculottism* was entirely banished, and the national cockade by degrees neglected. Embroidery, laces, jewels, feathers, and those expensive dresses not seen since the beginning of the reign of Louis XVI. were again introduced.

Under pretence of patriotism, but from hatred to England, Buonaparte intended to make silk dresses exclude those of British manufacture; but the impartial or the discontented, as well as the independent or factious, preferred what was economical and convenient to what was expensive and troublesome. Excepting his courtiers, placemen, flatterers, and their ladies, all the other slaves of the upstart still acknow-

acknowledged themselves subjects of the English empire of fashion.

Several other fashions, as those *a la regret, a la repentir, a la Henry IV. a la Charette, a la d'Enghien,* &c. have shown themselves merely to excite the persecution of government and to disappear.

Many persons during the revolution have lost their lives for being refractory in the fashionable world. On Saturday, September 2, 1797, the writer of this saw a young man with a black collar to his coat stopped in the court of the Palais Royal by a jacobin, who asked him, "For whom are you mourning?" "For you," answered the young man, shooting him through the head. This happened at one o'clock in the afternoon, opposite a watch-house, but no notice was taken of it. Two days afterwards the jacobins effected a new revolution, and shot or transported every one whose coat had a black collar.

A young girl at Lyons, of an interesting figure, was brought before the revolutionary tribunal, in 1794, for refusing to wear the national cockade. They demanded her reasons. "It is not the cockade

cockade I hate," she answered, "but you that wear it, and it appears to become the signal of crimes; as such it shall never be placed on my forehead." A jailor standing behind this courageous girl, fastened the cockade to her bonnet. She coldly took it off, and throwing it on the bench of the tribunal said, "I return it you." She went out, *but it was to death.**

* See Interesting Anecdotes of the Heroic Conduct of Women during the Revolution, printed for Symonds, Paternoster-Row, London, 1802, page 154.

The whole of this narrative the author has written from memory, having lost his notes. Though he had the misfortune to witness most of the shocking occurrences, and always paid attention to what evinced the spirit of the times, some errors may have crept in, or some omissions occurred, for which he asks the indulgence of his readers.

MARTHA GLAR,

THE SWISS HEROINE.

Citoyens revoltés, pretendus souverains,
Qui vous faites un jeu du malheur des humains,
Qui passant du carnage aux bras de la molesse,
Du meurtre et du plaisir goutez en paix l'yvresse,
Mon nom deviendra cher aux siecle avenir,
Pour avoir seulement tenté de vous punir.

THAT one nation should arrogate to itself the right of overturning the laws of another, and of forcing it to receive new institutions; that a victorious empire, abusing its power and its success, should turn its arms against happy, feeble, and peaceable neighbours; that the depraved leaders of that empire should secure the triumph of so infamous a tyranny by means still more infamous; are scandals from which, though rare, the sad annals of the human race are not totally exempt; but that the original notions of justice, of liberty, and of natural right,

right, should have been subverted by men who so impudently pretend to set themselves up as their restorers; that they should go with the caduceus and olive-branch in their hands to assassinate unsuspecting and deluded nations in amity; that French oppressors, glutted with blood and plunder, should preach the rights of man to the shepherds of Schweitz; the code of nature to the mountaineers of the Alps, and public morals to tribes whom even *the very virtues* of Parisian emperors, senators, legislators, &c. would turn pale with horror; that the lies of hypocrisy should be succeeded by savage atrocity; and that, with the smile of friendship, they should stab their victims, with the calamities of war, the abuses of conquest, and the abominations of despotism; are novelties so monstrous, that ages to come will wonder at the depraved character and barbarous principles of the French government.

It would be polluting the public eye to recite *all* the horrid outrages which marked the path of the French republicans in Switzerland. But threatened as this country is with an invasion by these outcasts of humanity, the publication of some traits of their proceedings may not

not be thought uninteresting or useless. The wife of an innkeeper at the village of Lohne was, in February 1798, nearly crucified by a party of French soldiers, and expired under their brutality. Two young ladies of a patrician family of Fribourg were overtaken, in travelling to visit a relative, by twenty-five French hussars, who, after committing the most indecent outrages upon them, killed them. They were found dead on the highway. Hundreds of women were abandoned to such infamous treatment, and their lifeless bodies were thrown unburied into the woods. At Sickthal, a company of grenadiers entered the house of the minister, whom they tied to the post of the very bed upon which they violated, under his eyes, his wife and three daughters, the youngest only nine years of age, who all four after some few hours insensibility became corpses, and made him the most unfortunate of husbands and fathers during the two days he survived them. In the smaller cantons, one of these French monsters, not being able to overcome the resistance of a woman big with child, plunged his sabre into her heart. The relations of this poor young victim, having caught the alarm

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at her cries, and cut the wrists of her ravisher, their merited vengeance was proclaimed by General Brune as an inexpiable crime. He excited the fury of his soldiers, who after ravishing every female, and murdering all the men, threw them all together, the living with the dead, in the flames of their burning dwellings.*

A competition of rapine was established between the French civil and military agents and their satellites. From the plundered canton of Soleure, the French troops spread themselves over the country of the canton of Berne. Above thirty villages, in the space of several leagues, were given up to pillage; country houses, town houses, farms, cottages, stript from top to bottom; and what furniture could not be carried off, broken to pieces. The mansion of Jeggistorf, inhabited by an old lady of sixty, having been pillaged by some hussars, they left her her library, linen, and pictures; but with those the officers who came up afterwards loaded their waggons.

At Berne, in virtue of the respect promised

* See Bulletin Helvetique, for 1798; Possett's Neueste Welt Kunde for 1798; Helvetischer Revolutiuns Almanack, for 1799; and Hamburgh Politisches Journal, for 1798, part I.

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by General Brune to *persons* and *property*, all who were found in the streets by the enemy on their entering, were stripped: money, watches, jewels, and even handkerchiefs and hats, composed this first booty. The cellars broken open, victuals seized, and thefts committed in most houses, were but an earnest. In the night between the 5th and 6th of March 1798, the French banditti fell on the adjacent country, and three hundred houses were broken open and plundered. The low town of Fribourg, and the neighbouring places, met the same fate.

The atrocities of the generals who were witnesses to the pillage committed, exceeded those of their soldiers, and therefore they neither chastised nor restrained them. General Brune, indeed, established a market for protection. He opened a tariff where the impurity of the theft was atoned for by suffering the inhabitants to ransom their property, and the general himself thereby defrauded his brothers in arms. The remission in ransacking the country, was owing entirely to the despair of the inhabitants, and the number of ruffians exterminated by them.

But General Brune very soon caused these first

first ravages to be but little thought of. Repeating Buonaparte's scenes at Milan, Modena, and Bologna, he without acknowledgments, inventories, or minutes, seized at Berne the state treasure, and swallowed up all the public banks, and also the private ones of the patrician families. He made away with the magazines, public funds, and the arsenal. Immense collections of corn, wine, and ammunition, three hundred pieces of artillery, an armoury for forty thousand men, the cannon-foundry, and the commonest utensils vanished under the hands of that robber. Fribourg and Soleure witnessed a repetition of the same conduct.

But in turning from this bloody feculence of French republicans, it is some consolation for the loyal and good, to take a retrospect of actions, which in characterizing do honour to the last sighs of Helvetic liberty. In February 1798, in the environs of Berne, eight hundred women took up arms at the *laudsthurm*, and gained the last battles. At Frauenbrun, two hundred and sixty women and girls received the enemy with scythes, pitchforks, and pick-axes, of whom one hundred and eighty were killed.

killed. The same scene was presented at Neweneg, at Laupen, and at Lengnau. In the battalion of Oberland, which defended the last place, there was a man serving with three sons and seven grandsons, all of whom lost their lives.

One glorious effort of magnanimity surpassed even the memorable sacrifice of the Spartans at Thermopylæ. Eight hundred Swiss youths devoted themselves to death. Overpowered by numbers, they refused quarter. Seven, who escaped the first carnage, disdained to live slaves, and rushing into the ranks of their enemy, perished under the ruin of their country. In the same battle, disarmed women threw themselves on the cannon of the French, and clung to the wheels to prevent them from advancing, and suffered themselves to be cut to pieces sooner than let go their hold.

In the lower district of the canton of Underwalden, about fifteen hundred Swiss took up arms, and without the smallest hope of foreign assistance, prepared to resist the whole force of the French, and to die rather than surrender their freedom. Having entrenched themselves on the borders of the lake, and at the entrance

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of the valley of Stantz, with their women and children, they firmly awaited the attack. The French advanced to the assault in separate columns, some crossing the lake in armed vessels, and others marching over the mountains. On the 9th of September, 1793, the invaders were repulsed in different onsets, and two vessels being sunk with five hundred men, the French were intimidated and refused to proceed, until a party, encouraged by the promises and urged by the threats of their general, disembarked and forced the entrenchments. At the same time, two other columns landed at different points, and the corps, rushing from the mountains, fell upon their rear. The small but heroic band, confined in a narrow defile, and surrounded by a force ten times their number, sustained the assault with unparalleled courage. "Then began," says an eye-witness of this desperate conflict, "the battle and the carnage. Our rustic heroes fire on every side, fight foot to foot, rush among the enemy's ranks, slay and are slain. These strong mountaineers were seen pressing French officers to death in their nervous arms. Old men, women, and children, roused by

by the noble example, and catching the enthusiasm of their sons, husbands, and fathers, appeared throwing themselves into the midst of the French battalions, arming themselves with clubs, pikes, pieces of muskets, nay, the very limbs of the human body, strewing the ground with carcases, and falling with the satisfaction of having fought to maintain their native land free from a foreign yoke." The French, exasperated by this incredible resistance, put to the sword not only their opponents on the field of battle, but involved all whom they met in indiscriminate slaughter; and the valley, from one end to the other, became a prey to pillage, flames, and carnage. Two hundred natives of the canton of Schweitz, hearing the cannonade, were ashamed of having deserted their brethren, and hastily arming themselves, forced the post which the French had established at Brunnen, and towards the end of the day approaching Stantz, saw the conflagration which plainly told them the fatal event of the action. They devoted themselves to revenge the fate of their countrymen, and, after exterminating above six hundred of their enemies, fell on the field of battle. "Many

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of those brave people," said the French officer who delivered the Swiss standards to the directory, "without any arms but scythes, and clubs, placing themselves at the mouths of the cannon, were mowed down with grape-shot, and rejected the quarter which was offered them from humanity."

The Senator Effinguer, a man seventy years old, joined the army on the 4th of March 1796, in the evening, with his sword in his hand, and pistols in his girdle; he engaged at the head of a company of grenadiers, was wounded, taken prisoner, and died in a fortnight after at Soleure, in the military hospital, where Brune had been base enough to shut him up among soldiers dead or dying. Another senator, Mr. Herbert, rather than survive the fall of the state, died by a ball from his own pistol.

A young peasant of Avenche, about twenty years old, was threatened by the French with death if he did not take up arms against the state. He boldly refused, adding that it was Buonaparte, in passing through Switzerland in 1797, who had caused all the misfortunes of the country. On this, he was led to punish-

ment,

ment, and suffered himself to be shot without asking for life. A similar instance happened after one of the battles fought in the smaller cantons, in the month of May, 1798. The apostles of French liberty, urging a Swiss prisoner to accept the new constitution, if he wished to save his life, he shrugged his shoulders, on which the murderers presented their firelocks at him: "FIRE!" said he, and was shot. At the same period twenty peasants, armed only with clubs, had barricadoed themselves at a farm; they were summoned to surrender, but refused. The French incendiaries set fire to the house, and burnt these intrepid heroes.

So odious and vile is French *fraternity* and *liberty*, that the very convicts would have nothing to do with it. The insurgents of Vaudois, having in January 1798, set at liberty and honoured with their fraternal hugs ten malefactors, employed in the public works at Yverdun, they refused to be indebted to rebels for such a blessing: their irons being taken off, they went and surrendered themselves at Berne. On the 3d of the following March, General Brune caused it to be declared to the council

of

of Berne, " that being informed on good authority, that the greater part of the persons of both sexes confined in the prisons as criminals, were detained there only on account of their *attachment* to France, he required that they should be released; in default of which, the magistrates should undergo the like treatment that those *friends of liberty* had received." The French general's letter was read to the convicts, to the number of two hundred, leaving it at their option either to go and join him, or return to their old habitations, or assist in defending the state. They one and all accepted the last, and most of them were killed at Frauenbrun.

In no country have they more justly appreciated the revolutionary and philosophical cant of French regicide marauders, than in the Helvetian republic; and no where have they suffered more from the cruel effects of the encroachments, degeneracy, depravity, and treachery, of revolutionary French rulers. It has already been seen, that the inveteracy of the Swiss against their foreign tyrants, extended to persons of all ages, of every class, and of both sexes. A truly patriotic zeal and emulation pervaded

pervaded every bosom: the sire of fourscore, and the youth under two lustres; the grand-mother above seventy, and the grand-daughter under ten, all united to combat for the liberty and independence of their common country. If one sex fought nobly, the other united audacity and temerity with valour and resignation.

Among the many Swiss heroines, whose names are still in the mouth of every friend of liberty and of honour in the Helvetian Alps, is that of Martha Glar, a daughter, grand-daughter, wife, sister, mother and grand-mother of shepherds; of those innocent citizens, whose retired and obscure lives, until they were visited by the curses of heaven and the offsprings of hell, French revolutionists, passed in hard labour, but in honest independence; in performing those moral and social virtues, which every where proclaim the religious faith of sincere christians.

In those vallies, among those mountains, on the banks of those lakes, where generations had glided away, undisturbed for ages, the rumour of French threats, the report of Gallic perfidy, and the relations of revolutionary ferocity,

rocity, suddenly penetrated in the latter part of 1797, and in the beginning of 1798, not to terrify trembling cowards, but to excite enthusiasm among a brave and loyal people acquainted with their own worth and with the justice of their cause, and therefore thinking themselves invincible. Alas! they were not aware that against dastardly assassins and armed slaves, backed by artificial support, by a numerous artillery, experienced in tactics and adroit in manœuvres, natural bravery and innate heroism often avail but little.

Martha Glar, when in February 1798 her husband had marched with all other farmers, peasants, and shepherds, against an approaching enemy, convoked and collected around her all her countrywomen and girls of the same parish with her. This meeting took place in the church-yard, on the last Sunday of Febuary, half an hour before divine service was to be performed. She addressed them thus:

"Daughters of William Tell! the time is now at hand when you may prove yourselves worthy descendants of that hero, of that father, of that deliverer of his country.

"At

" At the time that our country is in peace with all nations, friends with all people, respecting the usages of every body, encroaching on the claims of none, those detestable Frenchmen, with whose vicinity Providence has punished us for our sins; those scourges of mankind, have dared to threaten us with the same fetters which degrade themselves, and hope to impose upon us the same shameful yoke, which has made them degenerate, and reduced them to a level with the most ferocious of beasts of prey. Our fathers, our husbands, our brothers, our sons, and our friends are already advancing to oppose them. Suppose they are defeated by superior numbers; suppose the God of Victory is as blind, as unjust, as indifferent as Fortune, the sole divinity of French infidels and blasphemers: will you stoop to receive the consolation from, and the embraces of their assassins? Will you suffer those criminals to chain you to their bondage; to their enormities? Will you serve as mistresses or as servants those monsters who in such an unprovoked barbarous manner have made you widows, orphans, and mourners? The expressions

sions of your countenances beam with patriotic and becoming indignation. No, never! rather death—a thousand deaths!

"My dearest friends, if this is your sincere determination, we have nothing to do but to arm and to march, and immediately to join in the ranks, combat by the side, or perish in our country's cause by the corpses of those so justly dear to us.

"But some of you may perhaps think that those who have butchered our relatives and friends, our defenders, our protectors, and our fellow-citizens, may perhaps have some regard for our sex, and suffer us at least to moan and to cry undisturbed and in peace. Can any one of you be so blind, so weak, or so ignorant, as to believe that it is possible that slaves can confer freedom, and guilty wretches evince any just, generous, nay even human feelings?

"Remember! I beseech you remember, that wherever revolutionary Frenchmen have hitherto penetrated, crime has always accompanied them, infamy and oppression continued with them, and want, distress, and misery, remained behind them.

"But suppose (what there is not the most

distant probability of happening) that they should behave better to us than they have done to our German and Italian neighbours; suppose that they do not pollute our temples, plunder our property, violate our sisters, seduce the chastity of our daughters, and pervert the morality of our sons; suppose they do not make us abandoned and profligate as well as ruined and wretched; are we, we who are the descendants of freemen, to live and to see our country enchained and our posterity enslaved? are we to expose ourselves to be hunted by the bayonets of the invaders from the reeking rubbish of our dwellings, from the tombs of our forefathers, from the altars of our God, to the bed of the regicide who oppresses us, or of the plunderer who ruins us? are we to serve like beasts of burden to the projects of universal overthrow of these great and ambitious criminals? or are we to decorate as trophies the triumphal chariot or entry of a vile and corrupted tyrant? I think that I feel the bones of our ancestors rattling with horror under me in their graves of this sacred place! I imagine I hear them call to us loudly from their blessed abodes: 'Daughters of freemen! die, or bequeath

queath to your children the happiness and liberty you inherited from your fathers.' Yes! yes! I believe I see the heavenly spirit of William Tell descend and inspire us to perform valiantly what we owe to our country, to our families, to our cause, and to ourselves." ("Let us arm, and let us march!" resounded from all parts.) "I rejoice," continued Martha Glar, "in observing and hearing your noble determination and your liberal sentiments. Ages to come will record a patriotism on which I most sincerely compliment you. I cannot, however, present you either with embroidered standards, with decorated helmets, or with glittering arms; but in the day of battle do not lose sight of Martha Glar, her daughters, and her grand-daughters; they will always be found in the way of honour and glory; let them serve you for a rallying point. Should victory not crown our efforts, we solemnly swear not to survive our defeat; and this my address to you, dearest countrywomen, will then be our last and eternal adieu, in the firm conviction that we shall one day meet again to separate no more. The patriot's place in heaven is next to that of the saint, and the

Creator of the universe smiles equally on both.

"But no! let us lay aside all gloomy ideas, all doleful presentiment: let us have more confidence in an all-governing Providence. Let us now follow our worthy pastor, whom I see advancing towards our church, and with him implore the blessing of the Almighty on our undertakings, on our patriotic oath, To CONQUER OR TO DIE, TO LIVE OR TO PERISH WITH THE FREEDOM AND INDEPENDENCE OF OUR DEAR COUNTRY."

Martha Glar, after achieving prodigies of valour at the battle of Frauenbrun on the 3d of March 1798, was, at the age of 64, slain, together with two daughters and three granddaughters, of whom the youngest was scarcely ten years old, by the side of her father, husband, brother, and two sons, who were all likewise killed. Of the two hundred and sixty women whom her patriotism had roused, one hundred and eighty perished, and the remainder were carried wounded or mutilated from the field of battle. Their French murderers being still the tyrants of their country, no marble is yet consecrated to their memory, to record so much heroism; but when